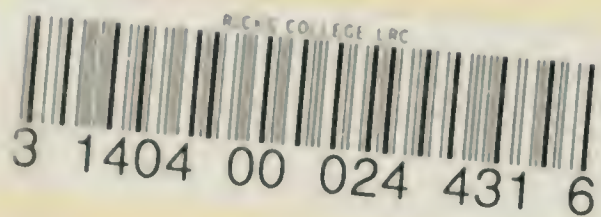


THE TRAGEDY OF
RVSSIA
IN PACIFIC ASIA
FREDERICK M^c CORMICK



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THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA
IN PACIFIC ASIA



M. Logonoff

General Logonoff (autograph). An Infantry General belonging to a class of officers characterized by the army as "school generals"

THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA IN PACIFIC ASIA

BY
FREDERICK McCORMICK

*ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR, HALF-TONES FROM
PHOTOGRAPHS, MAPS, ETC.*

IN TWO VOLUMES
VOLUME II



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THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA
IN PACIFIC ASIA

CHAPTER XXXV

THE FLIGHT FROM MUKDEN

WHILE I was still writing my dispatches General Dobrozhinsky (Thirty-fifth Division, Seventeenth Army Corps) had passed from the bridge-head to the north and east of Mukden. An hour before I blew out my lamp at dawn and roused Cornet Ruman of the staff of the Seventeenth Army Corps, who had spent the night of the ninth at my house, the Third Division of the same corps, General Orloff, had been attacked by the Japanese at the East Gate of the city. Ruman was under the impression that the headquarters of the Third Army and of the Seventeenth Corps, to which he was en route, were still near the southwest corner of the outer city wall, and was sitting calmly on the k'ang engaged in sewing some break in his uniform.

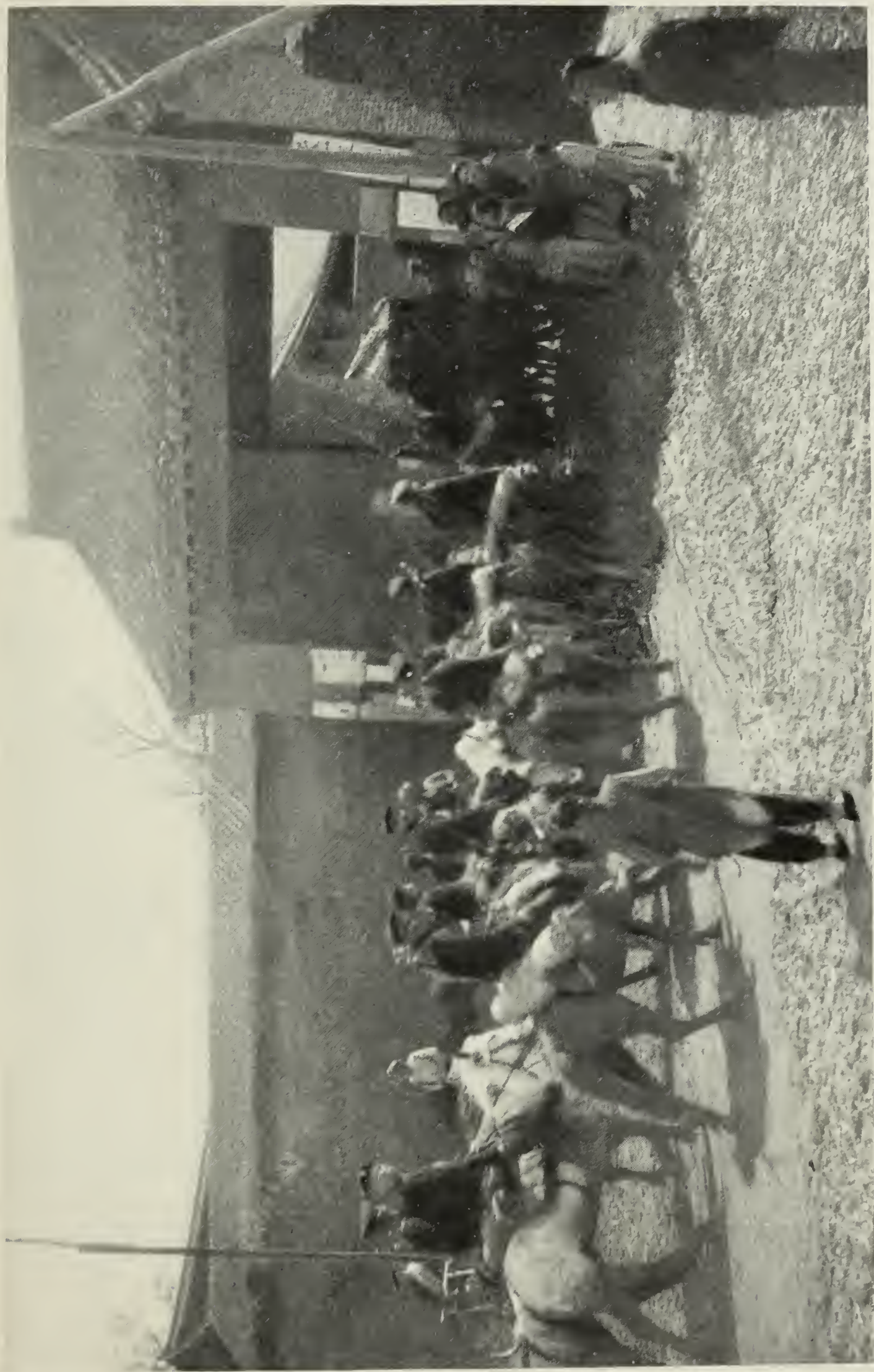
At seven o'clock we separated, and I entered the Ta Lama's bed-chamber to explain the situation to him, to say that I was going, and to bid him farewell. As he partly arose from his couch in amazement at such an unusual visit, and was supporting his venerable frame on one arm and trying to see, a great explosion convulsed the immense paper windows of the monastery, striking awe into the souls of the lamas who were looking on and those gathered in the outer court. As I hurriedly left the house I knew that this salutatory explosion, which shook the entire region, had wrecked the immense Hun River steel bridge three miles south, and I realized at once that the whole main body of the army was moving; there could be no other conclusion.

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Fortunately my effects were packed and loaded, and my horses ready at this profound moment when a shudder of unreasonable and irresistible fear passed over me. When I got outside the court I saw that I was yet in the van of a considerable body of troops, because the miscellaneous small bodies of military adjacent to and occupying the temples where I lived, though they were ready for the march, were only just about to move off.

An immense tower of smoke, formidable and grand, filling the sky over the railway settlement, confronted me as I stepped into the court. I did not delay beyond a moment of involuntary hesitation and wonder. It was an instantaneous revelation—the place was in flames. It was a terrible sight.

One hundred yards from the gate-house, as my carter and I with all the baggage turned the corner of the temple wall, where soldiers had fired some small native houses, which they had occupied during the winter, cartridges were exploding in the flames. This region just outside the west mud wall of Mukden, as also the entire plain about the settlement, was covered with an uncanny light—the shadows of the settlement smoke. A couple of hundred yards further on where the alley opened out from between the temples on to the cattle market a scene confronted us which no painter could exaggerate. Under the shadows of the towers of rising smoke, moving off to the east were quadruple, sextuple, lines of horse and foot in all degrees of military panoply, order, disorder and discipline, beating up a dull blue dust as they choked up the road where they could not hope to pass for hours. They were arriving by four or five roads converging on a spot further on whose sole exit northward lay along the mud wall of the city where the road was narrow and confined on the open side by a vast native graveyard, thick with impassable mounds extending to the railway a verst to the



, Cossacks retreating through Mukden

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west! The air was mixed with the fumes of the burning settlement. The Chinese rustics, awed by the ominous sight, stood up, amazed and curious, along the top of the ruined wall, surveying this tide of horses and humanity and apparatus surging out of the south and out of the doomed settlement which now began to be raucous and weird with pilfering soldiers running here and there, testing wines and liquors in the abandoned sutlers' shops, contesting for drink with the fire and smoke and with the native hoodlums and cut-throats. Later on they fell into disorder and insubordination, and in a final orgy, unconfined, roamed over the fields and city, even finding their way intoxicated as far as the Northern Tombs, where they were taken by the advancing Japanese. In fact, spectators on Mukden walls observed soldiers near midday, when the Japanese were in possession of the North Gate of the city, comfortably and deliberately eating and drinking along the west wall! It was a moment when the Japanese threatened to cut the army asunder, ten versts to the north!

The drivers of the army wagons now badgered each other for the right of way, which at the jam was wide enough for two teams abreast. The day was yet too young for bickering and strife. But in an hour there was contention at this spot, and one with small gift of prophecy could clearly foresee what would take place in the heat of noon.

Finding it impossible to cross through the chawing, champing line, I turned directly into the first opening, and we were carried along with the flood, the drivers submitting to the invasion without protest. It required about an hour to encircle the west wall, passing in and out among some of the smaller graves, getting severely jammed here and there among the heavier wagons. During this hour some of my clothing, bread, firewood, and utensils fell into the road, where it was impossible to pick them up because of the surging

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behind and the certainty of losing place altogether. The men only laughed at these mishaps—it was a kind of sport. Presently a few wheels were smashed. Single-trees began to snap, the wagons to block the road. Here was a carcass of beef fallen in the dust, and it called for remarks a-plenty from the drivers. Soldiers and Chinese chopped out pieces of the frozen meat in passing. The disabled wagons were soon lost in the host behind. None seemed to obstruct the road ahead, so I concluded that we were in the van of our own column. The roads to the left and right were full of moving armies, as was our own. Such as it was we still had a road.

In this deadlock and tension just beginning to be fretful and fearful, I was hailed by a Red Cross *sanitaire*, whom I recognized at once to be a Caucasian Jew. He was a young man with a short downy beard, and as he crept nonchalantly through a line of transport wagons to reach me, asked in English:

“*Now* what will you write?”

He had recognized me as being a correspondent, who might give him some cheer or news. His manner was that of interested wonder, as one trying to divine the meaning of what was about him.

It did not seem to be a moment for discussion of probabilities for which we were neither of us likely to have any practical use, and which was a subject that I had already mentally exerted myself to avoid as a waste of precious energy and time, which it were wiser to cherish. I therefore replied somewhat ambiguously that we had gotten a late start, and that there were too many of us. He walked beside me in the over-crowded road, in among the wagons and artillery, persisting in talking while both of us were rudely and unceremoniously jammed between wheels and horses. When he got jammed it seemed to increase his

The Flight from Mukden

ardor for conversation and he reminded me of the cicadas which the little Japanese boys imprison in sacks and squeeze to make them sing. But alas! I was unable to enlighten him about our situation, for I did not then know myself what had taken place.

"It looks like another Napoleon's retreat from Moscow," said he.

"You think so?" said I, struck by the strange figure.

"It looks that way to me," he replied.

I could see that at heart he was not a Russian. These men, and other non-combatants, and all the reserves, were in Manchuria, because in the lottery by which their military service was exacted their names were the first to be drawn out. While he anticipated a calamity he did not appear to fear it. The desperation of their circumstances for months had made these men, if possible, more than ever confessed fatalists. The excitement was rising, and he saw a desperate prospect before us like the *debacle* after Waterloo, but the prospect did not appear uncheerful to him. The morning sun was rising above the mud parapet of the city wall as he waved me adieu. I did not see him again. I believe he fell into the hands of the Japanese, a fate he probably welcomed. His conversation was noteworthy as being a reflex of what had been discussed among his comrades and superiors. He had only expressed the prophecies and confessions of many men who had for some time pondered this event, the peculiar wretchedness of which was that we were now helplessly driving upon that fate as though it had been pre-ordained, and then made clear and evident to all men so that they might witness our dismay.

We were now actually compressed as in a vice, and could only move with the mass about us. It was with difficulty that we escaped the depredations of the horse artillerymen and teamsters. A driver of a baggage wagon now tried to

The Tragedy of Russia

cut me out of the road, and as he attempted to get the fore wheel of his wagon ahead of my Chinese cart, the heavy, stout wooden axle, which in a Chinese cart projects some six inches beyond the wheel like the blade of a scythe-chariot, cut out at least a third of the spokes of his wheel, and his wagon crashed down in the road. He accepted his predicament as if it had been ordained by the pope, and the last I saw of him he was preparing to abandon his wagon, which he was probably glad to do, for it was not long until many hundreds of other drivers did the same.

Where the road leaves the wall and strikes north from the City of Mukden there were no graves, and being the main exit from the city it was wider. We moved more swiftly here until we encountered the ridges and trenches with which the farmers confine the thoroughfares in China to prevent them encroaching upon their fields. At these places there came a sudden choking of vehicles and traffic, jamming, clashing, and accident, and drivers began taking to the fields.

We were now fully in the open. The roads were inadequate, and taking boldly to the fallow, the horses buried their hoofs, the wheels their felloes, and the men their rough-booted feet in the loose soil. About nine o'clock the dust began to rise, and the armies began to be heated. On all sides was artillery, baggage, field telegraph wire and apparatus wound all over them, field telephone vans, mess carts, ambulances. Beside the way a cart of merchandise had already been abandoned by some alarmed sutler and was looted clean. Nothing remained but the Chinese cart and the empty boxes and packing.

There had never been such a spectacle as was now presented in these ancient, quiet fields. The army began to wonder, and, what was worse, to speculate, which was the first danger. Off to the left were the old Imperial Northern

The Flight from Mukden

Tombs, from where since dawn had come the sound of the guns, and where on the right flank the battle still centered, if there was a center. But there seemed to be neither center nor circumference, only incipient chaos. For two weeks these guns had been booming in our ears and they were now also going behind us on the south, and the southeast, and the southwest, and the west, still noisy and numerous, notwithstanding the long lines of them here making rapidly northward. The infantry were behind, saving the rear—no doubt making up the rear-guard, while we marched yet safely on.

Here and there were wagon trains blocked in village streets, quiet and orderly. And here and there were the native interpreters—Chinese—mounted and bedecked with long Russian sabers and pistols with which they would be robbing and plundering, and worse, before the day was done. They were the army's reliance. All were blackmailers, some murderers, and all for the time of their service exempt from law. Though guilty on scores of charges, no Chinese magistrate would be allowed to execute one of them according to Chinese law, as that would drive the remainder from the army's service. Freed from their own native justice and all other, they preyed, pure outlaws, upon whoever might fall in their way, fully assured of the protection of the army.

It was a time to be without baggage and servants, for neither were safe. Moreover, the temper of the soldiers threatened to completely annul the influence of the officers. I realized that every man must defend his own. For the first time in this war I was hampered by my effects. If the animals, cart, and papers were to be saved I must remain with them, leading with my right arm the led horse as I rode along. By this I could keep place and position and avoid being caught in the heavy artillery and such engines among

The Tragedy of Russia

which there was no more reason for our being than there was reason for nearly all that was now happening. There was hardly a moment that I did not realize that in a military rout such as this was now coming to be, I was an anomaly, an obstacle, intruder and alien. As far as those with whom I had to fight for space were concerned, it was a devil-may-care indifference, for we were now rapidly getting to first principles. But it seemed the very irony of fate to have to fight in the very dust of the road with men whose perils I had shared for more than a year. At the same moment I thought that for one who had taken no part in the quarrel and shared none of the humiliation, it was unfair to reserve so much as a cart's length of their earth from men who were so pressed to escape.

We were now all reduced to a common level. Peasant and noble, there was but one prospect for all. We were one, and the nobles and the officers independent of all military injunction ceased to quibble over acts of men rapidly turning to animals. We were alike numbered as fugitives. All space was in demand. It was as though all out-of-doors had been requisitioned for purposes that were peculiarly military and was in use.

It was only a question of time until a *mêlée* or embroilment would overtake us, and I wondered in advance what part I would play in it. It was not long to wait. The first was a dash for a narrow outlet in the road. A baggage cart turned over, the traffic struggled to get round it, and I was caught between the horses of a howitzer battery and the shaft of a cart. The drivers were already hostile to us and cursed and swore. My Chinese carter, Chang, was indifferent, and as I beheld him on the forepart of the cart taking without so much as a murmur a beating from the butt of a rifle in the hands of an enraged soldier I concluded that it lacked a long time yet until we ought to defend our lives with the

The Flight from Mukden

same weapons—not while we mustered between us the fortitude of an old Chinese ex-soldier. We struggled on in our troubled niche occasionally crying “pyjolst” to the fractious soldiers, who generally desisted at this from their threatened brutalities.

Hour followed hour, we seemed to have gotten nowhere, the guns sounded the same. The retreaters were oblivious of all order, and were making for any opening that led to the north. We entered low-rolling hills. There was now infantry intermingled with the trains, carrying on their long bayonets loaves of bread and buns, vegetables, fruit, and whatever else they were able to spear in this way, caught up no doubt as they passed through the station settlement or the market streets of Mukden.

About ten o'clock, when the sun had fairly ascended the sky and was beating with the fervor of a mild March day upon the fallow, an immense hospital van crossed the furrows in front of me. In it were several women, the élite of the Red Cross, who, from the interior, were leading two blooded dogs by their leashes, while in the furrows outside a soldier had been tolled off to lead a blanketed hairless canine aristocrat, and was walking. The two dogs trotting submissively behind the van took refuge from the traffic underneath between the wheels.

It was already apparent that this army was an army out of a job, and that tens of thousands of men were engaged in actual flight. It were human perfidy, it seemed, to say “retreat,” as the Russian military reports would say afterward. But we were not long to wait for the revelation of the true character of our military pilgrimage. A peal of laughter that came from the shadowed depths of the van was hardly needed to exaggerate this gypsy touch given to a sea of martial pilgrims in which, like as in a dream we seemed to be swimming. We were hitting up the gypsy trail.

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The ways were even more crowded—it was no longer merely artillery and army trains, but the infantry were joining us and increasing the tension. At eleven-thirty we arrived at the little Village of Ta-wa, set in a sink or draw among the low undulating hills. There was a kind of back-water quiet here in front of the village on the south side, out of the main current, and as it seemed to offer an opportunity to rest I decided to feed my animals. It was perfectly evident that we would need the added strength very soon. We crawled down a steep embankment, where we would at least be protected from the rush of wagons, and I ordered a halt on the dirty bank of a little watercourse that lies there, where soldiers were supping up the muddy dampness seeping along under the scanty ice.

The Japanese artillery had been heard continually now for two hours on the east and west. On the east the guns, ever a little nearer, were dropping shells ahead of us into the Yalu or “Mandarin Road”—so called—on the right, and into the fields in front, and to the left of what appeared to be the remaining hope of an escape gap. After the first stage of our fatigues we stood a moment watching the armies defiling strenuously along on the road east of the village and on all sides. Our animals had no sooner begun to feed from some chopped straw taken from the cart than projectiles burst near us, and the scattered mass of men in our vicinity began to fret and hurry about. Although the Japanese could not see the Village of Ta-wa their shells struck among a large concourse there, and the wagons and troops which, like ourselves, had halted to breathe a while, immediately got under way. Two brisants now exploded about an hundred yards to the southeast of us. The lines of infantry that happened to be upon that spot closed up so rapidly that the débris was hid before the smoke had cleared away, and all became hurry, commotion and worse. Wagons plunged



Evacuation of the Hun—the last refugee, stranded in the middle of the river

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into impassable gullies, breaking wheels and whiffle-trees. Carts and wagons that were at all times jamming into each other now smashed their end-gates and heaved and hawed over stubble, ditches, broken walls, and whatever obstacles did not entirely flay them.

Giving the ground around me a chance to clear a little I ordered the carter to hook up and we again started off on what became the second fatigue of our strange journey and adventure. As we dashed over the gully the cart-mule broke a belly-band and slipped out of his harness, throwing the cart back upon its beams, so flimsy and ineffective are the strings and devices of a pottering old Chinese carter! But as to whether we would get on or hold out—so far as I was able to determine—made no impression whatever upon Chang. But a string still served us, and we got out of the gully and onto the height beyond. As an exhibition of indifference and contempt of our situation, if such it was, the work of Chang was sublime. I suppose that it was in general the accumulated fortitude of centuries of hard usage together with callousness that lay under his old leather face and stayed his old leather muscles.

On the brow of the rise north of the village the infantry that had joined us began to relieve themselves of their accouterments. Cast-off clothing was burning in little heaps, fired to prevent the enemy acquiring it. Soldiers were kneeling or sitting in the stubble throwing cartridge clips out of their kits. In every furrow was a wheel and the fields were harrowed as at seed-time.

Chang seemed fully determined wherever we approached the thoroughfares to contest it with the heaviest artillery, and with a pugnacity at which I was amazed and dumb-founded. He was disposed to treat a mortar battery or a column of howitzers as if it were no more than a nine-horse "big-cart" of the "three eastern provinces" there on the

“ old Buddha’s ” highway. Compared with his temper in these contests “ sang froid ” was an epithet expressive of a heated ebullition. He could not have been more lofty had he been driving us into the ch’ing men of a secondary Mukden yamen. I almost expected him to open upon these soldiers, who were damning us openly and under their breaths, in such words as, “ Now you contemptible rapscallions, you dirty Tartar louts, can’t you recognize your betters? Look sharp, you country bumpkins (*t’un lao erh*). Have you never, really, seen anybody before? ” And had we entered the headquarters of the commander-in-chief himself I would have expected him to throw his lines over the shaft-mule’s back, step wide and high, hitch up his waist-band, and address the amazed spectators in the same words. His contempt for them as “ dirty Tartars ” must, after all, have been colossal, such as perhaps only a Chinese can entertain for a barbarian for whom he has lost all respect, for Chang had made a previous retreat with the Russians when they had imprisoned him for nine days as a spy! Considering the excitement it was necessary to give way until the last extremity, and I felt now that I exercised less influence over him than I ever did, and that was never other than met with the approval of his peculiar convictions. He refused to admit the excitement, and whenever he met with curses and bayonet attacks he chose apparently to regard them as exhibitions of affection. The highest and the lowest in the human scale have some art, natural and ingenuous, or acquired. And in this no one like a Chinese can be so exquisite. It was worthy of the study of a Russian diplomat.

While generally cursing us the riders continued to threaten to annihilate our cart with their great iron caissons and steel guns. With some difficulty we kept out of their way.

“ Pyjolst ” had lost its charm. No soldier could any longer hear it. An artillery horseman called out to his fel-

The Flight from Mukden

low that I was an American correspondent, and another, excited and furious, shouted back with oaths that American, British, and Japanese were all the same. With swearing, laughing, badgering, railing, joking, chiding, cursing, were resounded all the notes of rising pandemonium. Several carts capsized, strewing mess utensils, food, and personal effects in the fields, carrying cart animals with them into the dust and under the legs of other animals. A soldier crazed with heat and staggering among the clods now viciously attacked the cart. With his bayonet fixed he plunged at the carter, but being heated and overstrung he fortunately missed him. The soldier then attempted to mount the already loaded cart, but Chang threw him back. Unable to reach the man I appealed to an officer, who was marching immediately behind the soldier, but he only looked hurt and helpless, and was evidently himself in terror, for he did not so much as utter a sound or move a muscle to interfere. It was of no use. The soldier in a greater rage now lifted up his rifle as though to shoot me. His face was livid. I was so disgusted that after shouting to the officer that it was of no concern, I turned away, waiting for the soldier's bullet. I had with me a small pistol, but this was in my holster and was impossible to use, as with one hand I held the reins of my own horse and with the other the bit of my led horse, and was myself pulled and hauled like a block in a tackle. He did not shoot. The officer disappeared. A moment later I looked over my shoulder and saw the soldier slinking across the furrows toward other groups of soldiers. Poor devil of a common Russian soldier! He was wondering in his hot brain why he had been sent to the ends of the earth to be lost. And poor devil of a Russian officer! He was to face the bayonet, the dagger, the bomb, the bludgeon in revolution at home before the score was settled—bayonet, bludgeon, bomb and dagger of his own men.

The Tragedy of Russia

I had long before this become disgusted with exertions merely to save my personal effects as it seemed, and with being a wretched fugitive, which was too mean an occupation for any man to pursue. I was anxious to know what was going on, and especially to find out if there was any rear-guard, and where it was and what doing. It was impossible in the little crater of some local mob to know what was going on around, and it was contemptible to give so much importance to our own affairs. But it is a mistake to think that wisdom is independent of its circumstances. If I had abandoned my baggage as I wished at the time, I should have had greater cause for regret than I now have.

Discipline was gone; every man was swift to save himself and to effect his own retreat. The dust increased, and we were engrossed with that which was immediately about us. But we suspected well what was taking place on all sides, for the fields were strewn with army effects. Now and again we passed Cossacks feeding their ponies from bags of oats scattered on the ground broken open by the grinding wheels and hoofs or slashed apart with the Cossack saber. More clothing was being thrown away now for such paltry cause as the burning of effects that might be valuable to the enemy. Fur coats, knapsacks, Chinese wadded garments, cartridge belts, were discarded and abandoned. All that remained of the Second Army, all that remained of the Third Army, and a part of the First Army as well, were fleeing north. Twice, thrice as many men, and ten times as many accouterments were now sweeping up the Central Manchurian Railway and the Yalu, over a course a little more than three versts wide, as hurried along the causeway and road to Charleroi after the battle of Waterloo. And more of the Army of the East now being driven in, converged on our common way—lines of flight leading in from several directions.

The Flight from Mukden

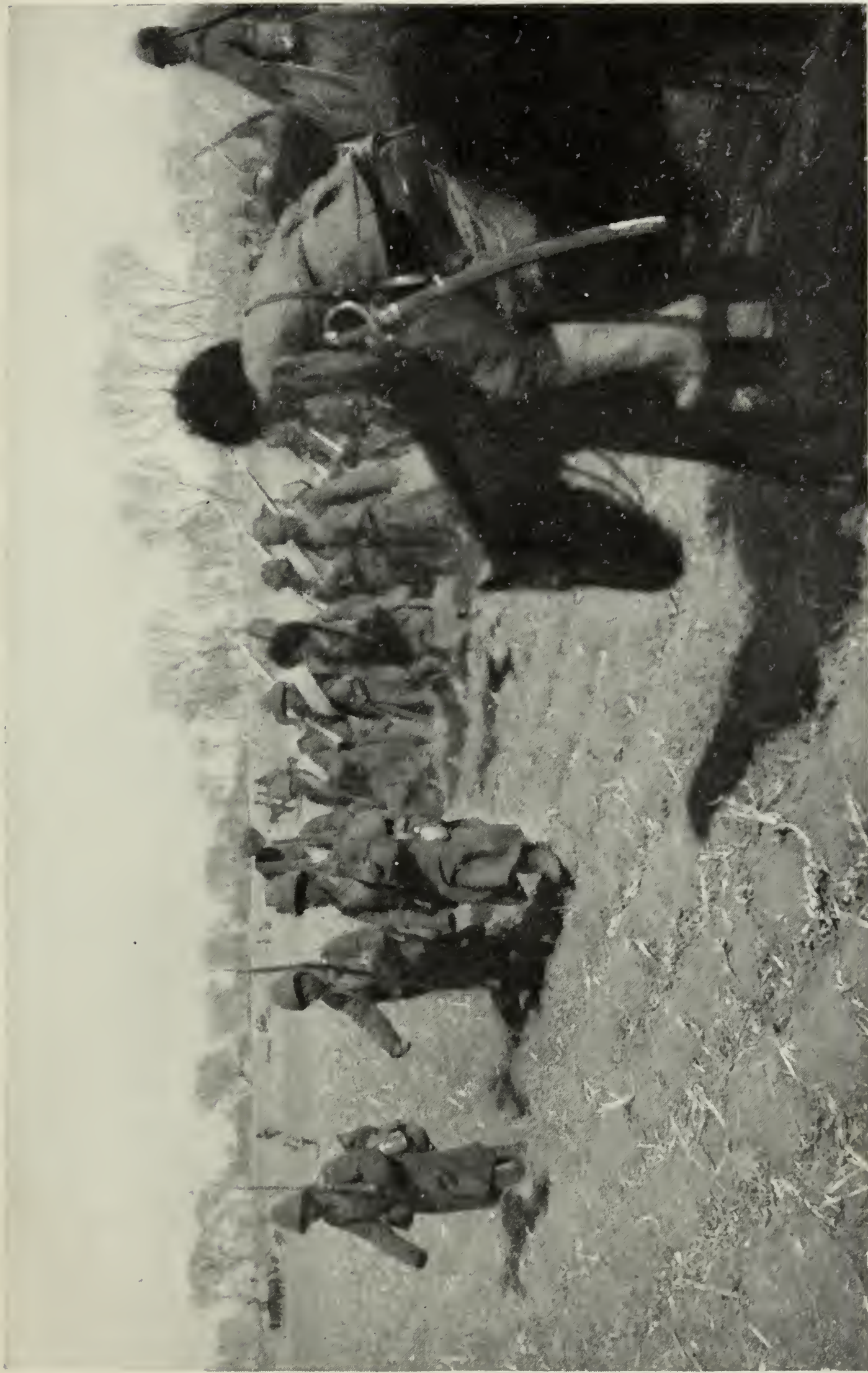
A few versts north of Ta-wa at 2 P.M. a column of infantry with artillery and horsemen—appearing to be a brigade—crossed us moving southwest. The commander of this column, which appeared to be going to re-enforce the rear-guard along the railway, lifted his hand in signal for us to halt, and our column halted. It was an imposing sight, for it was the first time in seven hours that we had been awed by any obstacle or arrested in our flight. It steadied and, for a moment, quieted our column, and at the same time almost seemed to stun our runaways, who gazed upon this body of orderly troops as upon an apparition. In turn the infantrymen at the head of the re-enforcing column, dust-covered, heavy, with their black long-wool busbies turned inside out to disguise them, seemed to regard us as belonging to the very blessed, though they struck out with a renewed boldness to appear resolute.

I dismounted to let my mare rest, and took out some chocolate from my saddle-bags, which I divided with my carter. We now all of us had a chance to look each other over, and I found that I was among a different crowd, the faces of none of whom could I recognize as of those involved in the morning's adventures. As we stood there in the warm afternoon sun, which seemed to grow as lazy as Sunday in a back country, the dust settling down about us, it was impossible to realize that this was in truth the very concourse that, assailed with alternate sensations of fear, safety, terror, had carried out in part the deeds of that memorable morn. We did not recognize each other. We were the very same, but, under relaxation unconscious and involuntary. Man is animated generally by hope. Fear is fitful and transient. If it were not so man would go mad. In the direst escape one hopes to escape. Fear is terribly destructive, and fortunately man is superior to it, else he would rush into the sea and destroy himself like the swine in Holy Writ.

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After the first battalion of infantry, four guns of the field artillery went by, and then came mounted infantry. Our column, which was of course merely an arbitrary division of a confused and extended mass fleeing through fields and along country cart-roads, waited for a time respectfully—there were no shells falling near us at the moment. Five, ten minutes wore on to a quarter of an hour, twenty minutes! Some of our Cossacks and other horsemen, and even a few carts taking the advantage offered by the intervals between the units moving across our front dashed over the roadway in defiance of military discipline, and now our entire column with all its reserve pressure could no longer wait, and plunged forward in a phalanx a hundred yards wide, which had been restlessly forming, and broke through, carrying the remnants of the confronting column with it. Cut off now from their leaders these remnants swerved out of their own course altogether, and joined our own, the soldiers running wild and loose to dodge the traffic and mixing with the wagons, and artillery and horses, losing themselves in fact, their officers making no resistance, but on the contrary, following after. Where I crossed the path of these unhappy troops the front of an infantry company got entirely through our massed cordon, the captain at the fore, when they broke and joined our men in groups. Upon this the officer followed them, first looking anxiously in the direction of his comrade and leaders, watching them until the dust hid all from view, when, without a word, and seeming greatly relieved, he disappeared among the wagons and caissons on my left, where his men had disappeared. And together we surged on.

This was the gravest exhibition of demoralization and cowardice that I had yet seen, and although it was impossible to know what was taking place on the flanks, other than what was conveyed by the sound of battle my half-formed convic-



Confusion of troops in the flight from Mukden—our column crossed by a regiment moving in the opposite direction

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tion was that we were now very near the spot where the armies were to be cut in two, and in all probability where the final travail was to be. I pushed on, therefore, as consistently as possible.

The Japanese were now shelling us on three sides, and we were making for the opening, which seemed still to be on the north. In this very abandon of all restraint and control it was good to see at this moment a Red Cross contingent stolidly making its way to the rear bearing its flag aloft, indifferent to what was around it. This stirring sight greatly affected a lieutenant of dragoons, who paused to watch it out of sight.

On a little conical hill directly in our course, there was a group of officers endeavoring to make out something which was on the western horizon, and from the amount of attention they gave to it I concluded that they supposed the guns from which we were receiving shells to be located there. On account of the dust and commotion I could not determine whether these officers were of the rear-guard troops sent north from Mukden to face the Japanese marching against the railway at this place or merely passing officers trying to get a glimpse of the field. We surged around this and made on. The great dust going up exactly located the masses of moving armies to the Japanese gunners. Another shell struck our column very near to us just as we were entering the little hamlet of Wang-san-chia-tsu. Some of the inhabitants stood outside the mud walls of their compounds transfixed at the scene and wondering what had engulfed the quiet countryside. An officer of sappers whom I did not know, but who recognized me, rode gallantly up from where the shell had just burst, and shaking me warmly by the hand said, almost with tears in his eyes and with the most solemn emphasis: "This was not in the gen-

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eral's plan," and bidding me adieu he rode rapidly on. I turned to inquire of the Chinese what place it was and where, and the narrow road which was sunken filled up, and we were borne along around the village. I noticed now just in front of me an officer with a machine-gun pulled by a horse. When we got beyond the village he seemed to wander about in search of a road. He was indeed utterly lost and forsaken. The long-barreled engine to which he clung had the appearance of a great sanguinary bug or spider creeping through the stubble and weeds. And as for him, it was impossible to conjecture where he belonged or what had been his fortune. The course over which we were set became more and more motley and more encumbered, and was cut up about the hamlets with sunken roads. As day wore away and all about me showed the disheartening effects of the long hours of fatigue that seemed to have exhausted the armies without bringing them succor or safety, I could not help feeling the utter wretchedness of our estate. What, as soldiers, were we here for? Is nobody fighting? Are we all mere baggage drivers?

The occupation seemed despicable, and I felt the keen humiliation of being confounded with the scamps and run-aways. I wondered why I was dragging with a right arm, that was now like wood or stone, my led horse, whose nostrils were screeching like brass. Why do I not take out my valuable papers from my cart and cram them into my saddle-bags, abandon everything else and find out what is going on, and if there is to be any end to this tragic nightmare after the battle? It is unthinkable to die a mere baggage-driver; besides, a correspondent has no right to have baggage. It is against precedent; he is paid for having a horse, a pen and a telegraph blank, and sleeping, if that is necessary, on his good forearm; for being shot at without the excitement of any occupation aside from looking on calmly

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while other people die with enthusiasm. I had several times rapidly speculated on a closing scene here, in which I should play some such part as the worm that is whipped and beaten into the dust of the endless wild fields, but cannot turn. Fortunately to the healthy imagination that which is not to be is as transient and unthinkable as that which is.

Shortly after four in the afternoon, without warning, we suddenly came upon the P'u-ho, a frozen stream near forty yards wide, with steep banks into which the warm sun had dipped at such an angle as to thaw away the ice for a space of ten feet wide along the north bank, where wagons and caissons were laboring in the mire. About six inches of water covered the ice and five hundred horses were pawing in this chilly tide. The River Styx was nearly as inviting as this treacherous chasm, where at that moment all the armies of Manchuria seemed to have met. Swarms of troops hurried to this spot as though, awakened to their grievous sins by some baptistic John, they had escaped the wilderness and discovered their Manchurian Jordan. As they stood waiting, and seemed to pause on the bank as before some awful step, a few moving popes in their long hair and long gowns supplied that air of solemnity which is proper to a religious pilgrimage if not to a military exodus.

If we could at once cross this formidable watercourse, thought I, as I stood on the south bank overlooking the great scene, we would be safe. If we could not, nothing remained but to negotiate our future with the Japanese artillery and infantry. And at that moment the Japanese artillery had taken its position commanding the entire line of two miles from the Yalu westward upon which we struggled! A mile's breadth of armies had converged upon a spot about a mile and a half east of the railway near an unnamed hamlet, while the bank of the P'u-ho all the way

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to the Yalu was lined with armies seeking to cross. Under the muzzles of the Japanese guns all for the moment were inspired with the hope of a successful crossing, and every man, like myself, no doubt dwelt fondly upon the hope of final escape, for the different lines had recovered a certain kind of order in the commotion. But after more than nine hours of monotonous dust, plowed fields, panic, and artillery fire and rout we had covered but eleven miles from Mukden walls!—a little more than one mile for each hour! and only in the end to reach this “sunken road of Ohain,” as it were, from which we were, worse fate! to rise with the last indelible stain of military disgrace. We were forever after to be an army that plundered itself.

From our rate of progress the congestion of the country may be perhaps imagined as well as the nature of the experiences of those involved in its turmoil. We were making history very fast and very forcibly. The banks of the P'u-ho where our mile's breadth of armies had converged, were impassable, except at a single spot which it were an abuse of words to attempt to describe. Horses heavily harnessed and wheels heavily cargoed were pouring down an incline, while on the opposite side as one looked down upon them, horses and men were struggling away in every direction in their effort to extricate themselves and their burdens from this place.

From this incline we were shut off by a mortar battery packed together in the closest order. Enough movement in this movable enginery to have started a linchpin in its socket would have been sufficient to have crushed our outfit out of existence. And this impassable barrier, with several other lines of artillery and wagons, separated us from the incline where all must pass. Under the conditions I dismounted and made some notes in my notebook of the time and wonders of the occasion, and then took out my camera and made

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some photographs such as the lowering sun permitted. Five feet in front of me there was a precipitous descent of at least twenty feet to the river brink. It seemed a particularly treacherous place in case of panic, and had but one advantage, that it commanded a view of all that was going on. And from this spot I would have awaited the passage of the artillery had I not felt, on account of our experiences with the infantry, that safety lay in being with them.

Officers were trying to regulate the descent of the artillery to the water's and ice's level, and its orderly passage to the opposite side. In order to do this but one gun or caisson could be permitted to descend at a time at the point immediately in front of the mortars, because of the speed which they took in the descent and because of a sharp turn which they had to make to get into the river. Two officers guarded the brink, but they could not prevent a baggage wagon stalling in the main way, which nearly reinaugurated panic. The drivers of the mortar battery pressed forward and bore away from the declivity that they might not be crowded over it, for the mass so rapidly grew more and more vast and ominous. Within a few minutes it was as impossible to turn back as to go forward, and I was impressed with the ever recurring conviction of the unity of our fortunes. Nothing could have prevented our being rolled over the declivity now had the mortar battery been suddenly translated. Our equipage was too light to allow us equal chances in this mêlée, besides the fact that my cart was a Chinese one, and we were foreign, I noticed, had raised resentment and antagonism among the common soldiers. We were interlopers. It seemed providential, therefore, that the sea opened for us—that the mass like a great ice floe unexpectedly revolved enough to open in front of us a crevice leading down the declivity. It was too dangerous to attract the artillery, but it seemed feasible for us, and, cursed by the

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mortar drivers and cut at with sheathed sabers, we plunged down the tortuous bank. Our descent was lively, and we were received in the stream by enraged artillerymen, one of whom jumped from his caisson and rushed ten yards through the water as though he would tear the carter to pieces.



*Frederick McCreich -
- Mongolia -*

Cavalry litter with wounded

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE FLIGHT FROM MUKDEN—(*Continued*)

THE cart, guided by Chang, careened a moment on one wheel, and then came to a standstill in the water in a quiet place under the south bank. I was startled to see here an officer mounted, his horse standing quietly in the water, and he staring silently at the scene. He was to all appearance as unrelated as though he had been a spirit, and seemed to have no part in the brawl except that of a spectator contemplating the moods and eccentricities of man, wondering at the possibilities of human passion, and stark amazed at the revelation. From the deep shadow where we stood I looked back for an instant upon the sea of madmen hanging over the brink and hurrying down the incline, and then passed unimpeded around the sad, whipped, plunging mass in the river, and farther down got out without difficulty and without having come in contact with half a dozen lines of vehicles trying to reach the north bank. Whether from excitement or ignorance there was a great show of incompetence and lack of understanding of the management of horses and equipages, such as impresses one in armies. I remember what a jumble of excitement and cool-headedness there was and an almost imperceptible division between sanity and insanity.

When we landed in the stream I saw that the ice along the north shore was being broken off more and more as the heavy vehicles plunged off it to gain the bank, and that several equipages were already sunk so deep into the mud

that they could not be recovered. Others were stalled on the ascent, and the whole was a depressing display of brooding wreck and ruin. I turned and again looked back when we reached the top of the bank, where a free and open plain stretched away to the north. The officer was still dumb and awe-struck in his saddle, and there was a grand mêlée like a great panorama, of which the gulch was the center. As we gained the open I was surprised at the zest which the success of our adventure inspired, and especially at the confidence which I derived from the *savoir faire* of my carter. At the same time my mind was much relieved about him—he was a man past fifty, who had already been subjected to many dangers on my account. Our course in staying by the baggage also seemed justified, and on the whole I congratulated myself. As the animals had had no water since dawn we drove to a depression where soldiers had already cut holes in the ice, and let them drink. About us were horsemen and drivers occupied in the same duty and in easing harness, shifting saddles, and adjusting belly-bands and straps.

I believed the worst to be now past, and was contemplating the prospects of the night bivouac, when masses of infantry appeared hurrying down the P'u-ho out of which they had just breathlessly scrambled. Beyond them four shells fell into the road beside a Red Cross field station. At this late and sorry hour of flight it is hardly necessary to pause to describe the meaning of this event, coming as an announcement of the arrival of the enemy on this treacherous field, where we were entrapped, and inaugurating new horrors at the close of more than nineteen hours of a running fight. We were in all completeness a harassed and fretted concourse. The enemy's activities had already had for hours the sting of persecution, when by all the laws of military escape we should have shaken ourselves free of any enemy without good and suffi-



The catastrophe at the P' u-ho (looking north)

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cient cavalry compelled to pursue us over a waste country without bridges and railways.

In all probability the Japanese had but four guns at that moment, within range of which we were, but these were sufficient to convulse the line at the height of the congestion for two miles along the banks of the wretched P'u-ho. The Red Cross, where the first shells fell was seized with panic. As its personnel joined in the *debacle* a civilian asked an elderly officer, who was hurrying away, why he deserted his camp. "My son," he replied, with irritation, "it is no time now to speak of that." The most distracting scenes of the whole flight began. I realized that one need no longer ask why we were not fighting. It was plain to see that the fighting of these armies was over, for this battle their present fighting career was ended. The Thirty-fifth and Third divisions that had screened us from the possible cavalry assaults of the enemy, and against being cut off by infantry from the east, were now themselves in desperate panic. The Third Division received four shells in succession as it entered the P'u-ho, and our barrier on the east was dissolved. We did not immediately realize this, and it was fortunate that the enemy did not also, but the result was nearly the same, for what havoc the enemy might have done the armies wrought upon themselves. A few scattering Japanese shells now completed the havoc of demoralization. Four hundred equipages were abandoned in the depths and along the slopes of the wretched P'u-ho, among them being the personal baggage cart of General Orloff, of the Third Division, demolished by a brisant, and the mess carts of his staff. The troops abandoned their baggage and made off.

The region of the P'u-ho resembled a great fair swept by a hurricane. The dust and smoke was moving in a cloud from the southeast to the northwest across the stream. A vast phalanx of runaways, on foot, on horseback, in carts,

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and wagons, on field soup-wagons, in nishvoshtics, Siberian wagons, tarantasses, and other equipages swept through the little chasm that had caused this undoing, and moving with the dust fell upon the contingents in the path beyond.

It happened that the Russo-Chinese Bank of Mukden, which had left Mukden about ten o'clock the night before, had reached this spot. It was disposed in a caravan of twenty-five Chinese big carts with attendants and guards. Among the paraphernalia of the caravan, belonging to the manager, was a piano, the sight of which incensed the soldiers, who had witnessed the panic of a part of the Red Cross, and what they took to be the neglect of the wounded. "Officers," they remarked, "are carrying off their pianos while wounded men are left on the field," and the already dissolute and ferocious men, schooled during the long months of a predatory career imposed upon them in Manchuria, sprang upon this caravan as the hungry wolves of a Russian forest attack a traveler. Some of the attendants were wounded, some killed, the caravan was plundered, the money chests containing two hundred and fifty thousand roubles rifled and the animals pressed into the flight. The manager of the bank, Mr. Frisk, losing his horse, escaped on the top of an ammunition caisson, while his associate, mounting a soup-wagon, rode off astride of and hugging the flue! The bank, overwhelmed and robbed, was deserted and left scattered in the field. The whole scene was rendered hideous by the braying of jackasses, which soldiers had all day been impressing into service.

Infantrymen attacked a battery, and were driven off by loyal Cossacks as they reached the money-chest. Soldiers, desperate and ferocious, seeking to wreck vengeance upon their officers for this last great calamity, or wanting a pretext for running away, inaugurated sympathetic panics by letting off their rifles and then plundered the officers'

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baggage, took the horses—even vehicles—and disappeared. The P'u-ho was indescribable. Above the top of the north bank, where I had halted, appeared, like the members of some great drowning thing, heads, bodies, arms, vehicles, horses, in the last stages of exhaustion. Out of the P'u-ho came the relics of what had gone in, and all escaping things paused after they reached the brink, in obedience to the laws of nature, because they could do no more.

Added to the desperation of this animated attack by the enemy at the close of day, when men were thinking of lying down to rest, was the horror of an army that plunders itself. Each felt that every man's hand was against him. The field was adorned with every sort of military adjunct and human thing, and many thousands of men must have felt that order and authority had been permanently destroyed, and that each for himself must make his own way in the world henceforth, and the government and the "Little Father" alike must do the same.

The calm, implacable sky and the day-long bright sun overhead were vanishing into evening. I therefore pressed on as best I could with our tired animals amid the traffic, until I found that we were approaching other troops, which I knew by their numbers to be moving along the railway. We could hear their caissons jamming and clanking and bucking in the ruts and among the obstructions of their road. I therefore bore off a little to the east again, and about half an hour before sunset reached a little hamlet. To the west some distance away we could see a train standing, and I took heart because I thought there was probably a position here where the enemy might be held for a couple of hours, perhaps for the night. I had a feeling as well that if there was no position, disaster had but little more to offer our army and I decided to halt for one hour if possible, to feed and rest the animals, who had not fed since dawn. Trans-

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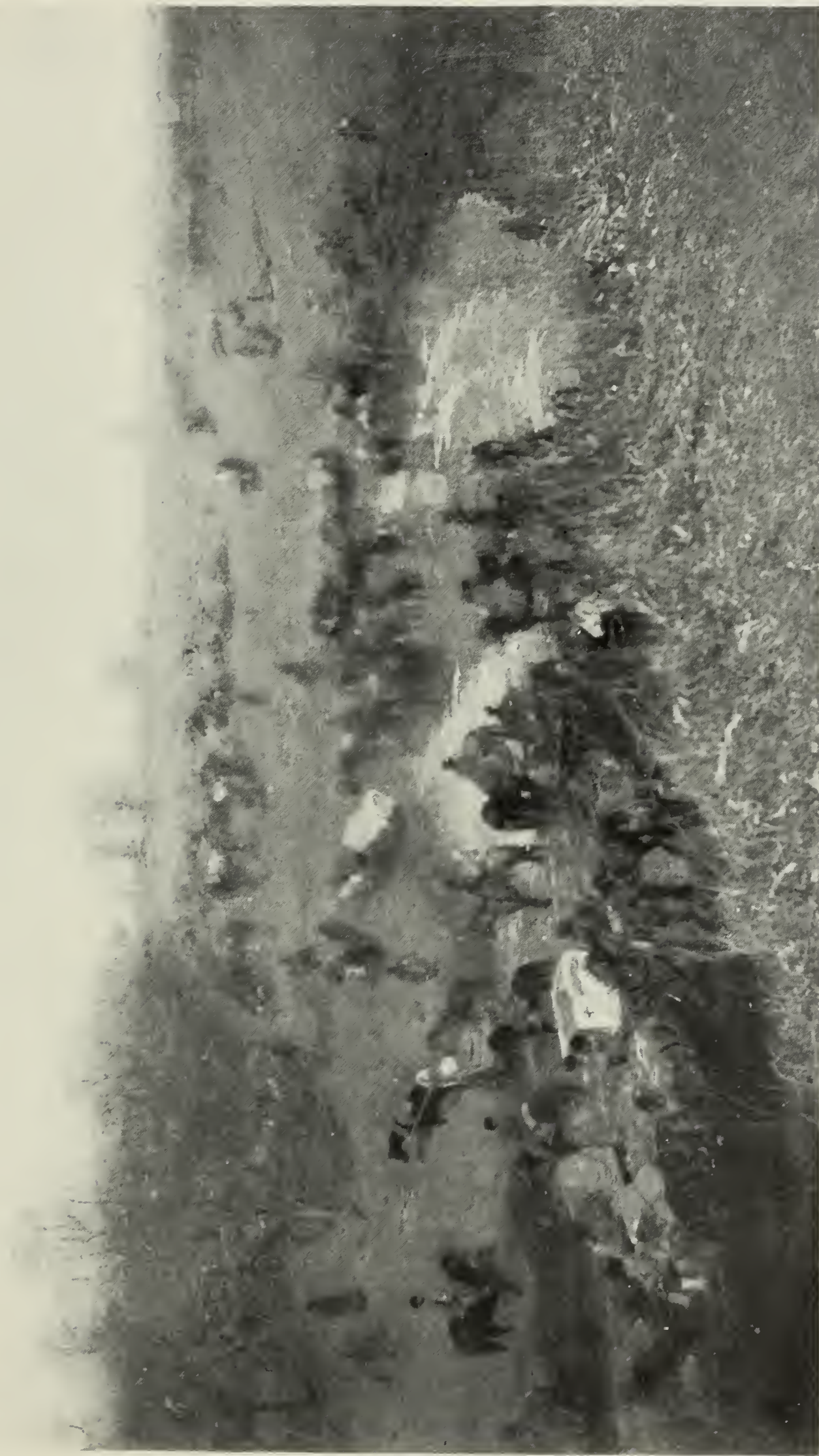
port drivers had already, apparently, some time before, unhitched in the road that led through the hamlet, and their animals were feeding as we came up. But when I saw their leisurely airs—they had evidently not been south of this place—they impressed me as almost infernal.

The hamlet had one cart-road leading off the highway and opening from this was a compound that had not been plundered and had a gate. Into this we drove and closed the gate after us, so that in any event the soldiers could not easily get at us or make away with the horses or whatever their inflamed minds might incite them to. The wagons in the roadways seemed to belong to the transport, which was trying to outmarch the troops to which it belonged, and whose business it was to keep out of the way. The drivers were not aware of what was taking place around them. There was no turmoil here, the soldiers were passing on the east and west—we seemed to be off any line. After the past ten or eleven hours it was like perfect peace, and it seemed strange to see Chinese in their houses who would consent to talk and were amenable to intercourse. We parleyed. It was so calm that reason, deliberation, and commerce prevailed. It was like that calm at the Liao-yang railway station just before the first brace of shells arrived.

The tenants of the compound retired to boil some water, and when the animals were taken out of the harness and fed, I went into the house with my tea-leaves and bread, and lay down on the k'ang with my head on my field-glasses to rest and await the outcome.

We were not more than thirteen miles from Mukden walls, perhaps only twelve and a quarter, but Mukden seemed an incredible distance behind us. We had meandered this way and that, and had probably covered as much as sixteen or eighteen miles.

The Chinese brought the hot water, and as they set it down



The catastrophe at the P'u-ho (1st view, looking east)

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on a bin beside the door a shower of bullets struck the house and made little round holes in the window-paper as at T'ou-san-p'u, and a fusillade began. I had not the slightest notion what was the origin of this, but I believed that we were being charged by Japanese horsemen. I stepped to the door to look out, putting on my haversack and field-glasses as I went, but could see nothing save dust. The firing was frightening, because it was fitful and convulsive, and more like the machinery of murder than of war. I had thought that war was fought through in battles, but it had only proved to be murder. All the soldiers in the region were again thrown into panic, and everybody was running. A few hand grenades that exploded across the road were now all that was necessary to complete their terror.

The Chinese took refuge in the opposite end of the house, and I ordered my carter to remain with them, for it looked like certain death to venture outside, especially in the road-way, where the soldiers could be seen sweeping through the village until the dust became so thick that only their cries and terrified shouts could be heard above the fusillade. I then stepped into the court to saddle my mare, which was feeding at a stone trough. Chang followed me and started to harness the mule and horse. I commanded him to remain with his countrymen (where he was not likely to be in any great danger and from where he might return to Mukden), for I was convinced that the armies were cut in two, that the Japanese would sweep on to Tieh-ling, and that it was folly to continue to risk our lives for the baggage.

We seemed to be in the last event of the Mukden disaster, with all the chances of being at that moment in the Japanese lines. Bullets which were striking the house and all around made a grewsome tattoo on the stone, brick and wood substances, each of which gave out a different sound when struck. I had always myself saddled my mare Agatha, but

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on this occasion I must have achieved a time record for that performance. All record of actual time was lost. We had arrived at this hamlet at six o'clock in the evening, and as near as I could judge, about a quarter of an hour elapsed between the time of our arrival and the first fusillade, and it was about an equal time to sunset. A bullet struck the stone trough where my mare was feeding and others struck objects beside the cart. Chang could not understand his orders, and appeared to regard the cracking of firearms as he might regard the explosion of firecrackers, and turned when a missile struck to see what it was.

It seemed to take an interminable time to get a little food out of my provision-box and into my saddle-bags and to transfer my pistol from the holster to my coat pocket. My pistol looked a sorry thing, for it was a short .32-caliber Smith & Wesson.

By this time nothing could be seen for the dust, which, however, only existed so densely in the two roads of the hamlet, so I hurried out to get a view of our surroundings in the clear. The little street was lively with soldiers beside themselves with fear. They were hotly running; some were hatless and without any accouterments. Not a man seemed to stand, and this seemed to show that the enemy was doing the firing and that all was panic and plunder, which would soon be, if it had not been already, incarnadined by murder. The cause of these events was afterward reported by the Japanese to be the action of the Japanese hung-hu-tzu horsemen from the west. If so, it is certain that the Russian armies were virtually severed here at dark of March 10th. My colleague, McCullagh, who was just behind me, never crossed the P'u-ho but was taken by the Japanese the following morning, together with several thousand addled Russian troops, whom he accompanied and who ran into the Japanese lines here.

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It is hardly possible to conceive that a few hundreds of irregular horsemen and a couple of dozen shells could create and multiply such havoc as for hours affected the armies that stretched from the Yalu to the railway and farther west. In the main road of the hamlet, where I had seen the transport wagons, drivers were cutting the harness of their horses and riding off, and in the clouds of dust foot-soldiers were trying to dodge the animals as they went by. After all that had passed during the day, what now followed continuing long after dark and through the unknown night, seems too much to be described. While the firing burst out fitfully, what I took to be a hand grenade burst on my right in an adjoining compound. I noticed with astonishment that many soldiers had thrown away their arms. Both horses and men were stampeded, which indicated that there had been a rush of horses, and I took this to mean a cavalry attack.

The troops whom I had seen crawl out of the P'u-ho after halting for breath on the banks had now reached us, but it was impossible to estimate the numbers that were surging along our hamlet road or to know what they were doing except by the spectral runaways that flitted between the puffs and clouds of dust. When I got into the open I saw that the troops from the east were moving upon us. Not since the hordes of Genghis Khan swept over these regions had they beheld such a scene. Some called upon the name of Kouropatkin; some upon God alone. The road was the theater of a wild and barbaric scrimmage such as only Central Asia could produce. Men contended for horses, of which there were not enough. Some of the horses, frenzied, got loose and men more frenzied pursued them.

So desperate was one man in the pursuit of an animal and so great his desire for it that I tried to assist him, but we both failed, and he was too much blinded by the panic within

him to know what I was doing. He soon disappeared in the dust. All about were riderless horses, with parts of harness clinging to them, careering like mad, followed by raging soldiers, some of whom were infantrymen inspired by the chance of an easy escape on horseback. I could not but speculate on one's market value; that of his accouterments, of his horse, his pocket-book, to say nothing of the other thing—life itself.

I had never carried a pistol on the battlefield until now, and had never needed one. Now I remembered all the veterans and the pistol-Dicks who had warned me against being without one, and I recalled their advice to carry one always, so that I might not be found wanting on that one occasion in a lifetime when a man must have a pistol and know how to use it or give place to a better or a quicker man. But I had it—I had it in my pocket; six savage cartridges in the chambers, though not savage enough. They looked almost harmless in the teeth of such a crowd. Besides, they had my deep suspicions, for to have used them would have been highly dangerous in a mob and perhaps only momentarily successful. All delusions of a defense in being here vanished as a dream. I was attacked with a cozy sensation arising from the realization of still not being hit, for the firing was persistent and hot. A Red Cross officer well mounted and crazy with excitement passed me, giving orders right and left to nobody, shouting at the top of his voice and occasionally grabbing at the runaways on foot among whom he was riding. He disappeared and appeared in the dust, and seeing me he begged me to go with him, to stay by him and march together with him. I took an alleyway between two houses and reached the edge of the village somewhat away from the road, where there was less dust. A number of mounted men followed me part of the way, but lost heart and turned



The catastrophe at the P'u-ho (2d view, looking east)

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back in the direction of the road. The sun had gone down in haze and a cold blue vapor, and it was nearing twilight. It was impossible to see what was going on, and I advanced across the fields at the edge of the hamlet to get a wider view. In all directions I could see little companies of men dotting the fields. Their fatigue was pitiful, and every man was bent forward pursuing some narrow furrow or pathway. Occasionally I saw a Chinese big cart into which soldiers had climbed and were riding, but on the whole there was nothing but wild riderless horses, men, carts, Cossacks, tearing across the open. The possibility of being any moment taken for a Japanese by the frenzied soldiers did not make my personal situation more promising, and I thought it well to avoid them as much as possible until I got farther away from the scene of panic, which I could do in the half light and dust by dividing the distance between the groups that I saw moving along on either side of me. But as the outlook showed no prospect of improvement I began to think of my Chinaman secure behind the mud and brick walls, where I had left him interned in a native compound, and I was considering returning to the hamlet, for I could now only hear a distant and intermittent fusillade and a random explosion. But I was not sure just where the hamlet lay, and it might take until morning to find it if it was even then still within our lines. Certain to be taken for a Russian by Japanese, I was at the same time as liable to be taken for a Japanese by the Russian soldiers. I tried to dismiss the thoughts of the baggage, and especially of the carter, who, being a native among a hamlet of his countrymen was more safe where he was than in any place I could provide for him. But while I was revolving these questions they were speedily solved for me. A few men, I had noticed, did not care to interrogate me, but a dozen would do so. Scattered groups of Cossacks appeared from the east retreating across our

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front. Seeing I was about to be involved with them, just at dark I made straight for a group of about a dozen, who, when I reached them, immediately surrounded me and laid hold of my horse.

I waited until they spoke and then telling them who I was I offered to show them my papers (*bumaga*). But as I reached for my pocket a Cossack grasped my arm and protested excitedly, and commanded me to be quiet. He thought I had reached for my pistol. The men around talked among themselves and crowded closely about me. We were joined by as many more and moved on. I remained silent, believing that we would soon come to officers, which we did. The soldiers brought me to the captain of the *sotnia*, who was swallowed up in a great skin coat and towering busby, and, like his shaggy men, looked outlandish and wild in the moving night. I spoke to him in French as we rode along, telling him who I was and in a little while turning to his men he spoke the magic word "*nichevo*," which informed me that I was at liberty. The horsemen vanished from my side, and the officer then invited me to accompany him. We came to where wagons and baggage were burning, and I could see, for it was not yet entirely dark, greater evidences of a profound *debacle*. Some one had evidently distributed the command throughout all the armies to burn whatever destructibles were in danger of falling into the hands of the enemy. We had reached a military road, which I conceived to be parallel and near to the railway, and throughout this road wagons and trucks and other equipages were heaved over each other, turned upside down, and still other equipages were trying to get around them. In the wildness of such a night it was possible to realize the meaning of the travail which we had witnessed; the climax of disorder in these routed armies. It seemed fitting that the climax should close this eventful day the din of which now

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rolled on into night and seemed to sweep us through the vasty regions where the deeds of the immortal resound forever. The wild clangor, and scour and scrape of machinery that seemed ready to break with weariness; the roar of vile threat and epithet, and the plaint of vengeance defeated, came like an echo of the day's disasters now when darkness commenced and rear bodies began struggling through the débris that preceded them. Night set in, black almost as the Plutonian shore, and, lost in this entangling roadway, where we clung sometimes to narrow ledges at the side to escape the artillery, our horses breaking their knees over the sharp construction stones strewn along for the railway, and sometimes caught in the crush and jammed by the horses and burdens of the road, we were borne farther and farther along.

At the end of a couple of hours, quieted by the night and the difficulties of the way, we were settled into steady clanking retreat.

I lost sight of the Cossack officer, but a little farther along I heard some one call for the "American correspondent," and I found that he had sent an interpreter to keep me company. I never knew the officer's name, and I saw him no more.

I was able to communicate a little with the interpreter, in Chinese. He was a student from the Oriental Institution of Vladivostok, and our adventures that night were the beginnings of a subsequent friendship. In the darkness the road seemed strewn with innumerable obstacles which were collided with and stumbled over by the horses, equipages and men. I soon lost my companion. The humans were quiet—they were now so tired—many of them having fought their way over fifteen miles of the twenty or so they had come from the Hun. There was no longer any turmoil—only weird voices and oaths, and a strange mixture of central Asia

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languages among the children of the score or so of tribes, blending hope and heart-break over a lost Manchurian roadway.

At a time when it was so black that I could scarcely make out the outlines of a man, the Red Cross officer whom I had left in the mêlée at the hamlet, approached and took possession of me. He was overjoyed and would take me to camp at Tieh-ling. There was no escaping him. In the absence of any troops to address he called out like one in a nightmare to his man, who followed him. Again the interpreter called out to me from some place in the darkness, and returned to my side when I answered him. It seemed now to be growing late, and a great light blazed up in the gloomy distance. About nine o'clock we arrived together at a vast camp, where a great conflagration of forage, tumultuous and grand, and visible for ten miles, was burning as a beacon to the scattered armies.

The rendezvous was about one of those innumerable, unnamable stations of the Manchurian Railway, and a few trains appeared, from the lights, to be standing on the tracks. We edged a little way into this vast, vague, illimitable body, which was compact and huddled as though to keep warm. But there was no keeping warm. A cold merciless wind was sweeping in from Mongolia, taking the last hope of cheer from this hapless assembly so strangely brought together. The outskirts of the mass were continually moving, and men coming and going shouted out the names of squadrons, regiments, companies, and batteries, which they were trying to discover and to assemble. Penetrating a little farther, we came to a battery belonging to the Third Army, where the interpreter and Red Cross officer seemed to be known. The officers of the battery and of some Cossacks huddled by, were in groups, now talking a little and now keeping strange silences. The



Looking back toward the P'u-ho

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artillerymen built a little fire with wood cartons, which they had saved—a night benison so sweet when it flared up in a brave transient glow that officers and men alike crept down on their marrow-bones to take comfort. The officers gave us a share, and the hearts of the soldiers warmed toward us. But it only made one more sleepy, and I noticed that the officers from long experience enjoyed it from a distance. We stood up again shivering: that was better. We had nothing to eat, and the fire died down and all but went out, like the match in the story-book. I went to my mare and leaned against her warm neck to get a moment's sleep, but as it was vital to keep moving I went back again to the officers. They had made a little tea that furnished a mouthful or two for some of them, and they were eating bits of "sakhali," or hard, black bread, which they had retrieved or treasured in their saddles. As near as I could make out they were discussing the *debacle* and wondering what was the precise situation of the rendezvous and the position of the rear-guard, but especially what had become of the First Army that had let the enemy through, and what was to be expected of the Japanese cavalry on the west.

It was impossible to stand more than a few seconds in one place or to sit on the ground or to walk, for all this had alternated so much that it was unbearable. Tormented by the weariness that was taking possession of me I resolved to go on, hoping to wear it out. My comrades reached a similar conclusion, and we mounted our tired horses and picked our way among the crowded men and horses, trucks, water-tanks, rails, and timbers and bivouacs to a little group of buildings among the rocks, building-stones, pits and hummocks, where the army staff was said to be; for my comrades were seeking information of the enemy and the battle, and encouragement to proceed. I could not help but think of the thousands of men behind us lost in the labyrinthine

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paths and furrows, and struggling through them, and over dark, treacherous gullies toward this place.

We stopped to look about. We were now near the great ricks of burning forage, and the light from the holocaust fell upon the revolving mass of armies. It was a spectral scene. Out of the darkness now an individual horseman, bedecked in shaggy, scintillant, barbaric accouterments, now a little phalanx or line, boasting the whole complement of its earthly trumpery, or an equipage or caisson, appeared for a moment with the full glare upon it, and as quickly disappeared as though it had answered the last trump, heard the Infinite judgment, and passed to its last billet. It was a profound scene that intermittently paralyzed the torpor with which we were oppressed. The flames themselves leaping out of the red and black cinder beds seemed to laugh the laugh of doom—a midnight and satanic mockery of this human business.

I moved on now independently of my companions, who, however, caught up with me as I turned the end of a long flaming rick, and together we undertook to rest for an hour and let our horses feed. For a rouble we secured a few bundles of straw from some soldiers who had saved it from the flames, and we loosed it on the ground behind the fire, where it was bright and warm. I took off the saddle and spread a blanket over my mare that she might rest, and sank down upon the ground. From where I sat, behind one rick, and at the end of another parallel to it, afraid to lie down and tortured to keep awake, I watched several soldiers who had wandered in between the two ricks and were spreading out their coats to lie down. The spot was like a child's vision of paradise, and I thought of what I would not give to be able to lie down with them there! Not more than half an hour elapsed until my companions called me, for they were restless and apprehensive, and had been prowling

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about. But I was grateful, and promptly commenced to saddle up. It was then that I fully realized the first bankruptcy of my strength, for it was impossible for me to lift up my saddle on account of my right arm, with which I had all day dragged my led horse. It was not until I removed the luggage strapped to it that I succeeded in doing so, and after considerable effort was ready to continue the journey. I found that I had to start on alone, for my companions, who talked to every countryman of theirs that passed, were torn between resolution and doubt by the stories of disaster and alarm pouring in. They were afraid to go on and afraid to remain, and were yet coquetting with rumors and scaretales.

When I offered the bridle to my mare she complained bitterly, and seeing how much she was comforted by the warmth and feed I had scarcely heart enough to take her away.

In the darkness up the railway the cold wind was blowing out of the black vapor, chilling to the bone.

Twenty-five miles stretched away to Tieh-ling, which we were to reach at morning. It was impossible to see the road, impossible to keep awake, or to sleep, or to ride long without walking or to walk long without mounting—if only to escape the equipages. There was no chance of hurry; we had to wait intermittently until the road was cleared. Sometimes there was shouting of orders, and then for hours only the clank, clank, of the equipages. It was a harder fight than had been the battle itself. My mare was growing weary, for she was tossing herself, and I thought lovingly of her. The road rose and sunk as we crossed gullies, and once it lifted us onto a railway bridge which seemed to have no railings and appeared to be as high as the Eiffel Tower, while in the flooring yawned jagged holes into which a horse might plunge a hoof, but could not extricate it before some

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caisson would be upon him. But what all the feverish effort of that night achieved was hard to tell. By day we could not know the road we then traveled.

As if scenes lacked weirdness and effect, night, which had magically produced at intervals this mad dervish of a Red Cross man, now again cast him up as a sea casts flotsam on a beach. In terror of the dark, and with no one else to shout at, he called out continually to his servant as a forlorn night bird calls to its mate. Sometimes the servant answered him, but when he did not the voice of the master shifted, and it was evident that he had gone back to look for him. It was always the same call, "Petro-Aurel!" Sometimes behind, sometimes to left, or right or fore, and always in a place one could not make out. This name, shouted shrilly in the night, was the only name that was heard until the Red Cross man, who seemed to divine my presence whenever he came near, cried out for the "Amerikansky Korrespondient," which startled me out of my sleep and saved me from falling out of my saddle. I was not ungrateful to him, and thereafter we marched together. He sometimes went back to find and arouse his man, calling to me when he had found him, so that he might make his way back—the forlorn was leading the blind and halt.

We were now as long on duty as Nogi's soldiers, who were sleeping in the sun inside the Russian redoubts on the third of March. I could not keep my eyelids open, and walking I fell into a sighing slumber, to be aroused by the stamping of artillery horses under my nose or a caisson under my elbow, the wheels perilously near. It was no better riding. My legs refused to act, and now and again my face plunged into the mare's mane and neck. Riding, it was impossible with my mackintosh and bourka around me to keep warm, and walking without them set up a hot itching fever. Waking moments were like hours, and night seemed to be

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interminable. Man is "born unto trouble," as the Psalmist says, but there is a limit to human endurance, and the sensations of men, racked by weariness and involved blindly in a mass of fugitives such as we were, were the sensations of men who were nearly ready to deny their identity. It must have been near dawn when lights appeared ahead like the lights of a considerable town. By that time we had surrendered the attributes which distinguished us from the brute creation.

The lights of Tieh-ling seemed leagues and leagues away, and they seemed to flee like jack-o'-lanterns as we approached. We passed lights that came from holes in the ground—the windows of zemlyankas, or dugouts, of the Frontier Guards. All through the night I had relied upon my mare to pick out the way, and now as she brought me safely into Tieh-ling from out of a long night and a treacherous road, warm, tired, uncomplaining, I remembered T'ou-san-p'u, Liao-yang, Yin-k'ou, Hsin-min-t'un and all the places where she had served me so well. She only serves, thought I; is only faithful; has all the virtues of a soldier without the vices; comes always up to the scratch, and never presumes afterward.

We now crept in over the rocky plains and the rocky flat broken by little watercourses to Tieh-ling. There were horses before us, troops, wagons, little camps of the first and the swiftest. They had won even before us. A cold, cold wind laved them, yet they camped, they camped without shelter in such a plain! in such a wind!—a revelation of what bivouacking men could do.

Long straggling railway trains—that of the commander-in-chief and others, sidings, straggling black houses, outlines of hills and other houses and camps and trains, were visible in the gray of approaching dawn. It was five o'clock. The Red Cross man was now quieted and sane—it was cold enough for that. In a bare, hard wind-swept space, with vagrant straws scurrying over it he found a place where we

might leave our horses. My heart sank at the notion, for there was nothing for them to eat. We went to the railway station to seek a cup of tea. Dawn was breaking there over the saddest of scenes. The railway yards were quiet—the trains had done their work and departed. On the cold gravel platform were litters of men. Are they living? Are they dead? How the wind blows over them!—under them! How thin are their coverings! They must be dead, for the warm bodies of the living are inside in the buffet, the warm bodies of officers standing, many of them sleeping, supported upright in the crush.

We edged into the mass there. The room was packed—a dull quiet and the hush of dawn broken by a gloomy drone of voices. On the benches and tables, and even under the tables, were drowsing, sleeping men. Some were clinging dreamily to the table-tops over which they were bent, and in every posture men were eking out their night of nights. Nothing was to be had to eat or to drink. The samovar was dry, for the first time perhaps in its history. A few came and went—the inhabitants of the depot. We turned back to the bare yard, where our horses were, and my companion begged some tea for us. It was a Siberian Red Cross contingent, where a few nurses and a priest and two or three *sanitaires* huddled about a fire of a few straws that the wind threatened to carry away. When my companion told his story I noticed that it was received with incredulity and suspicion. He made but little impression upon them, but their kindness expressed itself in the tea, which we brewed for ourselves in the freezing wind. It was impossible longer to endure ceremony—we must relax and rest. Thanking them all for their hospitality and especially my companion, for his especial kindness, I led away my mare and turned to the Chinese city half a mile away, where I knew the simple comforts of the land might yet be had.

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As I approached the South Gate the welcome sun crept up over the hills to the east and tinged the roofs and the city walls with warmth. For an hour I searched the rusty, dusty, cursed streets at that lonesome hour of morn for an inn, and that long, straggling town throughout another hour for fodder. But once having provided food and rest for my mare and bathed my head and chest at the inn well, I was surprised that at the coming of day my strength had returned, and I was able to begin to look about me. By midday the precious remnants of our battered contingents began to stretch their weary bones upon the sunny stones nearly sixty miles from where we had started with our great battle.

CHAPTER XXXVII

TIEH-LING

THE Russian armies recoiling from the shock of the Japanese impact at Mukden, rolled back into Tieh-ling, sixty miles from where the battle began. Forty-five miles had been covered in less than two days, and the crowds of confused soldiery began to arrive about noon at the little old walled town, which had been the secondary army base, sturdily pursued by the Japanese, who, the Russian soldiers now believed, could pursue them forever.

Generals came and went, clinging to the fragments of their commands.

Kouropatkin's vestibuled train, looming out of the gray cold dawn, stood all night with curtained lights on a siding, the insidious dull burr of the dynamo in the rear of the train giving a ghastly air of civilization to a situation of solemn terror.

Dawn unveiled two great facts for which Tieh-ling had no category—Khilkoff, and chaos. They were of the magnitude of first causes and of final dissolution. Prince Khilkoff, of American railway and machine shops, the magician of the Siberian railway, was still clinging to this charred stump of the Central Manchurian Railway, like an Achilles tendon to its heel, pulling to safety. Khilkoff, since the days of Port Arthur and Nan-Shan, had held the Grand Army in his palm, hauling it to safety and seeing his steel bridges and stone bridges dynamited as he receded. As at Wa-fang-tien, Ta-

shih-ch'iao, Liao-yang, the Sha River, Mukden, the P'u-ho, and a hundred other places, Khilkoff was here at Tieh-ling to succor.

When Colonel Lesh's one hundred and twenty men, the last of what was once a regiment, arrived at siding No. 97, Khilkoff was there. Like romance, Khilkoff was with us yet. Looking into the railway yards at Tieh-ling, Khilkoff was there. In his hand, so to speak, was Kouropatkin—in his ordered yards was apparently motley and chaos. From the cinders and the rails, and the hills round about, were echoes of voices and instruments and whistles and rumblings! A brass band struck up an American air—the Eastern Empire was the Russian America, and its promoters were proud of the parallel. Only two trucks' length ahead of this din Khilkoff's locomotives were pulling two truck-loads of knapsacks, haversacks, cartridge sacks, overcoats, blankets, rifles, sabers, bayonets, band equipment and sheet music, and what not, that, cast away by these same panic-stricken musicians and soldiers eighteen hours before, had been gathered up again where they fell on Khilkoff's domain and saved.

Passengers arrived by rail from the north en route for Mukden this second day after the last faint smoke-stains of that place had faded into the distance, without any knowledge of the situation, and stood struck dumb by the sea of army surrounding the Tieh-ling station as far as the eye penetrated. On the platform some queer bird of military species, as quaint and raucous as a crow, assumed a mock swagger and shied covert jeers at them or loaded them with offers of aid and an obsequious solicitude. It suggested hell, or the Bastille in the Reign of Terror, or that imaginary moment portending planetary chaos.

The objects of this irony and the ridiculous victims of this ghastly farce quickly disappeared. Their amazement was not diminished by being peremptorily turned out of the trains

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by the officials, who refused to carry them or their baggage back northward. It was a baptism of war, and as welcome an immersion for the merchant and civilian camp-followers as a cloudburst or a tidal wave is to a chicken.

Then came cheers: "H'rah! H'rah!" What could excite cheers there and then? It was as though the wag at the station had ordered that mangled string-halt band to play to cheer on the passengers to Mukden; some Slavic Falstaff or Tartar Nero had started the fiddle going.

While discordant cheers mixed with raucous music went up in the yard there came plainly to the ear over all the noise the sound of another gun. At this sign strong men, who had from falling and tumbling down over rocks and into pitfalls throughout the night burst into tears, now drew their bearded, grime-furrowed faces closer together and moved on. Ironically their successors from the south only camped—on suspicion as men who have camped long among dangers.

The night of the eleventh closed upon us. Frugal, smothered lights like little camp-fires glowed on the moraine. A few red-eyed windows streamed in the settlement, where they were screened by surrounding houses and the humans were looking for shelter. Some were prowling about for fodder with which to light even a little flame. These were the miniature camp-fires like match-glows in which men saw visions of things past and to come.

Officers took and gave addresses at certain numbered houses of the settlement, where they thought to rest, but where they were never afterwards found. These places were filling up with strangers when the addressists were already on the march or hidden in some other darkness; and when the rear-guard began to pitch its bivouac about and build its fires against the walls of that settlement, Tieh-ling was like the bowels of the earth, where men creep hither and thither searching for treasure. Everywhere were men mingled with

night sounds, felt to be subterranean: sounds of collision and silence—eloquent, vehement.

It seemed impossible that one might ever want to sleep, so much was happening. All day the life and light and broken hope of an empire poured through the streets of the city. Artillery jammed in the drum-tower archways and in the portals of the old city gates; soldiers lost, straggling and begging food in Chinese shops; grim and battle-scarred horses, legs of horses, shoulders of horses, harness of horses, heads of horses, bodies and muscle-turned coverings of bodies of individual men; heads, hearts, bodies, legs, feet, and boots of men; wheels that pause and roll, roll and pause indifferent to the dust that is seeking them out and the scars and blood that befigure them; these, and things that cannot be numbered, were histories which might only be written by him who sat awake forever.

In the railway houses all light was barred in, and all sound. The spaces between the buildings, which were more gloomy because of the little smouldering fires—lights were forbidden—were rapidly filling up with soldiers, tired and very hungry. They were throwing themselves down against the foundations of the houses. In passing here I was arrested and taken to an officer bivouacking in a cold wind under a window-sill. He offered to share his space of ground with me. The officers who came up offered their sympathies! As I left, the simple and ignorant soldiers who had brought me in were solemnly discussing my identity, which they could not fathom—it was as enigmatical to them as the battle of Mukden was to the commander-in-chief not five hundred yards away.

Leaving this gloom-invested veldt beside the railway, I again approached the native walled town. In its north suburb there was a sutler settlement—foreign squatters in Chinese houses—where were numerous Greek and Armenian

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restaurants and "numeros" packed and forbidding. Shouts for food and drink, and for more food and drink, had ceased—there was no more. There was water—cold water, but no drink. It was death to sell or give drink then, for it was past eight o'clock—the time limit in the military ordinance issued by the general staff to prevent reckless, fatalistic, abandoned, hopeless dissipation.

Men ceased to complain. Famishing men are clamorous and terrible, or they are docile and subdued. The Russians were subdued. Men still stalked into the rooms from the dark streets, struggling to see. If once inside they asked for food, it was because they had not seen or understood. Russian officers and soldiers came in humbly, penitentially, to succor—their stomachs were empty. Receiving figuratively a stone where bread was required, they stood passive, like men who know the deafening, brutal meaning of that which is unresponsive, dumb. All the miseries—want, hunger, thirst, remorse, defeat—are dumb.

The frail little chairs and tables of the sutler restaurants told the tale of the crowded Tieh-ling night. Few of those who shared them there will ever forget the nights of the eleventh and twelfth. Men were not now eating: they had tried to forget it. They were relaxing, resting and holding shelter and sitting-places. They could even lounge a little at such tables. Big, tired, gaunt officers glided in, and with elephantine gravity and instinct, knowing all, hung their heads and slipped away. The humility and shame of some of them was nearly appalling.

After midnight the streets began to grow quiet, for it was not until the morrow that the hordes infested all space there. There was some refuge, to find which—this refuge from the night—took hours of tramping. When found it was at best some small, low room without ventilation and with little dirty kerosene lamps, giving out fetid odors and a smoky

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glow, and crowded with beings that resembled men—that very much resembled men.

In an Armenian restaurant villainous Circassian Cossacks were crowded; such a scare-devil company as were occasionally to be seen in the army. To enter was to grow afraid. They seemed to regard visitors as invaders, spies, and therefore enemies. They sat bodily fixed and defensive, but with shifty eyes and an evil innuendo. Madritoff could not have furnished a more choice collection of men looking the part of cut-throats and murderers had he selected them from the outlaws and fugitives from the gallows, which, as the head of an irregular terrorizing cavalry doing duty on the remote east, he was reputed to possess. Until I had recrossed the threshold I was uncomfortable. And when I had stepped into the darkness again I drew a long breath of relief.

Into this same warren Monty Macomb, American military agent, had peered, and nonplussed by the aggregate villainy and repulsive interior, bivouacked under a tree in the dirty Chinese street. Passing his bivouac without recognizing it—I had now passed through this street four times this night—I moved on, slowly (I had not slept for three days and three nights), carrying two blankets in which to wrap myself when, like a dog, I had turned round and round enough so that I could bring my head and body to cuddle down, with my feet and legs upon what chanced to be beneath me. But before doing this I must needs take another turn, and another.

I seem to remember, though at the time it did not seem to me possible that the lamp of night could be pitiless enough to glow on such a scene as Tieh-ling presented, that the moon now came partly out—just enough to make the street doors all look alike, so much that I could not distinguish one which I had when passing several hours before made special note of.

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I examined all, passing forward and back again, and finally banged loudly on one that looked most likely. Between the scarred and rugged timbers I saw a figure moving cautiously. It was only the watchman, fearful of the "*siao ta tzu*," or "dirty Tartar," as the native calls the Russian soldier.

"Why is this?" I asked. "Why don't you receive a guest when he comes?" All remained quiet. I remonstrated, but he would not open. Neither would he speak.

"Don't you speak Chinese?" No answer.

"Are you not a Chinese?" (This is too much for any Chinese.) I appealed to traditional custom—it was a last resource. I explained that I had a friend inside, and asked if "*you* who are standing there do not recognize me?"

"I am the riding-big-horse one," said I, and this with perhaps the continued sound of the native tongue at last persuaded the battered doors to slowly open, and I walked in. Two or three Chinese inspected me closely. My "friend," no other than my faithful mare Agatha, was standing among a motley of horses, donkeys and mules at a trough where she had fed. She was in a position nearly on her head because of the high banked dung in which the long lines of troughs were nearly lost. I unhitched her and led her into the clear-way kept for the carts and cargo, for it was a great inn yard. The Chinese who opened the doors had followed me, and another whom I took to be a "*perivoitchik*," or interpreter of Russian, acted with suspicion. A Russian camp-follower came up and looked me over. I imagined him to be the overseer of native transport—the carts and animals with which the compound was crowded. He permitted me to put my mare among his own animals, where she had a better place. Having done this I went to the inn guest house at the back of the compound. Refuse,

dirt and dung had accumulated in front where the feeding troughs began, so that it was a slight descent to get to the door. The stench that met me at this portal was like a blow in the head. The interior was hot from the cooking that went on there all day, and the odor of leather and sheeps' wool informed me that the k'angs (brick beds) and every flat space was crowded with soldiers. Still undaunted I went in, stumbling over boots, bodies, and legs. But not even on the vile dirt floor was there room to lie down. I went back to the street. The same Chinese let me cautiously through the stanch doors. I was out in the street again. Man must prowl—it is animal, it is human—and by these prowlings I was getting on through the night.

I had not gone far until I unexpectedly encountered a Chinese hurrying along, whom I hailed. Chinese avoid being out after nightfall. I questioned him, but could get no information. I persuaded him to carry my bundle, and this assistance secured, it occurred to me to start another search for some cooked food and perhaps a sleeping place. But my Chinese, who seemed partly persuaded through fear, to accompany me, soon begged me to let him go, which I did, rewarding him with a piece of his native coin to give him confidence. Shouldering my bundle I continued from crowded "numero" to crowded restaurant and hotel, repulsed from each in turn by increased crowds and the vile-ness of the fetid air.

Not far from the Chinese inn which I had just left there was a Russian restaurant, which of all places I had seen in the town appeared to me the most promising. It was now that hour of night when, if ever, the mental and physical inspiration and energy of a man dies out, and it was getting cold, so I went in here and found that it was not so crowded. There was order, even quiet—it was late. The officers gathered together here, sober and downcast, turned to look

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at me, and, I thought, not unsympathetically, for, after all, the angles of difference and of nationality had been smoothed away by mutual hardships. They were ready to rest, and we might all lie down together.

At the far end of the room was a table where, as I passed, two officers were sitting. I did not pay attention to them, but seeing that the table was heaped with soiled dishes, in that slovenly munificence which characterized everything Russian, and, thinking it occupied, I passed by and continued my search for a place to sit down, not at all a candidate for special solicitation, much less a chooser in the matter. Immediately, however, one of the officers, a mere downy-lipped boy, came after me, and in good French asked me if I would not sit with them. His action seemed so kind that I thanked him and went back, taking a chair at his left, to which he assisted me. He was travel- and battle-stained, while opposite me sat a bearded man just past middle age, rolled in a perturbed slumber as an ancient galleon in its element is rolled, heaving audibly and inclined to fall forward as a ship that pitches into the trough. His face and uniform were grimy with dust and grease. At the surrounding tables were other officers in all stages of weariness and recuperation, some eating and drinking, some drinking only, some unable to get either drink or food. The waiters paid no heed to us, nor did they seem to be attending to others. We repeatedly hailed them, but without success. Presently the boy, suspecting that I was not acquainted with the custom of the establishment, took me to the farther end of the room, where I purchased a ticket that entitled me to half a pheasant. I could not get liquors, he said, because of the military order against their sale after eight o'clock. We went back to our table. But with the tickets we were no more successful than before, and seeing that nothing could be had that we did not ourselves retrieve from the

kitchen, the boy invaded the cook-house and secured the coveted fowl to which we were entitled, while in the same manner I secured the tea. Bread and vegetables were out of the question; knives and forks we got with difficulty.

The boy was of the artillery. The bearded man, he said, was his colonel, and by his talk I saw that he regarded him with affection and fidelity. The boy tried to arouse him by fair words of boyish kindness, but could not. He was engulfed in a sonorous slumber, a strained weariness spread over his broad kind face, and his brows knitted and twitching with troubled dreams. The boy cut a portion of the half pheasant and ate for a minute ravenously. And then, having finished his portion, he again placed his hand in the colonel's arm and tried to arouse him by uttering loud words of gentle persuasion intended to tempt him to eat. The colonel this time did throw himself upward and with a great effort awoke long enough to take note of the plate before him and to answer the boy who placed the knife and fork in his hands, which at once fell away again and again. He took a few half-resolute bites and roused himself sufficiently to ask who I was, sitting at the table with them. The boy had already spoken of me and he said again with strong emphasis that I was a war correspondent. "Da da, voina Korrespondient" (yes, a war correspondent). He was persuaded as he looked up wearily at me with swimming, half-opened eyes, by what the boy said, and turning to the boy he told him to say to me that he wished I would—"write—for him—the story—of—the—battle." And from the last word he fell as the galleon goes over a great wave, into that other labored slumber from which he cannot again be aroused, a slumber like a sea, which promises no harbor and shows no earnest of calm.

All the names great in my profession of whom I had ever heard—Forbes, Macgahan, Russell—rushed to my memory

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as he spoke, and I involuntarily summoned their solemn shades to take note of the colonel's request.

In a little while the tables were cleared and men began to sleep, some on the tables, some under them on the floor, some half-reclining on chairs and tables. Four small chairs fell to my lot and upon these ranged against a little space of wall I lay down rolled in my bourka where I slept soundly. By morning all were on the floor. Shortly after dawn, while wondering how I had slept so soundly, and while watching the wriggle of aching limbs around, I saw the boy and the colonel lift themselves wearily from the floor. The boy turned and looked with unconscious disgust upon the dust and dirt in which they had slept, and together they crept with unsteady feet away.

By the full glare of morn everything had changed. I saw no one I had ever seen before. The evening and the morning were the second day, and though the faces had changed, the world had not altered. At the station litters of new strange men now stood along the gravel platform covered, some with cold white bedclothes, and some with dun soldier shoddy in the form of overcoats and blankets. A tired officer, stray soldier or civilian would crawl out of one of these litters, occasionally, from beneath some death-discovered covering.

Trains were shifting and whistling. They were more violent than the still distant guns, and more intense than the solitary white-draped nurses at the station, the telltale litters on the platform, the straggling dying horses on the moraine, the forlorn, lost, broken-spirited moujiks among the broken stones and in the ditches, the crazy, maniac-faced officers and soldiers in the hospital train strong-wagon, a sight that burned into the eyes. Khilkoff was still at work. Vulcan from forging thunderbolts was forging railway trains and locomotives, and was a more heroic figure than Mars.

Of those who had been turned out of the trains and whose ticket to Mukden was ironically denounced by the minions of Khilkoff, was Vassilli Yenchivetsky—war correspondent. He had left a civil position on the staff of the governor-general of the Primorsk at Harbarvosk on the Amur to take the position of war correspondent at army headquarters for the Russian Telegraph Agency—a government concern that was to mold and to create public opinion for Russia and for the world in general, as, according to the Russian official idea, the great foreign news agencies in Great Britain and America do. All such enterprises in Russia are official, there being at that time no press in the western sense in Russia, and information being to the full limit of Imperial control a state monopoly.

With an expressed ambition to mold the opinions of a hostile world both at home and abroad, Yenchevetsky arrived at Tieh-ling the night of March 11, 1905. On the morning of the twelfth he crawled out from a litter in which he had slept at the railway station, just avoiding being carried into a hospital car or to the burial trench. The spectacle which greeted him was such as might cause any son of Rurik to rub his eyes, for it had never before been seen. He had landed in the very center of the crater, and his material—it had come to meet him! Roughly, a quarter of a million Russian men of the nation, blood and sinew, bone and brain of his countrymen, received him there sixty miles north of any place where it was possible for him to conceive them to be. And they were still more passionately bent on the long road of retreat than they had ever been. The trainmen actually called out to him: "All out for Tieh-ling. Tieh-ling, Mr. Correspondent—my little pigeon, change cars for Mukden! Yes, shanks' mare if you like; Peking carts if you can get them; but Japanese sandals will go farther and last longer. All out, end of the line."

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Khilkoff's empire now ended at Tieh-ling. And at Tieh-ling was certainly all the material that in its own way and without official tinkering makes, molds, and immortalizes public opinion. Fate and the brown bleak hills round about seemed to shout: "Bring on the war correspondent, let him have at the molds."

A subordinate of the general staff arrived from the south, weary and covered with dust. He wore his rubaska militaire and his cap and sword becoming an officer of the army, and as he dismounted he said: "I cannot speak my thoughts now, but I will speak them when I have taken off my uniform."

Beside the platform was a hospital train—twelve carriages with their precious freight of Marie Pavlovna—another with twelve carriages of Marie Feodorovna—these and two thousand other carriages full of wounded were secure in the hands of Khilkoff.

A nurse descended from the Marie Pavlovna train, and for an hour or more stood on the platform and dressed week-old wounds held up to her by patient, silent, woolly, ungainly stragglers. It was a solemn performance, and conjured up in the mind a vision of a feminine Van Winkle among the giant imps of a Catskill night. The awkward, dejected peasants looked up to her with dumb reverent wonder. She was soon gone. The Red Cross field depots gathered around the station and began to raise tents as on the field. Tieh-ling was indeed a field, but not of combat—it was a field of dissolution and escape. Even while the *sanitaires* were giving away first-aid bandages and absorbent cotton, they were ordered to move on indefinitely.

A milky haze along the south delivered up its clouds of stragglers to the high stony moraine, which was billowed here and there with swaying, plowing hordes. There was no army, only a tide of company remnants, and regimental

remnants, and individual fugitives that owed a measure of their deliverance to the great forage fires that rose and fell throughout the black nights of the tenth and eleventh—scenes which dwelt in the memory as having resembled the burning of Rome or the latter-day incineration of mountains—and who had spent the night in feverish marches or in the seducing warmth of thousands of sheaves of burning millet, defiled irresponsibly on to the stony plain around the native City of Tieh-ling without direction and authority, for their officers were gone, many of them, nobody knew where, and every man's responsibility ended with himself. They did not know their elbow companions. As they filed exhaustedly in—strange birds in a strange land—they looked for something familiar and intelligible. A hundred thousand men and more began now at day to throw themselves upon the inhospitable Manchurian earth and to drink in the matchless Manchurian air and light, thanking God for a day that had not been reckoned for on any calendar. Buildings, trains and other evidences of human refuge seemed to inspire in them a temporary sense of security, for under some influence they stacked their arms as though to bivouac and as if waiting for orders. But finally at the sound of guns they staggered up again and renewed their straggling pilgrimage northward.

The horses began to stretch themselves out and die. The guns and baggage gotten up out of the pits of the moraines, they laid them down, died, and were buried there—buried as horses are buried in war.

Tieh-ling on the twelfth looked a likely place only to men who had escaped from a fearful *debacle*. Having escaped they were like hunted men and like cub bears, whose instincts tell them there is something in the wind, or nothing, and whose actions inquire for food and shelter. The sun was shining brightly and the guns of the rear-guard could

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be heard. About eleven o'clock the haggard motley in the moraines beheld with amazement an apparition in the southeast and east. Shielding their eyes with their knotty hands they saw the orderly contingents of the First Army arriving. Their chief, the old Siberian Cossack, came walking.

It was Sunday. Kouropatkin was awaiting the gathering of his generals for a council of war. He had not seen them since his personal attempt to break Nogi's line at the Hsin-min-t'un road. Being Sunday it was obligatory for the commander-in-chief to worship in the ornate bullet-proof carriage chapel attached to his train. The generals began to arrive.

Out of a mountain pass on the east and down the stony drift before the city came the veteran General Linievitch, on foot, becoming an humble warrior and the future commander-in-chief. He was arm in arm with his handsome young friend, Chinovnik Yenchivetsky, brother of Vassilli, ex-editor of the *Manchurian Army Vestnik*. General Kaulbars, commander of the Second Army, who had fallen over the P'u-ho River embankment with his horse, which rolled over him and sprung his collar-bone and a rib in his left side, refusing hospital aid, appeared on his Arabian charger. General Zerpitsky, three-fourths of his magnificent Tenth Corps gone, himself, though despising hospital succor, also carrying a wound in the leg from which he later died, arrived; and the venerable patriarch and aristocrat, General Bilderling, commander of the Third Army, who had withstood so many fierce artillery assaults, and left so many troops in the *cul-de-sac*, which the enemy made of the Hun River bridge-head which he had occupied. Kouropatkin himself, who had courted misadventure in the firing-line unscathed many times, received them. All these and many others were converging upon Khilkoff's siding. And the scene to which they con-

tributed hardly seemed to need the merciless calcium and the skeleton garnish of this tragic official tableau.

In the streets of the native city near noon the brothers Yenchivetsky were dodging here and there to escape the artillery and the commissariat wagons and trying to discover and to realize what was happening to their armies, to their race, to their Emperor, to "Holy Russia," to themselves. The individual, though anticipating all things, was able to grasp but a few rude material facts. All the Grand Army was fleeing, and the City of Tieh-ling was not aware of the fact.

In the Armenian restaurant, where there was no longer anything to eat, only tea to drink, the Caucasians were boasting of their valor, their nationality and their independence. "I'm not a Russian, I'm a Caucasian," was a boast in Tieh-ling then and ever after. In the Caucasus the Caucasian feud with the Russian government was renewed and revived from that day at Tieh-ling, where serious Caucasians asked of each other, "Is it this Russia that cannot defeat the Japanese? Is it possible that it is this Russia with whom we have warred now forty years that we are serving?" A Caucasian prince who, though he served the Russian army in the borders of Mongolia, did so apologetically, boasted of the place of his nativity and the independence of Caucasia. Groups everywhere formed in the streets and dissolved as if by magic; and finding there was nothing to be known, collected in other groups and fell to discussing the panic and to criticising the battle. "It is a lesson not to retreat too precipitately," said one. Everybody was talking and everything was discussed. There was a confusion of tongues, worse it seemed than could ever have happened before, and it was a babel of accusation and recrimination. The Russian language itself, with an alphabet of forty odd letters, was not sufficient to the requirements. All the languages of big

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Russia, little Russia, the Caucasus, Poland, Finland, Tartary, Turkestan, Selinginsk, were inadequate. A dozen tongues could not be treasonable enough, nor could they express the thoughts that were thought at Tieh-ling. In all probability there is no official record whatever in the War Department at St. Petersburg of the human tragedy at Tieh-ling. In all probability the War Minister does not know the sinister events of those days between the eleventh and the fifteenth of March, 1905. If he had known he would have quarreled with contradictions in terms and with military anomalies that outraged all traditions. His ears, yea, even his shoulder-straps, would have been the target of corporals' billingsgate. But more than this he would have had to have been the Czar himself to have so much as attracted the curses of some of the lowest non-commissioned officers, for those were reserved for the Imperial house itself.

The sutlers, with little shop warehouses at their backs packed to the roofs with provisions, buttonholed pedestrians in the streets and inquired for news, for they as yet did not know what had happened. The appearance of the Manchurian Army at Tieh-ling even on the twelfth was as astonishing as if it had fallen from the skies. Montcalm was not more amazed when Wolfe appeared on the plains of Abraham. Among others were three Greeks standing with wistful faces in their shop door. They could just begin to realize what the consequences of their fortunes were shaping into. Suddenly one of them seemed to receive a cypher from the beyond, for he began—timidly and mechanically at first—as though not yet quite sure of the cypher's meaning—to give away goods and stores to whoever would carry them off. Concealed in the remote rear of his premises in some sheltered court he had two carts with cart animals. But these would carry only his personal supplies. He must abandon his real property. Across the street were other

sutlers wholly flabbergasted, and up and down on both sides groups of men with confused faces, indecisive, paralyzed, watched the cavalcades and caravans in the streets. One sutler by his invincible coolness carried on, by what seemed to be sheer perversity, a brisk trade all day at regular prices. One could not but realize that within twenty-four hours his place would be a little theater of riot, murder and conflagration. But before this came he had pulled out with considerable profit from a ruin that left his rivals kopeckless. It was not until the day following and the fourteenth that their stores went without money and without price, that they were literally consumed, but they now knew, from the presence of the army in confusion and great masses, that Tieh-ling was already lost. At noon camp-followers preparing to flee began to form themselves into companies to enter the Japanese lines. A party of five or six Greeks from the China coast were seeking some information of the Japanese and the Chinese whom they were likely to encounter in their adventure. These elements gave the army the appearance of breaking up. An Albanian and a Greek from Smyrna, though they lost everything down to a ten-kopeck piece, pluckily remained with the army and recovered their fortunes later on at Mai-mai-kai. At this time the desertion of this element implied such an omen as is said to beleaguer a ship when deserted of rats.

It could not be concealed that Tieh-ling was being abandoned. Early in the afternoon the fact that retreat had been ordered became known. The realization of this situation seemed to define a condition that had been forming throughout the whole war and is exactly described by the words of Carlyle "to what changes of fortune silence alone is adequate." The whole Russian army was silently quitting the field of combat, it was giving up. Kouropatkin had signed an ordinance at the council of war commanding a

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continuous retreat for eight days. All the initial novelty and sham hospitality which had mocked the disheartened, embittered and broken men on their arrival, and the temporary sense of security under the hills of Tieh-ling, vanished in a day.



Japanese carbine, Japanese Reservist's rifle,
and Russian Reservist's rifle

CHAPTER XXXVIII

THE EIGHT DAYS' RETREAT

BETWEEN the railway settlement and the native town was the Russo-Chinese Bank and Post-office Building. This structure, which had temporarily lodged the officers of the Mukden, or Army Bank, in their hurried progress northward, after a narrow escape from the Japanese, was deserted already, and soldiers were with disheartening, devil-may-care indifference ransacking it in the very hopelessness of finding any morsel. An army in its degradation is a vision of chaos. The streets were now scored deep in dust, and the different transport, gun-park, and artillery units and parts of units were striving for the freedom of the way.

Tieh-ling was jammed with army constituents. All the crofters—military, merchant, parasitic—that take refuge in the shelter places of and are attracted to armies, and that now occupied the foreign settlement houses and native hostelries of Tieh-ling began debouching into the thoroughfares. They shouted for space, and room out of doors began to be in demand. All the intervals between the settlement houses were packed with tired, dusty, bearded, accoutered, semi-accoutered men who had turned the long turning of their six thousand verst pilgrimage to exterminate the "Little Father's" enemies and were going home. They looked now in their rusty, dusty parti-color garb as though they had just been shaken up in some great earthsack and rolled out to find their feet. Officers and men and civilians had long since ceased to complain of their lost baggage or of the

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scarcity of bread, and were wholly concerned with moving on. The Red Cross tents were not able to be erected beside the railway station before they were ordered away. Men in bodies that might be called military units scarcely composed themselves before they received the general order which was in effect an alarm, and moved out. Those who had long ago lost all identity as units, never having really stopped except in pure weariness, gave everything about them, active or inert, the appearance of continuous motion.

The Chinese inhabitants, as I left the interior of the native city, were grinning from the sides of the streets, from shop doors and from the city walls. Outside the semi-lune at the north gate the native itinerant cooks, peddlers, hucksters, and street wags were shouting out derision as they carried on their various callings, weaving fun and insult into their trade gabble. None appreciate more the humor of the ridiculous, or more enjoy a joke than the Chinese, and among none does discomfiture of others yield such exquisite enjoyment. I could see that the populace, sipping tea or eating vermicelli and meat-balls around the outdoor kettles and ovens, were immensely amused as they listened to these wags. To sharpen the pungency of their witticisms these rascals made profound obeisance to the innocent and unsuspecting artillerymen and troopers going by, while at the same time in the rear of their shops and booths, confederates were getting ready their "sun flags" (Japanese), as they had been long ago warned, and had learned to do from their countrymen in Liao-yang, Hai-ch'eng, Niu-ch'uang and a dozen other places. For rumor travels far in China, and all the history from the Yalu and Port Arthur to Tieh-ling was known and retold upon the k'angs and about the street-kitchens of Tieh-ling.

The absurdities which enact themselves under unusual circumstances are nowhere more grotesque than among sol-

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diery, for military science ignores, and therefore has no code for disorder. Before an hundred tons of forage ready for the torch, for example, a tired trooper, anxious to succor his famished horse, will be warned away at the point of the bayonet by a guard whose discretion, if he has any, has no military existence. Hundreds of thousands of tons of forage frugally husbanded for months with jealous care, went up in flames at this time; after being filched from by daring Chinese, or pilfered from by soldiers, or sold from by officers or contractors under cover of battle, and charged up as lost against the Russian Government, which must pay, and after alas many noble horses had gone hungry. Under these circumstances Cossacks surreptitiously nabbed whatever forage they might and made off, later on to be seen feeding it to their ponies by the roadside, here a bag of oats in the stubble slashed open by the saber, there a bundle of straw strewn on a rock.

In Tieh-ling the camp-followers had yet two days to rest, provided the Japanese did not attack, and they chose to take their chances with the rear-guard. They might venture to remain throughout the thirteenth and fourteenth. But already they were alarmed by the guns, which had been firing all morning to the southeast, where General Zarubaieff was fighting the last important rear-guard battle of the war.

We lunched extravagantly on the provisions heaped upon us by the stampeded sutlers in the streets. As we ate, stories of the rear-guard fighting were brought up by the populace, who responded like a barometer to the returning excitement. The hot, stale, wearing fever of flight had returned. The fugitives were again anxious for their safety. Stories were in circulation that the exit from Tieh-ling was inadequate and dangerous, and that the army was in imminent danger of being attacked in the flanks. All that could be seen of

the exit was the narrow valley by which the railway entered from the north, and into which the troops plunged with apprehension. A little pressing by the Japanese was all that was needed to re-create panic. If it came, the army would be about finished. A bad position for an unbeaten army, it was fatal for a beaten one. At a place where we were caught in the traffic, an officer remarked that the Japanese must attack with their cavalry now on the west. Another said the Japanese cavalry *was* on the west—ten thousand strong, moving around our right flank. A third said with bitter significance: “Three thousand are enough for the work.” It is hard to realize the bitterness with which these simple remarks were made. It was not possible to move rapidly, though many would hurry. The rear-guard, under General Zarubaieff, was intrenched in the Tieh-ling fieldworks, and was detaining the enemy with a battle. By this the fugitives were shielded and their rear protected for yet two days. During those two days, when Zarubaieff lost one thousand men of the Fourth Corps, Russians wondered what could possess the Japanese that they did not throw their cavalry against the Russian flank. What was expected soon afterward began to be accepted and ceased to be feared.

In the height of these alarms I moved out into the field north of Tieh-ling, where was to be seen the spectacle of a bedraggled army again in nervous agitation. The rank and file were ignorant of the particular danger feared by the officers, and feared only a general attack from all quarters such as they had sustained so often before. The condition of the confused mass of men, which, with their animals and baggage, bore the name of the army, was exactly indicated by the men on the railway embankment. One of them, hearing the guns of the rear-guard off to the southeast, asked of his companions as he turned an anxious look behind: “How is it that the Japanese who took Mukden from us on the tenth

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can attack us here at Tieh-ling on the twelfth?" and hurried on, shuffling his heavy boots wearily in the sand and stumbling over the cross-ties.

This was now the bulk of the army, which, arriving after having made what would have been by regular relays a three days' march—forty-five miles—on the double-quick in half that time, was pushing on. Through the deep dust beside the railway embankment three soldiers conveyed a young Buriat trooper whom they had mistaken for a Japanese, and having captured, were taking him with his hands bound to the rear. They seemed to be under the impression that the mass of their comrades were moving toward the fighting front. A Russian correspondent, Borodavkin, had a Buriat Cossack attendant, and between them they got the young fellow released, and he rode off on his pony to seek his own sotnia, where only he could be safe.

The first columns had been on the move now twenty-four hours. The main body, which may be called the stable part of the army, was just leaving Tieh-ling with guides and flankers out. Accompanying them to K'ai-yuan station, fifteen miles to the north, I returned to see the abandonment of Tieh-ling.

In order to close this tragic scene, though it be only to open another, before passing on to the account of the long retreat, I will describe what confronted the spectator when I approached Tieh-ling on my return after thirty-six hours, from the north, and the last scenes within and without that place.

The land is flat—a long narrow valley where the railway runs into Tieh-ling from the north. Suddenly I came upon the T'ai River railway bridge, besides which were two or three wagon-bridges. Such military constituents as are best described by the term "army" were passing over these bridges and over the dangerous ice, and were moving north-

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ward in a weary, monotonous line. The scene, however, was striking. It was a cool frosty morning, and a prairie wind began to blow in from Mongolia. Against the sun columns of smoke arose, which proclaimed the lower part of the settlement and the native city suburbs to be burning. The rear was lost in haze and in dust, beat up principally by artillery in the yet more dusty roadways. Through the gap below the town the last of the Third Army and of the rear-guard had made its way and its escape. Tieh-ling was now nothing more than a desolate, isolated, Manchurian town, except that in its streets was being enacted the last rear-guard orgy, riot, brigandage and murder.

The streets which I have already described were now even more crowded by the accretion of the worst elements and more lawless, because there is no terrestrial statute that pretends to cover the space which in slipping from one hostile army to another is the range only of a hostile fire. As at Mukden and Liao-yang the native hoodlums dared both the flames and the Cossacks in the hope of securing something from the destruction. The Greek, Armenian, and other sutlers, such dregs as settle always into the most desperate situations, together with those who, knowing nothing sure of the army's real intentions and satisfied to take chances to the last, have no longer any reason or apology for remaining, cannot make up their minds to go. They are unable to carry anything away, for there are no animals to be had at any price. Seeing their roofs aflame above their heads, and with the jeers of the pilfering soldiers in their ears, they are forced out if they have had the hardihood or fool-hardiness to remain with the last stragglers, by the scenes they witness and the threatening dangers around them, and probably by brutality.

One of these came out of a shop where an officer had just shot down a soldier who had demanded drink of the

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sutler. The officer, who was himself getting drink, had remonstrated with the soldier, who at once drew his bayonet; whereupon the officer retaliated with his pistol, shooting the man dead. As the sutler left the street a galloping Cossack cleaved off the arm and shoulder of a Chinese in the street.

In the lawless wake of the armies the provisional military ordinances now became void, and there was seen the dissolute temper and shattered endurance of what had been the fighting machine of the Sha River, and what now in general was the dumb and savage order and disorder and weariness en route northward that succeeded the confusion of the eleventh and twelfth.

Shortly after noon I stood on the south bank of the T'ai River toward the City of Tieh-ling, where the engineers were getting ready the explosives with which to destroy the bridge. While watching the heavy roll of wheels and the dull tramp of feet past the spot, with the last of the artillery and wagons to pass over the river, came the former commissaire of Mukden and his staff. This officer had been among the last to leave Mukden, a place which had been to him a capital and a throne. For more than a year he had wielded the authority and borne the responsibility of a governor and ruled over the provincial officials, the "Five Boards" of all Manchuria established there, as well as over the celebrated Tartar General Ts'eng Ch'i himself, the Chinese Viceroy, directly accountable to the throne at Peking. So solicitous of his office and of his dignities had he been, and so solicitous of the dignity of Russia, that he clung to his capital until it was too late to retrieve his personal effects. The bank itself was kept until too late, in order that the full magnitude of Imperial Russian dignity might not be prematurely impaired. So anxious was he for Imperial success that he did not leave the City of Mukden until near midnight of the ninth of March. One of his suite, a captain, accompanied him. He

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was a gentleman whom I knew well, and I told him that I had heard many say it was now time for peace.

"Perhaps," he replied, "but the government will think differently. These soldiers are only cannon's food; the war is only begun."

A great smoke was now rising over the settlement; all the foreign shops, buildings and collected stores were burning. The last railway train went north at 2:15 P.M.; we crossed the T'ai and were among the last to use the bridges there. At 2:45, as we sat on our horses in the bed of the river, the five-span steel railway bridge just outside the north suburbs was blown up by an explosion that broke off twenty feet of a big steel span, dropping splinters of iron and steel about us. The rear-guard fell back as we cleared away, and Tieh-ling fell to the Japanese.

Some words of explanation may serve here to illuminate the historical event of the passage of Tieh-ling by the Imperial Russian armies. The Russian armies held Tieh-ling for four days after the arrival there of the first retreating troops, and these four days were distinguished by the last panic in the field, the final great holocaust of their own railway settlement, large foreign supplies, and vast reserves of Chinese grain and forage, the final license and rear-guard misadventure on a scale of Russian retreat.

Tieh-ling was the last great position given up, the last important railway settlement and army depot abandoned in war and put to the torch. Here was enacted the last significant disorders such as are possible under circumstances of moral abandon, dissoluteness and desperation among soldiery already debased by the worst abuses of fortune. Only the extraordinary condition of the Russian armies can explain, or account for, the picture of this scene. It was such a scene as only a harassed and wretched concourse of approximately a quarter of a million men, who had actually

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fled half a hundred miles, can afford. These armies were, to employ an anachorism, the embodiment of the absence of all that is appropriate and expected in armies—chaotic, nebulous, anonymous masses of miscellaneous soldiery, half of whom had not bargained for, and twenty-four hours before their arrival scarcely hoped for another day.

When they arrived at Tieh-ling, the depot of their first frenzied bound and the first pause in their headlong flight, they were from a military standpoint in the condition of an expiring man who needs a physician quickly.

All roads from the battlefield led to Tieh-ling. The armies were bound to concentrate there—if not destroyed—directed as they were in every section by roads converging from the Sha River quarter-circle to this center. It was fortunately a haven in the storm, for the rear-guard had proved able to man the defense works.

At Tieh-ling a system of grand intrenchment and defense had been perfected, as a precaution, which actually performed the office of covering the retreat and saved the armies from serious additional destruction. With the Grand Army on the Sha River, constituting a military obstacle of a hundred miles efficiency, to which in all Asia only perhaps the Great Wall of China could be mentioned as resembling such a barrier, Tieh-ling was a castle-keep. Its own fortified strength was potential, for the intrenchments were said to be laid out on a principle of minimum efficiency, being in the form of an acute angle. But they were forty-five to sixty miles in the rear of two already impregnable positions!

Within this haven lived the military dilettante. Here lived maids, and here lived mistresses, the outlawed, frail, but impregnable benediction of Russian military. And to this place the army debauchee occasionally repaired. Here lived the army factor and the merchant adventurer, and a

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large native community, which within its crumbling city walls pursued its long-accustomed way uninfluenced by the adventures of an alien and clamorous civilization.

On the morning of the eleventh of March this prefectural capital, storehouse of military supplies and refuge of novel elements, was nothing more than a quiet depot sunning itself in security when it awoke to a rumor that the Grand Army was falling back. A tide of "army" refugees were already packed like so many gophers into its little station warren at the railway during the night, and soon the "army," vast and unrecognizable, began to roll up the flinty moraine below the town like wreckage up a beach after a storm.

A sea of billows could not have been more remorseless in aspect nor more dispiriting to the sleepy denizens of Tieh-ling nor more surprising. The familiar features of the place were obliterated or obscured by struggling, confused masses of men and glorious horses pulling and bearing all sorts of burdens and equipages out of a gray morn, which showed that though the heavens had fallen they had not yet crushed everything beneath them into the earth.

Attila's bier was not more motley than what came out of that cloud or tide and all the magnificent equipment and organization of the Grand Army. The left and center of the First Army under General Linievitch were the only sections to reach the rendezvous in order. The right wing of this army had had an entangling escapade with a relatively small force of Japanese that broke the line on the Hun River, an event that has never been satisfactorily explained to the Russian government. The Second Army and the Third Army from their forty-five miles of toil arrived in a state which it is charitable to call confusion. Tieh-ling was submerged. It was transformed in a day from a site of sequestered and ordered stillness to a roaring crater of demoralization and exhaustion that increased by super-

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imposition, one tide that alternated with and rolled upon another. More, Tieh-ling was an intrenched rendezvous where latitudinal expansion for defense was possible, but rearway roads for retreat, in the conviction of the army, inadequate; Tieh-ling, therefore, had all the effect of a menace upon the armies.

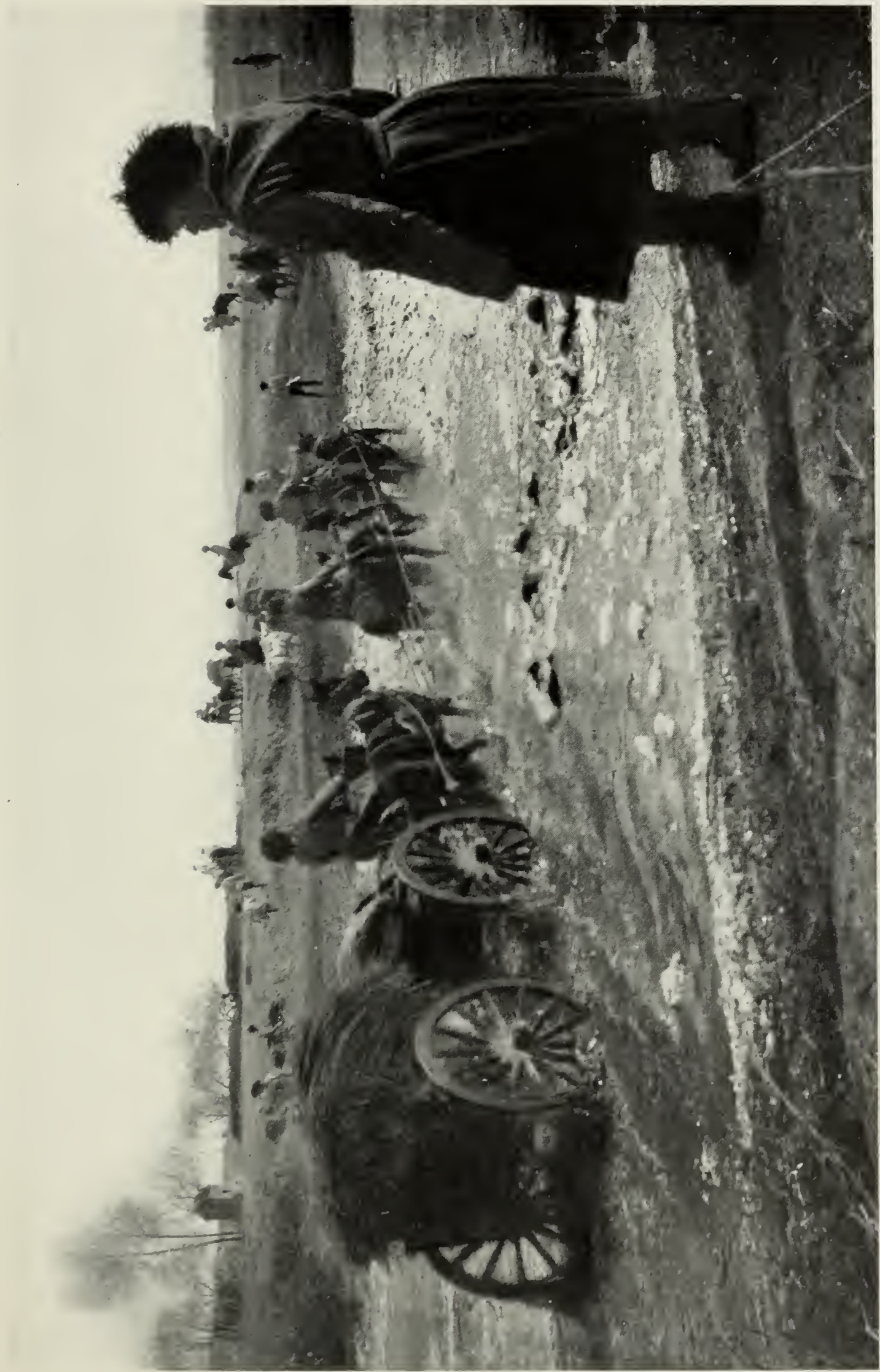
In this situation the ordinance for retreat in the ears of the officers, and the bugle in the ears of the soldiers, were welcome. Retreat perhaps never before sounded so welcome to them. The generals in council of war in the headquarters train effected immediate relief from this situation. In that council there was no place for disagreement. Dissension was outlawed, recrimination disarmed. There was neither time nor occasion for theory, adventure or criticism. Retreat was the unanimous verdict. Kouropatkin in that convention of his peers signed a spontaneous ordinance for arbitrary retreat for eight consecutive days. It was the earliest moment which sovereign disaster grudged them so to act, and this draught, as it were, was administered as a physician administers a strong narcotic to a complicated and overstrung organism, shattered and dangerous to itself.

Coming at the close of the greatest military adventures on land, this council was in some respects the most remarkable ever held in this war in the Eastern Empire, perhaps in all Russia. Other councils, both in the Eastern Empire and in St. Petersburg, besides achieving internecine dissension and disputations destructive of all unity, had only invited disaster and provoked calamity. But now all that the word "Manchuria" had meant to the conspirators and "empire builders," was lost. Worse still the invincible enemy was in aggressive pursuit. In these circumstances a council of war joined unanimously to succor and to save three armies—the greatest military host that had ever assembled under such circumstances to oppose an antagonist. It

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remained for a few strokes of the pen to provide it asylum—both time to think and place to hide and repent. And in testimony to this benison the armies scarcely paused in changing their mental and physical confusion for the military wilderness into which they plunged. Imperial lieutenants were learning how to be beaten and humiliated. The eagles were down—it was a time to be humble. And a sense of great shame crept over the armies as they slunk away. They had criticised and condemned Stoessel of Port Arthur at a time when they had not themselves won any battle. Afterward they were indulgent to and thoughtful of Rodjestvensky, even of Nebogatoff. “Silence alone was adequate to this.”

Except for the meaner tragedies of that no-man’s-land between the armies and the enemy, when Tieh-ling was technically and officially evacuated on the fifteenth, that silence was only broken by an occasional gun and the explosions under two spans, which wrecked the railway bridge over the T’ai River, while the solemnity of the occasion was made more profound by the tower of brown smoke that rose from the burning settlement and from the wagon bridges at the T’ai and the forage stacks for miles around, filling the southern heavens. The gloom of this conflagration and of the darkness of the night of the fifteenth of March closed over and concluded the first chapter of the Manchurian tragedy—the overthrow of all the land forces. Three grand positions of the Imperial Russian armies were now lost. By this and the vanquishing of the Port Arthur garrison, one all-embracing, all-gathering stroke of fate, a whole empire with its treasure of domain, cities, materials and men, and the great dead, was lost. That empire was already populous with the sovereign alien invader, enemy and conqueror. And the men of Russia—dupes of a conspiracy that had loaded upon them a year’s calamities; men, many of whom were asking the fates



An ice-clogged river

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why they had been born; men who, like Miss Pross, heard nothing when everything resounded, and animated with one impulse alone, were under the name of the Manchurian Grand Army well started into the wilderness in search of remote fastnesses.

The armies marched off into the inviting wilderness, across the ice-clogged river T'ai and up the railway into space. Bag and baggage, two hundred and fifty thousand men—mendicant moujik, chuckling sotnik, disconsolate guardsman and Czar's officer, jubilant revolutionist, despondent and heart-sick commander, flabbergasted, terrorized noble, and grinning Chinese, all set foot in sympathy and unison in the northward trail. Then welcome space, welcome *ultima thule*.

"Oh, my poor Emperor!" These words are immortal, uttered by Krusky, the young cornet of the guards borne down by the shrapnel at Mukden. Every tread of the soldier was an echo of those words. Two hundred and fifty thousand foot-treads every second sobbed "My poor Emperor!" On thirty, fifty, a hundred thousand graves the wind whispered the "My poor Emperor!" Moujiks, who girded themselves with weapons and came six thousand versts to strike down the enemies of their "Little Father," had these same words to mutter, "poor Emperor!" It had been a long journey. And it was providentially as long a journey back again. There was in store time to think, and time to repent. Guided by the vast and incomprehensible ecclesiasticism, and blessed and protected by the sacred ikons, their blind faith and their blind hearts directed them. They went singing hymns and songs by the railway-side under the sun and under the stars—so strange, so far away, so melancholy there upon the venerable dust of Tartary into the ears of the ghost of their ancient despot, Genghis the Khan. So trod myriads of the fallen and the overthrown over the sacred soil of Tartary, their

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lorn and melancholy cry born of Tartar oppression harking back to the venerable dust of the forgotten, and chiding, blaming, cursing the unforgotten oppressor.

From the extremities, from the antipodes—far Finland, Poland, the Crimea—they had come wending their way through strange cities toward destiny, that destiny which entangled in death is the grim path of glory, interring as they went each fourth comrade in a wild distant place, and waking at dawn with each third wounded or missing. Destiny, “historic destiny”; and all through an indefinite purpose to destroy and a vague vengeance against the enemy of “Oh, my poor Emperor!”

Tieh-ling and all that Manchuria had meant to the “Little Father,” to the “Empire Builders,” to them, was surrounded, evacuated, taken away. “Alpha” and “Omega” had been written. Nothing remained but the sentence of Heaven, and men wondered that God himself had not yet appeared to judge them.

The winds had not more directions, nor the azimuth, than the confused animal elements, the wild thoughts, and the used implements that sought to fuse themselves and to save themselves in this wild and inhospitable harbor before Tieh-ling. Tieh-ling, the iron pass or range was but a strange, an alien niche, and not a refuge. Bleak, worn, and lonely in the cold dawn of the eleventh, and tired, inhospitable, treacherous by the sunny days of the eleventh and twelfth, men who had met with hard usage, wheels, accouterments, and noble horses the same, paused there only to allow the heavens to split. The passion of armies of men and horses marching in the ends of the earth was there, like the bourne of some spirit telegraph communicating with all man’s dead; their cries, songs, agonies, delirium, madness breaking the skies. And breaking, the skies echoed back their consternation.

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The T'ai, a mile north of Tieh-ling, was half floating ice, over and through which went the armies, taking to the fields like plowmen—earth's plowmen assembling for the final judgment—farther along.

The T'ai was a shallow stream a hundred yards wide, with two bridges and a piecemeal bridge over the open water to piece out where on the north shore the sun had melted the ice. On the farther side, for the oversight of the bridges and telegraph communications, were some elements of the rear-guard engineer corps. Sentries here protected their bivouac from trespass, confining the retreaters to the roadways again and at the same time arresting contention in the beginning of the march. On the border of a little village were three officers of engineers, who stood watching the armies plowing along the railway and road. They had come out of the village and were pondering the spectacle. They seemed to have a great deal to say to each other, as they surveyed the concourse, and then walked slowly back. They were discussing their grievances. They said that they did not receive the order permitting them to leave Mukden until two hours before the Japanese entered the city. This meant two or three hours after Japanese troops had driven Russian troops from the Mukden north gate and marched on northward! They were left in the rear-guard to escape along the railway as they might! Their criticisms were made without art or garnish or complaint. Nothing preceded them but silent condemnation; nothing followed but brief, blunt accusation. They seemed to wonder what adequate retribution or punishment there was for those who were the architects of this humiliation and sorrow. From talking with me, who could mean little to them, they turned involuntarily and, with such looks as exiles have, wondered at the passing host. From a mere moving army of soldiers this hunted throng in the half-

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light was transformed into all souls. It was by this time evening, and over the western horizon there was a blue gloom in which the sun was lost. It supplied an infernal cloud against which this flight of souls looked like a Plutonian specter. It was a sight to inspire an involuntary shudder.

Darkness came on. We rolled on through the night with rattle of hoofs and only the clocking of the artillery wheels on their axle shoulders. A cold wind sprung out of Mongolia; such a wind, cold and uncanny, as can only be described as *night-wind*, creeping over the grass-land and glebe and the dead riverways, where little affluents of the Liao long ago frolicked like the untaught children that now trailed their banks, and which going another way left caverns in the loam and dark moats in the deep grass—pitfalls for the wayward that come after.

In its circumstances and surroundings more weird, more formidable and impressive, more ominous and big with the being of things that are in no man's philosophy, but are the acts of God which man acts after Him, the great relic of the Grand Army seemed more imposing than in its deeds done in the light. At night human exertion is so cold and deliberate. And here was a Gethsemene where was enough sweating of blood and enough thought to make a new world—enough determination and resolution awakened to change the mask and face of this strange world.

The night was long because of the work of so many nights and days that had preceded it. We, my companion and myself, halted at K'ai-yuan station.

The settlement was slowly engulfed by the armies. The night had grown colder and we intermittently contracted in shudders as with ague. Certain transport officers and army mechanics had bivouacs in Mongol tents about the station, and there were long sidings whose dimensions by night were

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vast and mysterious, and through all this we wormed our way toward an outlying village.

The army disappeared, dispersed, went on into space and night, all sound lost in the darkness as we left the railway. There were no lights, but occasionally we heard voices as we came upon the village. The native houses were packed with soldiers, but a Chinese found a way to shelter. It was ten o'clock when we unsaddled, fed the horses and went into bivouac. Our accommodations were in one end of a Chinese house with a family of Chinese men. They were besieged by soldiers who occupied the opposite end of the house and cooked in the passage outside our door, and who carried off everything in our apartment that could serve them.

Though late we dined at eleven upon a boiled fowl which we had received from an army merchant's kitchen at Tieh-ling and brought with us, and then went to sleep on one of the two warm k'angs (a brick bed with flues beneath) that with its mate on the opposite side occupied two-thirds of the room. The opposite k'ang accommodated five or six Chinese.

How well the Chinese without protest or complaint meet exigencies the like of which they have not dreamed! And they seem to come naturally by their rare quality of makeshift and expedient. At morning we found that the armies had marched before dawn.

We lunched from the débris of our carefully guarded chicken, which now being finished, exhausted our meat stores, and we made three succeeding meals upon potatoes.

The remnants of the Second Army were making their way along by the morning light—the end of their first march begun at nightfall from Tieh-ling. Parts of the Third Army supporting the rear-guard were still to come.

K'ai-yuan station was according to official designation a second-class station, having a buffet. Around it was a con-

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tinual jangling of chains and harness, while besieging the buffet was a continuous chain of officers, thoughtful, inquisitive, predetermined. But however preoccupied they might be they did not surrender that decorum in the presence of food which seemed to be a part of their military training, a part of the routine of the soldier of the Czar. Eating with them always seems more of a ceremony than a service to nature and a necessity of being.

Half an hour after the officers of the Third Army began to appear at the station, a rendezvous for all comers, the keeper of the buffet was submerged. He was carried away by his own amazement at the cryptic, fragmentary remarks and impish deportment of men of whose recent history and adventures he had not been warned. His mind as well as his resources were quickly *hors de combat*. Three days later his forsaken, abandoned premises were such a repository of sermons as no rock ever possessed. He had fled. History, and walking thousand-legged hunger, were too great for him. The rear-guard telegraph appropriated his premises.

All eatables promptly disappeared. Men were surprised to find anything at all. In the rear, in the shed kitchen, was the débris of some oxen where a Chinese cook and the Russian by whom he had been employed had left a wide expanse of filth as a testimony to the slovenliness of both. There were a few small Chinese booths, and a sutler appeared as from the clouds and offered for retail a stock of preserves that must have come out of the bowels of the earth to meet this wizard of the battlefields and enable him to carry on his business for a whole day in a part of the station buildings which he had pre-empted.

Officers congregated *en passant* in groups trying to get their bearings from railway maps, and were making diagrams and directions in the sand and gravel to show how

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the battle was fought, or to illustrate their new and strange surroundings. They were now studying the upper end of the map—the *terre incognita* that had so lately been the *ultima thule*; a region remote, ambiguous, imaginary, like the Arctic Circle, the Tropic of Capricorn, or Atlantis. They began to realize what it meant to be swept from the map. There were no field maps by whose directions they could march. A contingent could not advance a mile without pioneers and guides. In the vast region in front, reaching away to the Sungari River and to Harbin, there was nothing but the railway and their wild pioneer hearts to guide them. In the mental and military wilderness into which the remains of the Grand Army plunged at Tieh-ling, only the line of communications, the railway, was an exit and a finger-board. It was a guide in a strange land. That only was a known highway through space. There was no map showing any other negotiable road.

In a region of unfamiliarity and loneliness it might be expected that the full humiliation of their defeat would take hold of them. The nation's verdict was yet to come, and the suspense began to weigh upon them. No word had reached them from the outside world, whose opinions they professed to despise and yet shuddered to hear. And those patriots of the Czar especially felt the nation's response to their default to be one great blight of condemnation growing as it rolled eastward daily more and more terrible until it engulfed the reputations of all. Over the cold ashes of their original enthusiasm and confidence and the first certainty of achievement and glory, it was hard for them to take and return a square and open look. Acquaintances avoided me on the platform, or, if I had known them well and they had been kind and of service to me, when we met there, could only shake the hand. They could not speak, and if they raised their eyes, it was to pass on as with thoughts that could

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not be uttered. Such was the sense of shame and humiliation pervading the armies in these first days of the great retreat.

A Japanese cavalry officer taken on the west, two privates, and a renegade Russian private dressed in Chinese and Russian clothes, and who looked as though he had been living months in the wilderness, were brought in to the station, where lumbering moujiks guarded their motley quarry on the platform. These uncouth prisoners were the center of a crowd of simple, curious, wonder-struck runaways and stragglers. The renegade Russian soldier was in the last aspect of degradation. He had no hat, looked partly crazed from being outcast and hunted, and was clothed outwardly in a frayed, shapeless, dun-colored, dirty, soldier-shoddy overcoat, which covered him like mock drapery. Tied to a hole in the selvage of this coat was a tin can for such food and drink as the Chinese or Mongols might give him. His head was like that of a Hualapai Indian. Such a man, knowing nothing of the language of the country and without any knowledge of the country itself, was in a veritable wilderness with no avenue of escape. Not knowing in which way escape lay he must fall into the hands of the enemy's scouts and their Manchurian allies. The fate of such a miserable being is depressing to contemplate. He is alike suspected by all; by the Japanese, by the native allies of both armies, by the respectable Chinese, by native bandits, and by his own comrades. A "signalchik" excited such terror among the Russian soldiers as to invite instant destruction. "Signal" is a Russian as well as an English word. Any action suggesting a signal when occurring in the region of the position was generally equivalent to a sentence of death. Many no doubt innocent Chinese lost their lives by reason of this terrible soldier-dread, without suspecting the cause of their misfortune. Deserters were often more bitterly suspected by their comrades, who were disposed to show them

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and any "signalchik" no mercy. A poor moujik driven to battle in Manchuria—a place of which he possessed no knowledge whatever—without a solitary conviction for service upon any basis to which to anchor his balance of mind, and driven by his peaceable and kindly human nature to desertion, may be held up as a specimen of mortal wretchedness beyond which it is almost impossible to imagine. Such was the résumé of what might be called a man whose very appearance was more eloquent of this than any history that could be written.

The Japanese officer looked a man of fine quality, but service-worn, road-rusty—all except in his dark eyes, which sparkled as he attempted in his great weariness to keep up the dignified attitude of an officer of the Mikado and a Japanese. In one respect his uniform was not Japanese. He had on a pair of rough boots of the common Russian soldier, a circumstance indicative of much greater extremities to which these men advanced in devotion to their duties. The crowd admired him. A prisoner is generally sure of admiration. The rude, simple Russian peasants would have played with them all as with some new mechanical toy or cub animal—or as cats play with mice, which they devour in the end, for they had no conception of the Japanese as they are, and their government persistently befogged their clouded minds. The Japanese still live in the memories and imaginations of many Russian soldiers as fabulous, outlandish beings from the enchanted isles of the sea. They neither know them nor understand their being.

There was a long low gun roll along the southwest as we stood gazing at the prisoners, and Russian officers turning to where from the west of Liao the Japanese were expected to attack, remarked with apprehension that Tieh-ling, where a large part of the armies was still detained, had no adequate outlet to the north! It was like the moment before the

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breaking of a great storm, when the lightnings are seen and the thunder is yet far off and muttering low. The Japanese officer did not turn a hair. My heart was by this time in my throat. I suppose there is no sacrifice to a real soldier that compares with surrender, especially when the guns flash out their pitiless roll and he resigns himself to become a prisoner. Poetry, epitaph, and the King of Darkness persuade us that death is inexorable. But to him who has heard the tongues of a great artillery, it seems that the sound of guns which they have once heard is itself sufficient to call men from their dusty tombs. To a prisoner within the lines, what memories, what irresistible longings it must awaken as he treads ignominiously to the rear!

At evening, when the prisoners were placed aboard a train to be taken north, an officer of communications, bent on escaping, usurped a covered truck occupied by railway people, including women. He beat and kicked a railway man under whose protection the women were traveling. His immense stature and the fact that he spoke English made his offense truly heinous. Such was the deluge of events, the infinitude of history in which we were entangled.

The retreaters were spread over the low rolling plain like an approaching wind cloud, and steadily making headway toward us flowed round the sidings and the station settlement as they arrived. These long columns, which at Tieh-ling had come forty-five miles and now came up from the south haze, bore the responsibilities of an additional week's sorrowful monotonous retreat in prospect revealed in the countenances of their leaders.

General Baron Bilderling and the Third Army had begun leaving Tieh-ling. The staff passed the K'ai-yuan station on the fourteenth and proceeded to the city of K'ai-yuan six versts to the north and east. The mares of the transport, after the excitement and exertion of the tenth and eleventh,

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were foaling, dropping their premature young, dead upon the route or to be crushed in the jam of artillery and other engines. Worn-out soldiers had begun to sleep all along the railway embankment and in the fields, as though having grown shy of his tricks they had taken Time by the forelock.

Kouropatkin and Linievitch, and General Zarubaieff, commanding the rear-guard army, on the fourteenth were still at Tieh-ling, where the position was but four versts farther south. Kouropatkin in the night of the fourteenth went to Chang-teh-fu, fifteen miles north of K'ai-yuan. On the fifteenth came the evacuation of Tieh-ling. The Third Army was then en route to K'ai-yuan. Dusty, travel-tired, sagging, loaded and overloaded wagons, carts, and caissons came by in the greatest weariness. Though it was the beginning of day it was nearing the end of their march relay. Under a big rope binding accouterments athwart a caisson was tucked with coarse baggage a white, clean, glistening photograph of a matron—somebody's mother, wife, sweetheart, sister. In its stern setting aloft an iron wheel it had a strange ironical glare—a kind of maternal commentary on the acts of men as the portrait of Mary might have been at Golgotha when the crowds dispersed before the elements. The Fourteenth and Fifteenth divisions, that lay so long with their heels to Mukden station, passed by, and a little farther back stragglers of the same, and other mixed stragglers of posthumous and dispersed companies, were all straying northward. An officer had said that the Seventeenth Corps would be there to-day, and here it was.

Many turned to look after me—for I was en route to Tieh-ling—wondering who could be going in such a direction; it had been gouged from their compass. The south remained to be reinvented. One might go up, or go down, go east, or go west, but beside these and the north there was no other direction.

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As on the tenth, there was no beginning and no end, nothing but a central heaving sea as far as the eye reached. The morning was cold with a sweeping wind—the same, from Mongolia—but sunny. Half-way back to Tieh-ling I met three officers, two of whom recognizing me as an English-speaking correspondent, addressed me loosely in English. Without appearing to notice their familiarity I asked them where the great smoke ahead was. They made no reply. I then asked them how far it was to Tieh-ling, notwithstanding that I knew the road. One of them was inspired to answer. He said, three thousand versts, and turned to his companions for their approval of the witticism, which was not bad. Indeed Mukden or Liao-yang was now reckoned by many a soberer soldier of the empire an eternity distant—a place indeed to which no Russian sojourner might aspire. They talked a kind of mock pigeon-English, as natives speak in the foreign settlements on the China coast. But as I continued to be in earnest we parted on a proper footing. It was impossible to thread the mazes of their thoughts, but it was easy to see the desperate position of the intelligent, serious, patriotic subject soldier-officer trying to do the will of his sovereign. He was like the Chinese, who have six directions and no escape. He was between the devil and the deep sea. And he was breaking. They were all breaking; it was one grand column of men deserving to be called men, for they were breaking under the load of corruption and failure and repression and impotency heaped upon them and brought about by themselves.

Behind these officers was an abandoned horse, planted in the very middle of the road, one of the hundreds that were left along the trail of this army. An officer passing by at the head of his men picked up a wisp of hay from the trail and offered it to this sublime animal whose eyes were swollen shut from long hours of travel and straining, and who could

Frederick McComick
1905.



General Eriz-Khan d'Alyeff
Chief of Artillery

(1)

- (1) General Eriz-Khan d'Alyeff (autograph). Chief of Rennencamp's Artillery. A central Asian artillery officer.
(2) General Dobrozhinsky (autograph). Commander of 35th Division who defended the famous redoubt position of Lin-shen-p'u nearly five months and reluctantly retired in the battle of Mukden



General Dobrozhinsky
Commander of 35th Division

(2)

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not so much as move a foot. Several officers stopped, but for a moment. All turned away. Not a word was spoken.

Madridoff's scouts arrived from the east to say that his detachment had been cut off from the army. They turned their dying horses loose on our trail as well. During the long intervals of the Manchurian quiet and monotonous sun and wind, no one spoke. For long distances there were sometimes only stragglers and scouts coming in from the flanks. About ten o'clock I met the Thirty-fifth Division—what was left of it. Two soldiers in the end of the file smiled and one of them spoke. The captains were silent. Unlike the other contingents, all that remained of this division were in fine order under the morning sun. The ranks were closed up, though the decimation that had taken place during the last two weeks could not be disguised. I ventured to photograph these famous defenders of Lin-shen-p'u, for these were stirring events; we would not look upon them twice. They would vanish presently forever. As Russian equipoise had been heretofore invincible there could be no impropriety in this. But the colonel of the passing regiment was offended, and ordered me back to the north. Gloomily riding at the head of a defeated regiment he wanted no photographs, no camera immortelles. He shouted savagely that I was a correspondent, but no photographer. He was angry and very gloomy and sad. His tired men, remnants from Lin-shen-p'u, the bridge-head at Mukden, from Ta-wa, went wearily and compactly back. They all went sternly back, their medals thick upon them. The colonel at last spoke kindly, and his voice nearly broke as he said good-by. Turning about I continued as I had been going.

In the rear of the First Battalion (now two companies) was the staff of a general—the General Dobrozhinsky. Dobrozhinsky had fought his men of the Thirty-fifth long

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and hard, and in the end for just what he now saw about him—his subordinates and comrades and mess-soldiers, many of them in the teeth of the scavenger dogs, in the burial trenches, and in the enemy's lines; some soon to be in the enemy's prisons; and this was the *quid pro quo*!

I had met him, talked with him, known him. I had made a portrait of him for post-bellum fame and campaign remembrance, and he had signed it and invited me to his position on the Sha River at Lin-shen-p'u. We spoke in French, and now as he came nearer through the cold blue dust of the morning I could not help thinking over the words he must use: "*Bon jour, Comme ça va?*" Those were the words with which we must converse; but by this time he was close enough for me to see that he could not speak. He turned his head away and passed by, his cavalcade dragging considerably behind as he went on with bowed head. Every officer looked solemnly ahead and followed his dejected leader.

The silence of these officers, however, was a silence of groups of men who sought comfort from each other and spoke in significant undertones. Some complained of individuals, some of despotism, some of conspirators, some of incompetents, some of traitors, and all of them of fate, for under their monstrous humiliations, aggressive disaffection was perhaps more nearly forgotten than at any time since the beginning of the war.

The Grand Army might have been likened in its dejection to the vanquished armies of Napoleon, because utter defeat was something that to both had been an impossibility. The cold and snow of 1812 or the self-destruction and plunder of 1814, was not more bitter to the armies of France than was the internal dissention, corruption, treason, debauchery and plunder to the forces of the Russian Eastern Empire. The defeat of the emperor on the one hand was not more galling than the overthrow of the holy army of the Divine

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Czar, which in addition was an eternal disgrace. To the Russian officers it had been more than ninety years since anything like this retreat had happened in the world. Not more than once in a century had there been such an event. In the minds of Russians familiar with the nation's and with Asia's history, the Middle Ages had been revived; the world was retrograding, and the deeds of Tamerlane and Genghis were repeated. All the glory that was Russia herself and that from Peter the Great to Alexander and Nicholas had set the empire above Asia was now being interred.

In all history there was no army that could quite compare. It had surrendered more engines of war than had ever been before captured. It carried away with it more battered engines of war than had ever before been taken into battle. But loaded upon its back it bore such a weight of military disgrace as had perhaps never marked out an army for immortal scorn. With the finest and hugest equipment, the most formidable organization and size—a very ocean of great guns, a very sea of bayonets, it had not by hook or crook, by fair play or subterfuge, by luck or merit won in a whole year any battle. Its solemnity was real and seemed fitting to the profound and immemorial stillness that belongs to the borders of Mongolia along which it now marched. The din of battle lingered in their memories already as the fabric of a dream. The rattle of the caissons rendered the stillness of a region vast, remote and lonely, yet more imposing. It was not strange that hope departed and that men's minds were tortured by reflections that had never before suggested themselves. Not a reputation had been created, even brightened, while many had been dimmed and tarnished. Embattled, scarred to no purpose, and glittering with medals this holy repository of all Russia's military and political glory swept down the funeral

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pathway of dishonorable flight as though bearing that glory to its ignominious grave.

How microscopic I felt myself to be before this spectacle of the giant mutations of human fate! Like a pygmy creeping between the legs of a being whose mysterious body extended into impenetrable and incomprehensible space I could have hid myself in the crevices of the earth. "I alone was solitary and idle." I thought of Confucius, who was wont to look upon the world, and as he crept for the last time to his threshold surveyed the earth before him, and then lay down and died. I thought of Galileo—would he have minded these things?—of Homer, Plutarch, Milton, to whose bones the footfalls of hosts have no sound.

The true witness involuntarily relies upon the shades of the immortal great lest he miss the magnitude and sublimity of what he sees. But nations go up and down in the earth and the spirits of the dead are too distant, and past eternity too callous and indifferent to feel. Such great testimony of human error, human pretention and human incompetency must each generation live with, and resolve for itself, that it must write out its own epics and its shame, troubling not the worthy dead that has eaten its crumbs and drunk its bitterness and passed on.

The long pilgrimage of a quarter of a million defeated men hiding from the world was an ordered revelation of unseen energies that transform the aspect of the earth and have an enduring influence upon the mind and history of man. The Grand Army in its career was like the volcanoes in Kamchatka that revel in elemental tragedy, in material chaos, though they do not like Vesuvius leave entombed libraries, homes and buried families behind. It was like those Kamchatkan volcanoes, the aspect of whose convulsions is unseen, unrecorded, unknown. The wilderness and the Arctic skies receive their thunders, their lurid flames and

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their scintillating dust, and animate nature takes refuge in the air and in the remote forests, or succumbs where no historian receives its cries. And it belongs to that infinite and unrecordable all, unto which God, whose histories are adequate and complete, is alone sufficient.

The fundamental tragedies of Manchuria and of Kamchatka are for the most part unseen, unknown and unrecorded. The heavens, which are themselves as brass, received their echoes, and into the crucible of original force passed their energies, to come again in forms traceable by the tombs and transfigurations that go on in the earth about them. Of our histories the Infinite takes no note. Its doings and goings on are more great and simple, and its conclusions are complete. From its workshop in Manchuria the surface of the earth was being altered and another age will look upon it and understand. He who was there could write the tale, but only as one who has in reality neither seen, nor heard, nor understood. Manchuria was of the magnitude of the Infinite.

When I returned north from witnessing the abandoning of Tieh-ling it was nearing night again, the night of the fifteenth. At the roadside soldiers who had fallen from weariness into the furrows were being helped up and placed in passing vehicles. Out of the cold blue dust came the forlorn bleating of tired driven sheep and the sounds which dumb cattle make, and there was a ghastly likeness between the trudging men and these driven animals.

I reoccupied the k'ang in the native house where I had previously slept. The now destitute Chinese were grateful for some protection, a temporary sensation of security, and the sound of their own tongue, and for some morsel of food. Out of the much which they had taken the husky Russian soldiers were giving back mites to these Chinese, and swelling with benevolence when their own hunger was satis-

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fied and their own bellies full. Among them all they begged, threatened, cajoled, wheedled in Chinese-Russian, Russian-Chinese, Chinese, and Russian jargon which only soldiers and common folk can invent, and use, and understand.

These Chinese had watched the last ch'ang of grain, the last k'un of straw, the last pig, fowl, disappear into the maws of the soldiers, and some implements, furniture, fences and parts of the buildings go up in the smoke of the camp-fires while they wondered, aghast at the gluttony, and with empty stomachs of which they gave no sign. They only remarked to each other with characteristic Chinese sighing, "the dirty Tartars know no better; they only know enough of the value of wood that it will burn—they are barbarians!" My God! I closed up my writing and laid down and slept. What was the use? I had stood for a year upon the threshold of wonder and written out enough of the marvels of life it seemed to me to have supplied the whole story of man. And I was surprised at the facility with which I slept. A man can sleep I believe anywhere after a time, no matter what he has seen or heard, indifferent to all about him. There will be found those who, at the last indictment of the race, will have to be aroused by the final trumpet from their profound indifference to that greatest of all events.

In the morning when the gatherings of men of these armies were yet resting after their night march from Tieh-ling the old man of the house, seeing the great hosts in the plain about—something transcending all he had ever heard, seen, or dreamt of, and hearing the guns of the rear-guard, was weeping. He said he had lived seventy years in his native village there, that he no longer had anything to eat, the soldiers had killed his pigs and taken everything. His family, he said, was seven hundred li (two hundred and thirty miles) to the eastward in the mountains.

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For the first time in these three score years and ten he was alone. The terror of that word was to him like something he had never before felt, defining that which all must feel, at least once, and suggesting to him the denial of those "pious drops" which more than with us, perhaps, "the closing lid," requires.

It required no sage to see that this humble dweller on the footstool of the god of armies and of individuals never believed that a long life of honest toil would bring him to merely this—the deprivation of the devotions of his family, which the sacred tenets of four thousand years had secured to him and the prospect of exposure and starvation.

The tears of a "Chinaman," as he is called, are to the "empire builders," generally who infest the land, a signal for laughter. There used to be, in the Imperial South Hunting Park, near Peking, an animal called "Si-pu-hsiang," that is, "four not the same." Head, tail, feet, and body representing at the same time bull, stag, mule, and horse—one of those grotesque products which perhaps only the Orientals wrest from nature by a perversion of her laws—Si-pu-hsiang, that is, Russian, Japanese, pure Occidental, and Chinese—a hemisphere of the impossible. And sometimes I think that if we laugh or if we weep Heaven will alike forgive because on the whole we do not know if it be comedy or tragedy. It is as though the world had ceased to turn 'round, to continue its inevitable consolidation, and that this side always remained away from the light.

I took my glasses and went out to look over the plain. The house was surrounded with dead carcasses and filth. There was a dead colt at the back door, and in a trench over the low mud wall a dead horse. The débris from the soldiers' kitchen was in front of the door and carcasses of scavenger dogs killed by the soldiers were lodged in the gardens. It was a filthy, carnal, grewsome, carrion place,

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and had without doubt been inhabited for weeks by a post of "dirty Tartars"—the Russian soldiers—who had driven off the man's family and held soldiers' carnival there, making excursions for forage into the houses of the surrounding inhabitants.

From a pile of rifles picked up along the line of flight by the Cossacks—the same we had seen passing through Tieh-ling on the eleventh—and now in part lying on the ground in the open back of the station, stragglers and other soldiers who had lost or thrown away their own weapons were leisurely sorting them over in the sun for a rifle with which to piece out the retreat and the journey home. They now believed they were going home. Such effects, in general scattered over the scene of panic north of Mukden, that were saved had been disposed of as quickly as possible at stations ahead so that the fleet-footed ones, who without control formed an endless line tramping along the railway, could be re-armed and re-formed, and the rifles and equipment redistributed. Some of these runaways, French leave-takers, had in two days after the start from the Hun River reached as far north as Kuan-ch'eng-tzü, two hundred miles, and there were even officers there seeking to explain their unexpected appearance and self-imposed detention. Orders were given to arrest the flight of the deserters and they were detained at certain etaphs, and in time restored to their proper contingents.

By ten in the morning of the sixteenth the rear-guard telegraph was installed in the buffet of the K'ai-yuan station, and the last train carrying engineers and rear-guard conveniences for general succor and destruction of the railway and stores stood at the platform. The machinery of destruction stood ready, and the place looked like a condemned criminal about to receive absolution. Then came the torch, and a few feed stores, warehouses, etc., went up in flames and smoke. The

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rear-guard was now seventy miles from where the battle began.

The Third Army reserves were six versts to the north at the little river T'un, under the south wall of K'ai-yuan city, and were slowly crossing and making their several ways through the streets and around the outer walls. The native shopkeepers and others closed their houses and went out to watch what perhaps more nearly approximated the end of the world than anything that had transpired there. The crumbling old city walls were arrayed with the awestruck natives, who could see in the south the clouds of smoke towering up over the railway settlement and might well wonder what was to be their precise fate in detail when handed over to the conquerors. On the gate tower were the foreign Christian missionaries to the Chinese, whose devotion outlasts all the adversities of this unhappy people and country. In the streets of the city I suddenly met Ruman, whom I had not seen since the morning of the last day at Mukden.

The sun was slanting athwart the hillsides as I left K'ai-yuan, and soldiers had thrown themselves down into the drainage trenches along the military road, where the long lines of transport, etc., were blocked or were waiting for the army to cross the T'un, and were sleeping there like hedgehogs out of the wind. By nightfall I was well on my way to Chang-teh-fu.

I had intended to stop at the village, which was to be the headquarters of the Seventeenth Corps, but there were several villages of that name and I missed it. By dark I had borne too far eastward, and was now in the First Army of General Linievitch. A Red Cross contingent had just opened camp in a Chinese enclosure where they were prepared to bivouac for the night. There was a lady here who seemed to be the head of the contingent and I was invited to share the hospitality of the camp for the night, a

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hospitality that was very welcome. The feed of my animals I myself provided while my hosts set aside a place on the warm k'ang for me to sleep and invited me to dine with them. The women of the contingent, numbering half a dozen, curtained off one side of the room for their use and served the meal, which we ate from tin cans and off condensed milk and preserved fish boxes. We were just behind the rear-guard, and it was possible that the enemy might press us at any moment. The lady was a woman of culture, and seemed out of place in the field, especially here in the rear of the great mass of retreaters. It was illogical, impossible; for an army is after all a mob of savages and often of incompetents as well. Once initiated into active war an army seldom reaches again a stage above that of primitive man. Man as he is met with in times like these affords no intimation that refined and civilized woman has anything in common with his existence. But what seemed more astonishing—for after all woman is but human, and like man descends to the brute—was the fact not only that woman could be actually enlisted in an enterprise like this, but that the conspirators had been able to hitch the patriotism of the best women to their standard. This woman said bitterly that the cause of her people was lost.

During the night there was much activity, which could be gauged by the hurry of horses' feet in the road outside the enclosure, and about midnight I was fully awakened by the sound of guns rolling in the distance. This was followed by several great explosions of shimose shells very near to us, and in about half an hour, while the roll of guns was still audible, an orderly clattered into the compound, dismounted when he had reached the door and set up a fearful banging with his saber, after which, having obtained an answer from within, he announced that the general warned the contingent to move farther back, as we were within the

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range of the enemy's artillery, and he could not vouch for anything that might happen. The sound of the orderly's voice at midnight as he delivered the general's warning was portentous and unearthly. But the lady of whom I speak, refused to be disturbed. When the orderly had delivered his message she calmly dismissed him and said: "No, let them defend us once, I'm tired of going back." She declined to be concerned, and would stay throughout the night whatever happened. She did not so much as raise herself from her bed. The whole contingent acquiesced in her resolution, and we slept until dawn. In the morning she said again, "I am tired of going back."

The valley leading north from Tieh-ling fails abruptly at K'ai-yuan, and we were now in a nondescript land, neither mountains, nor valley, nor plain; the most dreary and depressing that the unlucky fugitive possibly ever may find. The armies had been toiling here since midday of the fifteenth, the lines of troops rolling up and down, in and out as the land rolled. Riding along one could get glimpses for hours of parts of lines of men and horses trailing unseen roads, and the undulations of the ground over which we ourselves passed caused them to rise and to disappear as though rolled on a great sea. They bowled along like so many schools of porpoises, on all sides and at all distances.

The inadequacy of the roads and their whimsical deviations, such as distinguish the roads throughout the whole of China, brought us sometimes near together, only to diverge widely again and even to unite at last with some other line and move on in one grand column, apparently without beginning and without end. In the land of this unreality it was not strange that there was no horizon. No more could be seen of what the adjacent world was from the highest point than from the lowest. The mind could make nothing of what was beyond.

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In and out, now up, now down, sometimes in the rear-guard, sometimes with the reserves, and again with the main body in flight, I came late in the morning of the seventeenth upon the enchanted valley in which near the bottom was snugly located the railway station of Chang-teh-fu, or "stancy Jan-too-foo," as the Russians call it. And around it, what a clanking, dusty, travel-marked tide rolled in wearily as at so many places already passed!

The natural depression of the earth here suggested a crater from a point on the south rim of which could be seen converging and diverging columns radiating from a spot in the pit, where they were forced to cross the little Ma-shan Ho, or Horse Mountain River. This bowl-like terrane, with its columns of armies, suggested some ponderous inverted crustacean whose thin long legs reached out wearily for permanent earth.

The armies were marching in relays, part of them by night and part by day, so as to make the best use of the roads, for it was not known what resources in horsemen the Japanese had with which to strike the flank or what his latent ability was to pursue and harass. Every hillside ramp, every roadway, in and out of the depths, was the busy contending ground of armies that stretched up and away as from a cursed spot. In this basin, nearly ninety miles north of the Sha River, where the battle began, a whole week after the *debacle*, at eleven o'clock on the morning of March 17th could be still seen the mighty, holy Russian host reaching out for yet more space, for yet more remote and more secure fastnesses of firm earth. As far as the eye could see, and the field-glass reach, could be seen the army trains, their motion only detected by the dust they raised. Their great energy, like the forces of nature, which are hidden and concealed, was more formidable because nothing was seen of it, or heard. The extended masses which, like distant

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rivers, writhed and flowed, seemed like those distant winding rivers in no measureable time to get anywhere. On the crest of the overlooking hills there was the brilliant sun and the wind, while within the eternal walls of the vast amphitheater below roared for a day the clangor of our huge and monstrous drama.

In the pit of this animated basin there was such an amount of traffic centered as to create a spectacle altogether imposing. It took half an hour to reach the little terrace upon which the depot rested, coasting over the rim and down the sides deeply scored with gulches. En route I stopped on one of the benches of the slopes to inquire at an officers' mess in an old Chinese house for the Seventeenth Corps, where I wished to deliver some lost baggage. The officers were uncommonly delighted. They seemed amazingly happy, and were apparently celebrating passing events. The place was nearly hilarious, but with good spirits and congratulation. The demonstration which accompanied the entry of a stranger was sufficient to entitle him to the claim of being a good genius. All joined to offer drink; they seemed inspired by the homing army outside and sprang spontaneously and with one accord to the bottle in true Russian fashion, in celebration of what appeared to be nothing more than the return home. They belonged to the staff of the general in charge of the retreat and the communications, and while others had officiated in forwarding the armies as addressed to Liao-yang, Mukden, etc., their evident pleasure was in now looking up the senders as per recall and returning them to their point of origin. The end of the world will not see stranger human performances than take place on such a field of adventure.

These gentlemen could have no knowledge of the location of the Seventeenth Corps, which, like everything else, was en route, and my inquiry only exposed me to that seemingly

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obsequious attention which the civilian receives, sometimes against his desires, from the military. They sent a boy to show me where the local headquarters was, as this was the only means of extending such assistance as, aside from drink, I seemed to them to require. I proceeded with my guide, who though perhaps only nine years old, was dressed in a little uniform and practiced the discipline of a full-fledged soldier of the Czar. This little boy led me to a little room in the station building in which a council of generals was sitting. An officer made known my wants, and then asked me to wait a few moments. "The general will attend to your request in a moment," said the officer. I have no doubt that he would have done so. But I found that I had no heart to trouble them. I had never felt so much in the way and altogether out of place as in this retreat. But of all places in which chance had found me since the battle this seemed the one where angels would most hesitate to tread. The generals in the little room were in charge of the retreat and were minute by minute deciding important questions affecting the safety of tens of thousands, facilitating their escape from a zone where it was not at all improbable the enemy would deliver a battle, and providing for their wants and relieving their distresses. War correspondents, I was reminded, fit best into victories.

Having remained near the door I crept guiltily out with my microscopic affairs and into the telegraph office where, on account of the crowd there, I felt at least that I would not be seen. Otherwise I should have wished to have sunk through the foundations. The first man I met was a Russian correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, who told me that the members of the Red Cross contingent, who were under the direction of Dr. Butz, chief of the Empress's hospital, together with the sick and wounded who had been abandoned at Mukden, and some correspondents had been

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massacred, probably by the Chinese and the Chinese soldiers of the Tartar General Ts'eng Chi, who had faithfully promised Kouropatkin to protect them. The moving crowd in the telegraph office was excitedly discussing this topic, which it had apparently just received word of by wire. Such an event was hardly within the pale of possibility, but the army believed it.

Around the station building was piled baggage in heaps, and there was continual noise, dust and motion. Red Cross tents were set up in a temporary fashion as had been attempted at Tieh-ling, and beyond these things were the interminable wagons, batteries, brown roads and flinty hillsides, soldiers, dust and relentless wind searing the eyes.

Chang-teh-fu was to the armies but a mile-post or a way-station, such as K'ai-yuan had been. Its only office could be to facilitate transportation of the broken and disabled. After that—dynamite and the torch. To get out of it was the question of the hour. Its resemblance to the amphitheater at the P'u-ho River and to Ta-wa was sufficient to induce a shudder. Since Tieh-ling was passed there was nothing to cause such premonition. Escape was compromised by the existence of an immense railway embankment. Fortunately not all the armies were to pass through this place. Rennen-camp and a part of the First Army were, since leaving K'ai-yuan, marching up the so-called Mandarin road on the east, about twenty versts, or a day's march distant parallel to the railway, while a part of the Second Army guarded by Mischenko's cavalry were marching parallel to the railway on the west. The Third Army continued to follow the railway with its entire force, marching by day. Working thus along the railway the armies employed the trains as they progressed to facilitate their speed, destroying before they passed on all bridges and forage to embarrass pursuit.

A certain dread hung over Chang-teh-fu. We had

received shells in camp only last night and it might easily come about that the enemy would push himself within artillery range, and this treacherous hole with all its congestion of road and railway traffic might under fire instantly rival the scenes of the flight. A hollow at once conjured up a fear of being entrapped.

It took an hour by drifting and by enterprise to get through Chang-teh-fu basin, and by nightfall I had reached the small station of Hsiao-miao-tzü, set in a low flat, where were the same dreary scattered railway houses that went to make all the stations on this extensive railway look alike. In these places the railway settlements and the railway embankments and bridges dwarfed any native houses that might be near and rendered them at a glance invisible. And wherever they were found, be they homestead or hamlet or village, they were crammed with some evil—desperate, daredevil looking Caucasians or Central Asian characters, or packed with artillery and artillery parks. Considering the quantity of artillery and wagons we had lost it was amazing to see the wheels and caissons that filled up the roads and villages.

I hunted through a hamlet at the outskirts to this station for any remaining Chinese who, lingering about, were certain to know the secrets of the neighborhood and would be able, I had long before found, to quickly accommodate friends if they possibly could, especially if they themselves were closely pressed by the soldiers. The Chinese had early learned the advantage of having officers about to protect them. I found several men, but they were helpless—they had nowhere to lay their own heads. It was cold, and the tribes from the Oxus and Irtish had established their envoys in the compound. The two or three Chinese were nearly as astonished at the appearance of these men as I was, for they were remarkable even in this army. It was as though

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we had come through all this war to meet with something new—the perennial surprise of creation. Dirty brown, drab, and black tenting felt cloth in sheets was strung and hung from pillar to post, a combination of Chinese hamlet and Khirgis camp. The men were swarthy and terrible looking and unresponsive to any foreign tongue, and though they seemed to be surprised at my peaceableness, they did not offer to share their quarters, in which they seemed to be already crowded.

There was an etaph and a headquarters of Frontier Guards here, and at neither place was there any accommodation to be had. The commanders of both places were oppressed with claims upon their small resources. Nothing was to be expected, and it was useless to so much as inquire at these places. When men camp, to camp is the business of all involved. To bivouac, especially under difficulties, is the pride of the soldier. Under the circumstances the best man had nowhere to lay his head, and asked only such fortune as came to the common soldier. But a stranger was not without consideration among these hospitable people quietly anchored in the heart of Manchuria, and knowing nothing as yet about what had happened to us beyond our appearance on their paltry horizon. I was therefore somewhat embarrassed when a Frontier Guardsman undertook to find me a place to sleep. After leading me about to several places where there was no one of any use to me, he took me to a Chinese house which he had seen vacated only a short time before. At the sight of this I felt ready to fall on his neck, but contented myself with thanking him and sending him back to quarters.

There were three rooms in a row, entered from one end-room, which, though open to all and sundry, especially to pilfering soldiers, and crowded with wretched rubbish, was the cleanest. The furniture was upset and lost in trash in a

way that Chinese things have of concealing themselves. In the second room were half a dozen native opium smokers to whom I delivered out of hand an impromptu but friendly lecture by way of introduction, for one was the proprietor of the place, if it was possible that anything Chinese could still be the property of a Chinese in such a devouring mob of soldiers. I took this precaution to ingratiate myself in case at least a degree of my comfort—if language may be made to sustain the violence—lay in his hands. A voice came from the dark k'ang where the men lay, which declared it was of the chang-kuei-tih, or proprietor. He said he understood everything that I had said. He knew, he said, that I had said his heart and soul were already half dead, and I was welcome! There was not a square inch of space to spare. But the Chinese seem a happy-go-lucky people, and not unlike the Russians. They take their misfortunes lightly, and are generally amiable and generous, at least in the preliminaries. His companions appeared to be relatives or partners in the general misfortunes of the neighborhood guarding the wrecks of their former possessions. It was hardly possible to be surprised at anything that might happen in the world, but one could not help pausing a moment to wonder at these men—for they were still human beings—whose sole impulse was to get under the stupor of their opium pipes at which they were fretfully puffing. It was like the opium dens at Liao-yang, where the cadaverous opium debauchees lay so close to the street that the artillery horses sprayed them with the vile mud.

The third and innermost room was the most promising. The latch-string had been out to all, and the room was already pre-empted by four of those native interpreters, those villains who are now highwaymen, now ghouls, hung-hu-tzus, anything, but always interpreters—"perivoitchiks" for the army. And where will one find more hospitality, generosity,

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prodigality and good will than among robbers and cut-throats? They welcomed me, although there was scarcely accommodation for themselves. They might rob me to-morrow, as they had done but a few days before, but what of that? They fed my Chinese well, the rascals, and even had tea and hot water to offer me when the region around was waterless and famine-stricken.

An unhinged door fell to my lot, and after supper of tinned fish and biscuits, I slept soundly upon it. The "interpreters" said they had come all the way from Mukden, Liao-yang, even Niu-ch'uang, and they spoke of the Shantung mainland. How they could make their way unattached, with the armies, was a mystery. Nobody knew them or owned to them, and they preyed upon the people as they passed through the country and upon the armies themselves. In conversation with them after we had had our hard tack and tinned fish, they said the Japanese were "Number One," and the Russians "no good." What was most evident and amusing was their disgust with having had to leave the City of Mukden, where, if they had stayed, they would by this time have lost their heads. But this did not seem to interest them so much as the fact that they were now far from the almond eyes and pinky feminine complexions of the capital, with a ravishing memory of the tinkly-tink of the banjo, the revel and feast at the "Heavenly Sanctuaries of Delight," on the banks of the famous cesspools and under the walls of the palace of the Tartar general at Mukden, where they had spent their earnings and their dividends. And if they had been called upon to answer why this was, they could not have told. They only knew that they were fleeing from justice and saving their necks.

I marched at 9:15 the next morning, when the main body, which was en route for Si-p'ing-kai, started. It was now over a week since the general battle around Mukden had

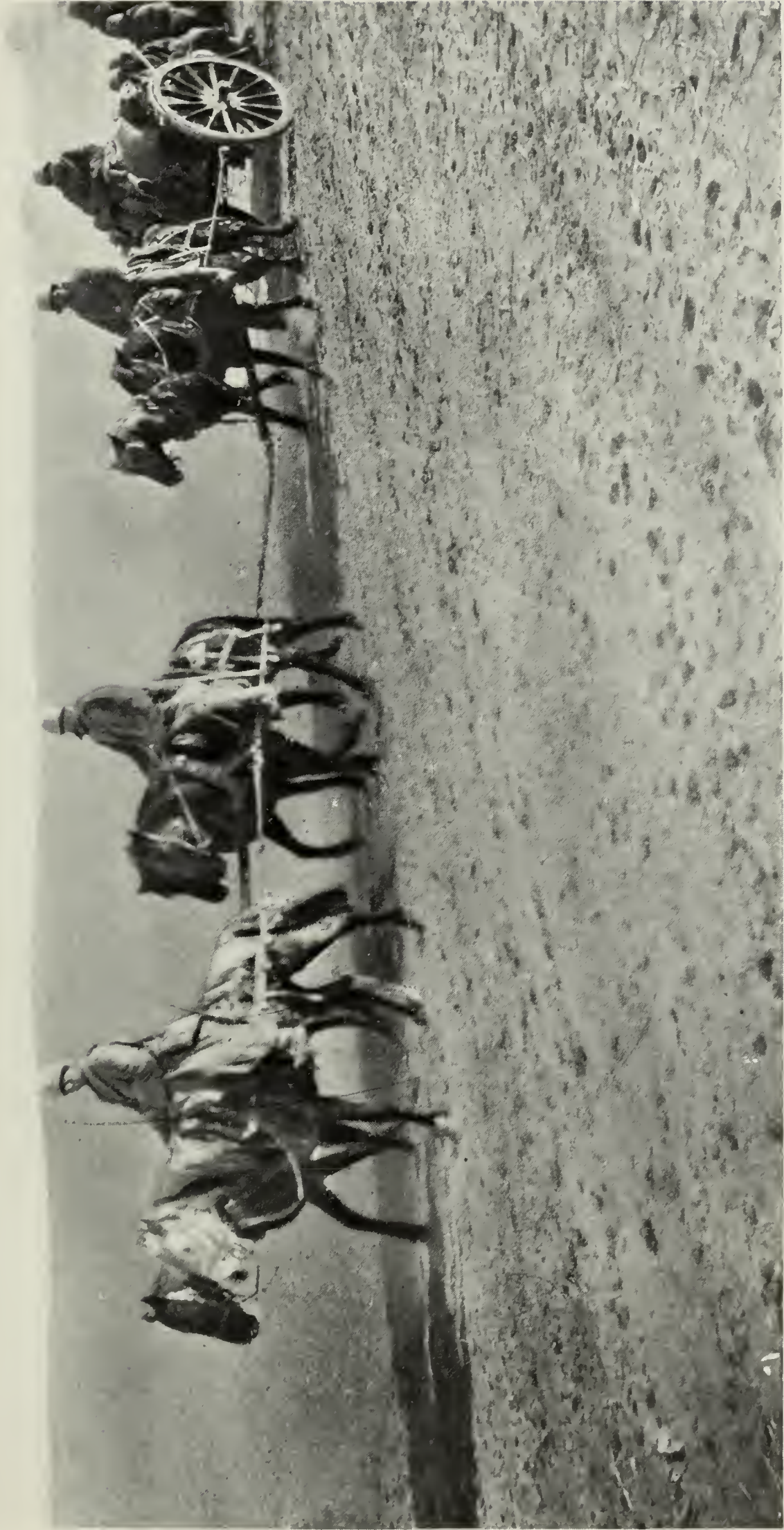
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closed, and the armies bathed in the same monotonous dreary sunshine and the Mongolian wind warm by day showed no sign of resting. Northward by unremembered streams, plains, hills, northward ever; migratory nature seemed to have inspired armies that were going to the pole with the geese. Over ridges and fields and deep, treacherous water-courses monotonous and dark, the wheels and burdens that each morning groaned and wobbled into movement and stretched out into long lumbering clangor and scour along endless roads bordered with dead and dying animals, came to have a look of abandon utterly forlorn.

It was like the west turned nomad here in the domain of the nomad Tartars. The accused Russian, at last unendurably vexed at the charge, was flinging aside the mask. The inexhaustible vitality of steel and straps and tendons, and leather strings and axles, and fellahs in one infinite hippodrome was an approach to perpetual motion.

We passed by day, all day, those many handsome bridges of stone, and sometimes of steel, supporting the railway, only awaiting the dynamite, a fate so clamorous that we heard from time to time the explosions only a little way in our rear. Around the buttresses were wolf-pits, pitfalls, snares, and wire and moat obstructions now *passé*, dilapidated, effete. The disintegrations in these earthworks worked by winter had not yet been repaired, and the Frontier Guards were withdrawing from their winter huts within these defenses. The exhausted, worn, enervated look at winter's end participated in, though it could not increase the solemnity of our pilgrimage. In the dull minds of the voyageurs no new care or wonder could be aroused. Upon the old cicatrice no new scar could be bound. The burden of dejection was a leaden, immovable weight.

We had for some time now been marching where there were no bridges in the roadways, and the caissons and artil-



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lery were taking long runs down the declivities into streams so that they might pass the water, mud, and ice, and mount the banks on the farther side. There was but one military road, and it could accommodate but one of the numerous columns. Wagons would sometimes turn over in the treacherous water-courses where the warm March sun had melted away the ice. A soup-wagon turned over in a stream, and one of the horses went under and refused so long as his nose was out of water to rise. The moujiks calmly took off their trousers, and after considerable labor in the almost freezing water righted the vehicle, reharnessed the horse and got it out. They took to the fields beyond, pioneers of a new and unbroken highway, where their boldness attracted a column in their wake.

No part of the homing phalanx was quite so spiritless and so forlorn to the already downcast as the runaways and stragglers walking the railway grade, without baggage, without food, without command, without guidance except the endless finger-board of that six thousand versts of railway. Sleeping in the sun along the embankment, in some spot where they had found the ashes of an old camp, they looked the crestfallen and burlesque heroes of a vagabond army. They were like bees that have lost their queen and whose house has been broken up. They were seldom heard talking, except in those low accents in which as comrades they speak the word "gooloopchik"—(little pigeon)—or say, "my little brother." Those martial songs which, when marching, the Russian soldiers always sang, were not heard throughout the retreat. But now occasionally, when night came on and the camp-fire reawakened sentiments and memories of home, the soldiers could be heard in low, mournful accents singing the melancholy Russian folk-songs.

I had been riding along for half an hour near a large

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group of these men, when some one of them started the alarm, "a Japanese!" Not thinking they could possibly mean to indicate myself, I looked behind in idle curiosity to see what could have aroused them. They quickly gathered around me, their long bayonets erect and their long, brown, dun-colored shoddy overcoats and black busbies giving the group the appearance of a great porcupine on which I appeared to be mounted. I merely drew rein and said nothing, but let them look me over. One soldier eyed me up and down, from stirrups to hat, batting his eyes at the revelation which I was to him, like a puzzled chicken, or a veritable "goo-loopchik." He then asked me if I was a Japanese. I said, "No." He did not seem to desire to risk another question, as he seemed more puzzled than before. So I told him that I was a war correspondent. He looked into the faces of the crowd for light. The consternation of his face seemed to say "let us have light." He desired to find light among his brethren, and he did not look in vain. A lad at once spoke up and assured him that I was exactly a war correspondent, a "voina Korrespondient." "Oh, yes, a voina Korrespondient," "oh, yes," "yes"—"yes"—"yes!"—not a mother's son of them actually knowing what it was, any more than if I had been the Amban of Lhasa, or the K'ang-p'u of Shang. But the moujik wants all to be all right. His intentions are above all else to have things work rightly, and he is generally easily convinced and quickly persuaded. I could hear them talking it over as I rode along in front of them, like men talking in their sleep.

I had not gone much farther before I found myself parallel to a column of those Caucasian or Circassian Cossacks, and as there was an officer opposite me I spoke to him. It was only, however, as an earnest of good will that I did this, because he had one of those reptilian countenances which seemed to abound among that race, containing just enough

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of the human in it to make one's flesh creep. Such an evil face as his was I did not remember up to that moment ever to have seen the superior of. I conceived a sudden revelation of the exquisite pleasure which an expert Japanese swordsman must feel as he punctures profoundly the torso of one of them. But I should say before going farther that the innuendo in this man's countenance was perhaps due to his suspicion amounting to a conviction that I was a Japanese, because after he had demanded and examined my papers, he altered, and between us we carried on a French conversation, animated and hearty through several lessons. I am free to admit, however, that I drew a sigh of relief when we parted company, and he withdrew to his troop. I think he still suspected me; suspicion is the first attribute of that race.

After repeated arrests and detentions on suspicion of being a Japanese I now for the rest of the day kept close to the railway, where the troops were numerous. At nightfall I reached Si-p'ing-kai, which was only distinguishable from Hsiao-miao-tzu, where I stopped the night, by the large quantities of grain and army stores piled alongside the tracks. Judging by the appearance of these stores, there was at least two thousand tons of hay and straw, ten thousand poods (or bushels) of kao-liang and millet grain, besides quartermaster's stores in buildings, difficult to estimate, all giving an idea of what it is necessary to destroy at frequent forage depots in a grand retreat like this.

Of all places to which we had achieved, Si-p'ing-kai in a nondescript land, in a blue and heavy haze, and crowding full with Kaulbars' army of the Hun, appeared the most weird and lonely. I accosted a quartermaster's officer at a railway crossing near the station, and asked him for information regarding the accommodations of the place. His reply was so polite, so feeling and so hopeless that I did not hesitate a minute to strike out on the north trail again.

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I was alone and the sun was just going down, but I saw the very blue smoke of a few little camp-fires about a mile and a half distant at the foot of a precipitous high ridge that was to become the first Russian position under the reconstruction of the armies, and toward this I made my way. When I got nearer I distinguished a hamlet under the hill, and was welcomed by the officers of an artillery park. I had never seen them before, but I soon learned that they were reserves from Moscow, one of whom was a lawyer, and another an architect. They were very plainly not soldiers. When I told them of the evacuation of Tieh-ling and the demonstration made by the Japanese only two nights before north of K'ai-yuan, they were visibly awed. Had it been an attack of only the last night they would have blanched. They immediately sent out orders to the men to march at dawn on the day following. This was done in order not to get crowded out of the road, which, as the army trains now traveled it, hugged the railway closely, and traversed some of the roughest country in the line of retreat. With this precaution they were not early enough, and as late as six o'clock the next day they had only just made their place good in the crush.

The enterprise of some of the retreaters was astonishing. It was impossible to catch up with them, or to equal in rapidity their flight. Had they not been subject to schedule, the armies, by the time the rear-guard got to the first position, must have been stretched to the Sungari River and to Harbin.

At Si-p'ing-kai the only remaining military road gave out, and owing to the contention for the meager native bridges nearest the railway that ensued in consequence, I made a wide detour to the west over meandering native lanes in order to have an unencumbered course. The roads a mile or two from the railway were unprofaned by the débris of

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a renegade army, and quiet as the tombs of the ancestors. Before noon I recrossed the trail of my artillery park, but lost it again.

The air was bracing and the roads hard and dry. At noon I stopped in a hamlet to feed and rest. Soldiers had visited it—some passed through as I halted. I went inside a stockaded farm lot, and talked to the families gathered there. They were quietly preparing to flee or to send off the women and children and old men. They moved about noiselessly and spoke in quiet, matter-of-fact undertones. The Chinese are sly and filled with instinct. There was no commotion from the wild alarms hastening through the countryside more rapidly by far than the armies moved. The operations of the native government were unobserved; though the native communications were invisible they were omnipresent.

The country people had either concealed their families, or were about to load them and a few belongings upon great lumbering carts to escape. It was a gamble whether they could now escape plunder if they took to the highway. The mere greetings of the moujiks were gall and torture. "Hello, Molly!" or "Kate, how's mother?" from the soldiers, were incantations as charged with evil as the curses of offended spirits and as enigmatical to the poor, modest Chinese women as "*om mane padme hum*," the lama prayer, to a Finnish soldier.

The people in the stockade were irresolutely loading up goods, uncertain whether to start at all now, for they had been disconcerted by my appearance, and were uncertain of my intention. "If we go westward," said they, "there are the hung-hu-tzus; we can only go eastward."

"But if you go eastward," said I, "you must cross half a dozen lines of troops, and by the time you cross them the army will have passed north of your home here. You can-

not go south, and you cannot go north, why not hide your family and remain here? ” They seemed unable to make up their minds, and went on loading up. In China there are “ six directions,” but though the Chinese have two more than have any of their enemies, they have not one way of escape. Against them all the devil and the deep sea are sufficient.

After midday the officers of the Fifty-second Dragoons passed the heavy column that was making its way slowly along. They had been in the battle of the Sha River at Tou-san-p’u, where the battle was lost, and I had last seen them upon their return from Mischenko’s raid to Yin-k’ou, where they first learned of the fall of Port Arthur, which prepared their minds for any disaster, though it could not break their pride. Their regiment had performed distinguished services from the beginning at Liao-yang. It had reported the flank movement of Kuroki when it reached the T’ai-tzü River. It had left many of its men upon the unlucky field at Tou-san-p’u, several of its officers and men were among the victims in Mischenko’s raid, and it had won distinction in its corps. To me it was especially esteemed because of a brave officer whose grave I knew, and by some absent for whom I hesitated to inquire for fear they might be dead. As the soldiers passed they assumed a proud bearing.

The retreat and all that it meant of surrender and disgrace, of folly and impotency and a criminal gamble with precious human life, was immortalized by the participation of those who before imaginary monitors masqueraded at intervals in moods which they could not feel along the Tieh-ling-Si-p’ing-kai road. For no reason of their own that they could have given to those for whom it was done, they disguised a conviction and a purpose which had never been in their lives before and might never have been created but for these infinite events—a purpose that has changed all Russia. Such it may be said was reality; the greatest reality

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that Russia had known since Napoleon's invasion. For if human events are real, the retreat of the Grand Army of Russia and the Eastern Empire was most real.

About the middle of the afternoon as the sun was dropping into the haze with which the horizon was befogged, at a time when it was fortunately most convenient for me, I encountered my friends of the artillery park, whose hospitality I was again glad to accept, and went into camp with them. As we were by this time, in our calendar, approaching, as near as could be judged, the solemn end of our more than solemn pilgrimage, I indulged, now that I had both the leisure and the water, in the luxury of a bath—the first for nearly two weeks. A razor I had carried with me in my saddle-bags, and I had the lower half of a suit of underwear, together with a shirt, which I called clean—out of consideration for the sacred law of fitness. After my ablutions, which were carried out by the aid of Chinese crockery and wooden pails, I felt when my toilet was complete an altogether new and superior man. Only the campaigner, perhaps, experiences when he has endured all the gamut of mortal fatigues and eventualities, and their possibilities, the completest blessings of a bath. He lays off his fatigue with the honorable—or dishonorable—grime which his adventures have conferred upon him, and assumes with the mantle of clean water the endowment of mental composure and rare reflection. The consolations of reflection after a bath upon a concourse of great acts and events in which the mind and body have for a sustained period been involved, are among the greatest exercises which the mind performs.

I spent the remainder of the afternoon in entrancing speculation, in writing up my notes, and in contemplation of what I had witnessed. We were trying to realize the magnitude and bearing upon the destiny of Russia and of Europe and America and of Asia of these events. This speculation was

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rendered exciting by the possibility of receiving within a few days the verdict of the outside world of which we had heard nothing, but of which we wot as breathlessly as if it and not ourselves had been the victim of events that had reached their end.

The morning of the last day of the retreat, March 19th, was a peaceful one. No sound of firing or of explosion could be heard in the main body. It was again Sunday. In the still, frosty air the thin smoke-files from the houses of the Chinese peasants mounted straight to the blue. On the main route the armies in bivouacking had exhausted the water, so that after we began to move horses were half the day licking the water-buckets, and soldiers were scraping the bottoms of the wells in every farmstead, drubbing up the clay there as though it was some priceless pay-dirt. Neither was there water in the ravines—we had drunk everything dry. For days now the retreat in the center had been carried on over the fields, and there were no longer any roads whatsoever except such as were broken by the armies themselves. For hours together we were entangled in the dead grass, stones and gullies of dreary hillsides along the main route beside the railway, and again to avoid the continual congestion and contention there I made another detour to the west. Some distance from the railway I encountered soldiers seeking water, and horsemen riding into distant hamlets to refresh their jaded and famished steeds.

For some hours I pursued a steady course beyond this zone, feeling myself out of the truly madding crowd, and near to shaking off the nightmare and the despondency of recent events. If it were fair to judge the armies by myself, they must by now have been very tired of the war indeed. They must have been of calmer and sounder mind than when they went light-heartedly to the front, and now, moreover, there was in their Northern hearts the call of the North, of

В. А.
Толмачев
Командир 2 бригады
Оренбургской Кавалерии



General Tolmatscheff (autograph). A dashing cavalry officer who commanded the 2d Brigade of Orenburg Cossacks

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the Siberian wilderness, and even the gray Arctic skies seemed to beckon them home. Among them, however, could still be found false leaders that continued to insist that the soldiers were mere "cannon food," used only to initiate a war that had not yet begun.

At last the complications of the byways, though more comforting to the mind, became too labyrinthine for practical retreat, and I worked my way back with some difficulty to the main body, which had in the meantime, where the course of the railway changed, taken a new direction.

The armies seemed now to feel the great influences which come with change. Strange to relate we had indeed come so far from recent scenes that both climate and the nature of the country suggested another land. And as if to consolidate the enchantments and influences, real and illusionary, of a new region, the armies, lost in a trail of innumerable and unnamable stations and places, and bewildered by a maze of unremembered hills and streams, slowly learned of Kouropatkin's passage northward en route to Russia. This seemed an event of another world from that just passed away, for there was nothing like it ever to be remembered. The retreat was nearing its end. The old Siberian General Linievitch was taking command. These events created a profound sensation. They were the first voice from the throne since before the battle was fought. "What reckoning at home?" had been the dread and the anticipation and the speculation of nigh half a million soldiers in the field and in the fortresses of the "Eastern Empire."

As I rode along with the solemn concourse, where nobody spoke, an officer whom I had never seen before except to note casually as opposite me in the line, a man with his head hung and his horse alike dejected and melancholy, called to me, and came closer to say that Kouropatkin had gone home; that he had gone north while we slept! I was surprised, and

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could think of nothing to say to him, and his face became puzzled as he seemed to realize what a gulf there was between us. The sight of him was shocking, and I realized more than at any time how completely I was "a mere spectator of other men's fortunes," and how one not even speaking the language of the army and the nation could have but a small notion of the real feelings of these men who were themselves so composite and differing. I was taken unaware, and he seemed to realize at the same moment that it was in all truth a far cry to sympathy through me. It struck me like a great guilt. I felt as Rip Van Winkle must have felt at that moment when he realized that twenty years had passed, and he had been dormant to all that had transpired; or as one in a dream feels an æon sifting by. I tried to gather up all the thoughts that I had thought and to anticipate the result of their fitting together as they might. Events were too vast.

The officer from his unattainable vantage felt with unconscious ease what neither observation nor talent nor study could perceive. He possessed an insight into present history, which a mere stranger could not acquire. He himself had resolved by instinct events that had no other effect upon me for the moment than to turn me dumb and unintelligible.

The earliest streaks of the last dawn of the retreat now showed the camps awake and striving for the highway, which throughout the night had been animated with the loneliest traffic—the retreaters of the night relay. We seemed a part of that flotsam and jetsam, that interminable exodus that has cursed Asia for so many centuries that there is no reckoning of it. A Manchurian night had become like a chapter from Tamerlane in twentieth century being. It was again the age of Tartars, and the scene was in some respects not unlike that which constituted the pilgrimage of Genghis Khan's army from China to the Onon along the

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Urga trail with his dead body. We did not kill whomsoever we met that the truth might not out, we did no more than rob them, but we bore with us, as it were, the remains of a fallen hero, and we walked sadly enough and in sufficient hordes to have pleased the family mourners in the Mongol hero's following. While the ancient Jungarian or Manchurian warrior trail must have been as picturesque, it could not have been so varied in its military elements. For it is doubtful if history could parallel, much less surpass the motley spectacle we exhibited. It might have been said that all Asia and the five continents were attending the funeral of Russian Imperial glory. And of their chief and sovereign it is certain that tribes and nations were saying, as the first rebels from the Tartar empire said to the Mongol emperor who had been defeated: "The deepest well is sometimes dry, the hardest stone is sometimes broken, why should we cling to thee?"

All morning of the twentieth Chinese families taking flight eastward hurried startled and fearful over the railway crossings, the women burying their faces in the luggage to hide their identity. It is always a pitiful sight to see Oriental women in the presence of active troops, for everything, with too much reason, is feared by them.

The contingents that were now still en route seemed in as great hurry to get to Kung-chu-ling to secure camp quarters as if the retreat had only begun. Artillery and caissons galloped along, such dead weights of lumbering iron wagons as threatened to annihilate my native cart when the inspired soldiers drove me from the road and threatened my provisional retinue.

At eleven-thirty of March 20, 1905, I reached Kung-chu-ling, which had been selected for the new army base. Chang-teh-fu had been abandoned, and the headquarters' staff rested for a day at Si-p'ing-kai, after which it moved back to

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Ko-chia-tien. The Japanese, whose pursuit had weakened, kept in close touch until the armies showed some token of running to earth when they established themselves at Chang-teh-fu. We were at a place beyond which the Russian armies would not be driven except by peace agreement to which they would first consent. And after ten days we were now still buried in the heart of Manchuria without news of the outside world or what the effect of the battle had been abroad, shrouded and veiled in the dust, smoke and motion of our flight. The retreaters marched; some without rifles, some with their bayonets folded against the rifle-barrel as though the work was done. Too active retreaters had to be recalled from beyond Kung-chu-ling, and now settled down in camps and began with the Grand Army that long wait which ended in armistice, peace and demobilization.

As I entered Kung-chu-ling the chimes were being taken out of the state church house opposite the railway offices—in Russia the church and the official sealing-wax are in juxtaposition so as to be easily and frequently stamped with the same official seal—and the inhabitants of the railway buildings were preparing to move out. The inhabitants were complaining bitterly of what they called the treachery and foul play of the Tartar general at Mukden in regard to the wounded and sick abandoned there. In such pitiful mutterings and the repentance of the Holy Russian world the eight days' retreat of the Grand Army passed into history.

CHAPTER XXXIX

IMPORTANCE OF THE BATTLE OF MUKDEN

ESTIMATES of the Russian forces on the Sha-ho when the battle began reached five hundred thousand. And according to what was called the best Russian staff information the Japanese had eighty battalions—fifty to seventy thousand men—less than the Russians. The press of the day estimated that one million men were in the theater of combat during the battle of Mukden. As a matter of fact the number was under seven hundred thousand. The Russian forces were about three hundred thousand infantry, twenty-five thousand artillery, and about twenty-five thousand cavalry and mounted infantry. The whole number of Russian combatant troops on the position and in garrisons in the Eastern Empire was about four hundred and fifty thousand at the time of the battle. No less than three hundred and ten thousand Russian soldiers actually participated in combat on the position.

In the Russian army it was realized that, knowing the ability of the Russian army to increase, and having generally defeated it with much less numbers, the Japanese, conducting the war as they did on economical lines, would doubtless rely on securely effecting their object with less numbers than the Russians possessed, though they might, in order to counterbalance fortifications, in their offensive wish to err on the safe side with nearly an equal number.

In some of its physical aspects it is the greatest battle ever fought. And it was the greatest of those three great battles, Liao-yang, Sha-ho and Mukden, the magnitude of which,

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according to Marshal Yamagata, was unprecedented. In length of the line, numbers engaged, duration of the fight, number and magnitude of guns, vast quantities of ammunition expended, excess of dead and wounded and lost, deserters and prisoners, noise, fortifications, size of the field of battle, use of railways and other scientific implements, complication and variety of operations, defeat, destruction of stores, rout and indefinite retreat, and lastly, in respect of being under the latest military conditions, the battle of Mukden, like the battle of the Sea of Japan that followed, and the siege of Port Arthur that preceded it, was epoch making.

Mukden was the last hope of the Eastern Empire on land, and the intensity, power and justification of the contest at arms at the spot where the battle was fought lays mainly in this fact. Mukden was the historical capital of all Manchuria, "China's Second Capital," and the great seat of Chinese influence in all the Eastern Empire. It was a place, therefore, which justified the importance that Russia and General Kouropatkin attached to holding it, an importance testified to by half a thousand square miles of unprecedented military works and four months relentless toil, with a fabulous wealth of resources in organizing every element of defense, while calling upon St. Petersburg by plea and warning for every possible military asset. And when all this had transpired and been accomplished the Russian necessity of a victory in these their last trenches in the original theater of war made it a conclusive fight. The fact that accumulated stores of ammunition and all material aids outlasted all human effort on both sides, and that the engines of war stood still ready to the hand when all strength was gone is evidence of the terrible grandeur and determination of man's savage energy. The retention, up to the moment of headlong evacuation and retreat, of all civil and all semi-military concerns, such as the bank, the telegraphs, even the Frontier

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Guards, even in instances until as late as ten o'clock on the morning of the tenth, sixteen hours after the Japanese had broken the line at Chiu-chan, ten miles to the east, and merely for effect on the natives, shows how dearly the commander of the Russian army clung to this contest, a contest which had at the moment of an evacuation forced upon him by superior strategy, and not by loss of blood, cost nearly a third of his forces. The subsequent disaster in the flight, increasing the Russian losses to more than 33 1-3 per cent. of Kouropatkin's whole army, testifies forcibly to the intensity and magnitude of the event at large. The almost entire destruction of the First Siberian Regiment—"His Majesty's Own"—the colonel, Lesh, and something over one hundred and twenty men only surviving, the loss of more than sixty per cent. in other regiments, and a total of fifty-two thousand wounded carried away in trains to the Baikal, were details of the event contained in the Russian commander's report.

In the battle of Mukden, as may be easily understood, the withdrawal to the Hun River disorganized the army and swept away communications. Under the circumstances in which the two antagonists were then placed, the conditions should have been in the matter of communications essentially equal, if not actually to the advantage of the Russians, both armies being, so to speak, "in the air." But the actual facts are that the Japanese moved up leisurely, extending their own telegraphs and communications over the Russian routes, and after two days found the Russian left unprepared for the blow with which they broke it at Chiu-chan. An officer of Cossacks, who witnessed the breaking of the line at Chiu-chan, says there were two small battalions of infantry, four mountain guns and one squadron of cavalry in the entire force, *and not more*, and that they remained in their wedge-shaped position unmolested, while the Russian army broke into panic! From the moment of the arrival of

the army at the Hun Kouropatkin had no communication with the east, except to order the retreat on the evening of the ninth. General Sassulitch, commanding the right flank of the First Army, in possession of retreat orders, occupied himself apparently wholly with that duty, though he might have closed against the Japanese wedge and annihilated it. In fact, according to report, he marched all day parallel to and within short distance of them en route northward.

A regiment assigned to oppose the Japanese force reported that it could not find it! and doubtless made no effort to do so, but on the contrary joined in the flight.

The fact that the three armies were not in constant communication with each other, then, was due either to their vast size, or to army organization, which the highest officers regretted and said long before could not be altered in time to affect the war.

The number of Russian field-guns was about twelve hundred, and in the matter of artillery the Russian armies were surpassed by the Japanese in one respect only: that of the 11-inch siege mortars, with which the Japanese destroyed Pootiloff and Novogorod. On the west the conditions were rendered more nearly equal than along the south, because of the comparative unimportance of the Russian fortifications west of the line of redoubts running south from the Imperial Tombs to the Hun River inside Mo-chia-p'u. But it must be always considered that the Japanese were always on the offensive, waiting for the enemy to assemble and organize, and fighting for the most part concentrated armies in what might be called consummate fortifications. As at Liao-yang, the Japanese whipped their enemy out of a virtual fortress. In Nogi's advance up the right Oku was not called upon to fight any great combats at the Russian outworks at Chan-tan, Tao-t'ai-tzu and other places while screening the main movement of Nogi, for Kouropatkin

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ordered his right to fall back the moment the most economical use of the outworks had been made, to the main position in the strong redoubts, where he was prepared and intended to best his opponents. The formidableness of their antagonist, his defenses, superior equipment and numbers gives an idea of the magnitude of the Japanese achievement.

Considering that, after the battle the railway was effectually disabled, the Japanese army maintained a remarkable pursuit, appearing as far north as K'ai-yuan in force sufficient to keep the army harassed, if not in actual fear of an attack in force, yet anticipating and dreading an assault of Japanese horsemen. And on the other hand the Russian army on the whole endured with an amazing stolidity and doggedness the punishment which the Japanese administered in their cutting off of rear-guard troops in the flight. The Russian army resembled in the manner in which it endured this humiliation the fabled long-tailed beast of India, which, when closely pursued, was able to drop off a section of its tail for its enemy's diversion, thus allowing itself time for further flight.

When the army halted at Tieh-ling to recover and re-form it looked as though at least chance or exigency might enable it to make a stand there, only the center appearing to be badly demoralized. But the center had latterly been the bulk of the army, the army had done its work, and the demoralization was so obvious and formidable as to render it unwise as well as unjust to the troops to risk an unnecessary battle. The burning of the stores and destruction of all Russian property, and the evacuation on the fifteenth showed conclusively that the second stage of the war, which had begun with the battle of the Sha-ho, was finished. It was clear that the army was retiring, in effect, to the Sungari, and its only real capital, Harbin.

In the matter of scale of operations and battle, no compari-

son can be made with other battles, because battles in modern war in this respect belong to another era. In the matter of disorder and rout such *debacles* as Waterloo and Blenheim may be cited, but cannot be compared, and the farther we go back the more impossible comparison becomes. Numbers decrease, artillery is subordinate and increasingly unimportant, battles are more precipitate and results more quickly arrived at in the past. "Never before were such deafening, nerve-wrecking and deadly battles as Liao-yang and Mukden," says a military critic. The great battles of the war on land lasted ten days to two weeks. The extension of the line in no way decreased human anxiety, but rather increased it by a conviction among the troops that they were not supported, while at the vital points the destruction was fifteen to thirty-five and forty per cent. of the forces engaged. While in past wars armies were concentrated, and in battles were generally entirely engaged, present day armies are dispersed and soldiers and arms are concentrated in detail at points on the line for breaking the position of the enemy. In this way the details of a great battle become very terrible, and the battles are in this sense perhaps even more deadly than formerly. These various considerations show that our military events in a certain sense belong exclusively to our own age.

The losses to the line at the close of the battle were about one hundred and thirty thousand men, but when the army was reorganized at the new position, after the stragglers had been gathered up, the net loss was a little over one hundred and twenty thousand, more than one-third of the whole army on the position. The Japanese losses were given in their official reports in round numbers at forty-one thousand officers and men. The Russians lost more than eight batteries of cannon and an enormous number of rifles, rounds of ammunition and stores of all kinds, and three hundred and

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thirteen kilometers of field railways, besides nearly forty miles of standard gauge railways parallel to the position, etc., etc.

Mukden ranks not only with the signal military defeats of history, but with the disasters. Not only was Kirin, two hundred miles in the rear, stricken with panic, but an exodus from Harbin to Siberia took place, and from Vladivostok. The northern regions of the Eastern Empire became the prospective theater of war.

The spectacle of a quarter of a million soldiers and camp followers fleeing a hundred and fifty miles, of a hundred thousand armed men who should have been able to march to any point of the compass, fleeing in all haste for an exit to the north, a few versts wide, together with the terrible anxiety of that hour in the P'u-ho gulch is perhaps without precedent, and is a part of the achievement of the Japanese military.

By this victory the very bones of Russian unhappiness and national impotency were bared to the world that was unitedly antagonistic, and the succeeding weeks of humiliation were such that no calamity was great enough to further disgrace them. In the eyes of the Manchurians they were vanquished, and their authorities in the Manchurian capital, which had been their refuge and final reliance, remembered them with contempt.

CHAPTER XL

SPREADING OUT OF THE ARMY—THE NEW POSITION

WHEN the Grand Army had reached the headwaters of the inner Liao it began to spread out latitudinally. At 3 P.M., March 24th, the roads were lively with military for five miles north of Kung-chu-ling, for some of the retreaters could not stop, and there were numbers of exhausted animals dead and dying in the roads. But by this time Kung-chu-ling was the appointed army base, and General Linievitch had selected Ko-chia-tien for his headquarters.

Directly to the east of Ko-chia-tien was Ho-er-shu on the Imperial road, where the First Army headquarters was fixed, and where General Rennencamp left the Imperial road and meandered slowly to the southeast through the old Chinese Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve, and ultimately reached Hai-lung-ch'eng on the upper waters of the Sungari. A little southwest of Ko-chia-tien was the large market town of Mai-mai-kai, where the Second Army headquarters was fixed, and moving westward from this point General Mischenko continued until he reached the outer Liao River, and finally fixed his bivouac in the edge of Mongolia at Liao-yang-wo-p'eng.

The wandering army began on March 21st to explore what was beyond the last printed names on their maps of the theater of war, and they found the country a kind of El Dorado. It was anything but the wilderness indicated on existing maps. From Ko-chia-tien to the interior of Mongolia was a region of magnificent rolling upland and

wide rich valleys, covered with farmsteads and beautifully timbered. On every mile of roadway was a hamlet or village, and the main roads had many huge caravansaries capable of accommodating several hundred carts and scores if not hundreds of travelers.

Seventy-five miles in the rear of the position was the large important City of Kuan-ch'eng-tzü on the railway, and eighty miles to the east of Kuan-ch'eng-tzü was Kirin, the capital of the province of the same name, and perhaps the finest native city of the Eastern Empire. Kirin is located on a high bluff on the left bank of the Sungari, an artery of commerce connecting with important inland towns in western Manchuria.

The road leading north from Hsin-min-t'un passes through Fa-ku-men, where General Nogi made his headquarters, and continues north through Ta-wa and to Ta-pa-chia-tzu about forty miles west from Kuan-ch'eng-tzü and continues northward west of the Sungari.

The country was of unknown agricultural wealth and fertility, and full of unknown towns. East of the railway the foothills lead on to uplands and mountains, and the great track of mountains and valleys known as the Chinese Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve was one vast garden where the timber had only just been cleared away and cities were springing up. Here could be seen the Chinese pioneer, and here could be observed the rare sight in the Celestial Empire of laying out a city's walls.

But in March, when everything was sear and the sky was filled with the only gray clouds of the whole year, no land could have been hospitable to such an army. It was cold, and the soldiers had to prepare shelters with great difficulty, for the ground was deeply frozen. They began again the preparation of zenlyankas, and continued in the snow and rain throughout the month of April in the work of con-

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structing shelter and building military works. There was still much ice, for the rain turned to sleet and snow.

The main body of the Japanese army rested at Chang-teh-fu, but as it showed some signs of pushing up to Si-p'ing-kai, the Russians blew up the railway bridge about the tenth of April, and each of the two armies consolidated its defenses into permanent works.

By the middle of April both Rennencamp and Mischenko had located the Japanese position on the flanks and were carrying on skirmishes to screen the construction of their position. Spring was very late, and the cold hung on so persistently that the army had to draw upon the native tailors for cotton shoes and garments for its men. The vast traffic which it had been necessary to carry on at all times in the interior to supply the army with forage had to be reinaugurated at the new position, and great cart trains were organized at Kuan-ch'eng-tzü for this purpose.

When the region might have been more attractive because of the milder winds of spring, it began to rain. A continuous downpour for several days at a time flooded all the country. The troops detrained at Kung-chu-ling, the army base, in a sea of mud. An immense zone behind the position had been denuded during the cold weather of nearly all forage and fuel; and at the army base—and in fact along the railway all the way back to Kuan-cheng-tzü—the houses had been broken by the soldiers and made almost uninhabitable. Forage was so scarce that cattle and horses were being fed on the thatch from the houses, which, being taken away, left the rafters and beams for the camp-fires. The rains continued most of the summer, and vehicles could be seen half buried in the mud, where they remained for weeks. The mud and water was indeed so profound that drivers unhitched their horses and took refuge in the hamlets and towns, where they might wait until the floods subsided and the mud dried



Frederick the Curmudgeon - November - '04.

Artillery in the rain

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up. Fortunately, when the rain did cease, the long sweeping winds from Mongolia dried up the mud in two or three days. The Chinese jinricksha men followed the army on its wanderings, turning up in numbers reaching nearly fifty at Kung-chu-ling, where they plowed about on a perfectly unimproved, bottomless, black and brown mud plain, carrying unhappy voyagers.

As the summer wore on Kung-chu-ling became a large railway and Red Cross settlement and army depot, and a great camp, overrunning the native hamlets for several versts in all directions. Sixteen miles to the south was the railway station of Ko-chia-tien in a depression in the rolling land where sidings had been constructed for the headquarters' special trains, and where was the headquarters' hospital. From this place camps could be seen dotting all the slopes on the east and south. The army had been equipped with wireless telegraph and the headquarters' station was about a mile away where the noise of operation might not disturb the general staff.

The construction of the new position was much more difficult than had been the construction of other positions. This was mainly on account of the innumerable ravines and the rainfall, and also because there were no east and west roads. Re-enforcement was continually going on, and General Linievitch was reviewing troops and sending them off to different parts of the position as rapidly as they were mobilized.

By the middle of the summer the extent and strength of the position was even greater than it had been at Mukden. The fieldworks were more elaborate and the trenches were much more powerfully protected. Greater care seemed to be taken to conceal them with growing grain. In the Second Army could be seen dummy trenches with sod heaped up to represent the heads and shoulders of men, reminding

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one of the same devices employed by the Chinese in the Boxer War to defend the Shan-si border.

The army became familiar with the names of the towns in the new region, where it had time to settle down. A new army was growing up, for there were soon more than one hundred thousand newly arrived soldiers, and these were at least anxious to fortify themselves and to make homes if not to fight. The officers and men again began to refer pleasantly to their bivouacs as "home," as they had done on the Sha-ho. The land grew green and calm and undisturbed. Summer brought great fields of waving grass, corn and millet, that stretched to the Amur. So luxuriant were the crops that it was only along the railways, behind the positions, and in the immediate vicinity of the bivouacs that they were grazed off by the herds of cattle and by the army horses. The region was picturesque with Japanese spies, one of whom kept a watermelon booth in Kuan-ch'eng-tzü. Two in Chinese dress were arrested at the station at Kung-chu-ling in June while writing down the contents of the military trains. Along the position the Chinese cultivated their fields as they had done the first year of the campaign. As one traveled backward toward Harbin the Chinese who rested in security at some hamlet off the railway would come forward when the trains were due to arrive, carrying baskets of cool, fragrant cucumbers, which they sold to the Russians, who ate them as though they were grapes. The Chinese would often carry these loads from ten miles distant, and the Russian soldiers would buy them in large quantities to carry southward to their bivouacs. When the crops began to ripen the soldiers assisted in gathering them, or rather insisted on gathering them, much to the chagrin of the Chinese, who were often so unfortunate as to receive no damages.

In the plain west of the railway the country behind the position was a great network of roads, and supplied with

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many bridges, virtually transforming the communications of the country behind the Second Army.

The position of the First Army east of the railway was an enviable one. The soldiers were encamped, when summer came, upon the north slopes of the hills where they had clear, swift streams at their backs. The officers built little lodges on the banks of these mountain streams, and erected summer houses with little gardens about them, sometimes walling up the bank with stones and projecting their summer house in which they took their meals so that it overlooked the water. They were not unlike the Japanese in this respect, and fortunately for them they remained in undisturbed enjoyment of these pleasures of the bivouac until the end.

The soldiers spent much time in fishing and in bathing, and in the absence of military operations the routine of the lives of some was varied by foraging expeditions into the Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve on the east. At the beginning of September a thousand men, fifteen officers and one surgeon went to Mongolia on the far east for cattle.



A Field Telegraph

CHAPTER XLI

THE NEW POSITION

MAI-MAI-KAI, the headquarters of the Second Army, was a big flat town or city, lying in a beautiful plain, surrounded by a mud wall and approached by unimproved roads nearly impassable after a day's rain. Like all Chinese towns and cities it was merely a collection of wall hamlets, to which obstacles the existing streets accommodated themselves. The earth being dug out of the streets to build the houses the streets were below the level of the town and the plain in which it was situated, so that when it rained they became lakes and bayous. As the water evaporated the lakes of water through which the traffic plowed became lakes of mud. Every other town and city was the same.

General Kaulbars had his headquarters in a large native hostelry, which had been appropriated for that purpose. It opened by a gate on the main street, and when I first arrived in Mai-mai-kai the street was so dangerous on account of the mud and water that it was impossible to get to the house, and notwithstanding the importance of making immediate calls on the staff, visitors remained incognito during short visits and put off formalities to a more favorable day.

When I returned the roads were dry, and the numerous bridges built by the engineers, which during the rainy season, when they were most needed were practically isolated and turned into little islands of refuge, were everywhere in use. The sapper troops were now engaged in improving the roads

that led up to them, battenning them with willow mattresses, for the rich, treacherous soil dissolved like sugar when it rained. The region that had been at first a deserted wilderness of mud and pools of water, thrashed by the gusty wind under a gray sky, was now passable, and populous with Russian horsemen and herds grazing.

As I approached the East Gate of the city I was passed by a couple of Cossacks leading pack horses, carrying officers' baggage. They dashed past—the click of hoofs on the hard road muffled in the long fetlocks of the shaggy ponies that they rode, one of them swinging a bolilaika—a kind of lute—in his hand. The sky was like sapphire, and for all that one could see and hear as the horsemen disappeared in the direction of the city we might have been approaching by some wide valley the shores of the Caspian Sea.

I found the Second Army staff crowded into inadequate Chinese buildings, and the officers carrying on their work in living quarters, where their camp beds were at the same time bed, stool and table. They seemed to endure the restrictions of their little rooms, which were like so many compressors, with more than ordinary good nature. The deprivations of some officers of the army staffs and their consideration for the natives was an object lesson to the troops, and though it was not as a rule regarded, it at any rate emphasized the desire of the government to treat the natives with as much consideration as possible.

I passed through a small, dark doorway, and was within a few minutes ushered through another small doorway into General Kaulbars' own room, which was just large enough to accommodate his camp bed, placed on the k'ang, a table and four chairs. General Kaulbars received me cordially, and reminded me that I had not been with them much. I had to explain to him that this was because I had been two months in hospital following the battle of Mukden, and this

led him to relate how he had fallen over an embankment with his horse at the P'u-ho, broken his right collarbone and a rib in his left side, but had ridden his horse throughout the retreat and had not gone to a hospital, though the surgeons had urged him to do so. Beside him sat a man who he said was in the diplomatic service. In front of him on the table lay a dagger, which he told me was taken from the person of an anarchist who had tried to kill him. The disaffection in the army was evidently the subject upon which he had been talking with the diplomatic official who sat with us.

"The anarchist who tried to kill me with that dagger was a Jew," said he. "We have two enemies to fight now," he continued, "the anarchist and the Japanese."

"I believe," said he, "that in your country you are very fond of the Jews. You like them very much. All the anarchists in our country are Jews. That is why we like them so much. Out of fifty anarchists forty-nine are Jews, in Russia."

He changed the subject, which was of such disquieting interest at that time, for revolution was looming formidable just ahead of them, and asked me if I was anxious to have the war over and to go home. I told him that I was, and asked him if it would end soon.

"I think it will not end for a long time," said he; "you had better prepare for staying several years in Manchuria if you intend to remain throughout the war."

He was greatly impressed by the obstacles which the Imperial Army had encountered and with the difficulties of dealing with the Japanese and with the revolutionists at the same time.

General Kaulbars was then not far from sixty-five years of age, and the hardships of the battle of Mukden had left their marks in his face as well as their visible effects in his figure. He picked up a portrait sketch made of him by the

Finnish official painter, Bachmanson, and as he did so remarked that his wrist also had been injured at the Pu-ho. Handing me the sketch he remarked that it was the likeness "of an old man," and then drew himself up as though to shake off the terrible load which the times had laid upon him and which he, as one of the Czar's loyal generals, shared with the other heads of the army. Long after these events he was a powerful figure in the government's fight with the revolutionists.

West from Mai-mai-kai there was a continuous line of defenses for ten miles to Pa-mien-ch'eng. Every village was turned into a stronghold. The inns were blockaded, the doors and windows and walls were loopholed. The road here was a part of the main position. Most of the wood of the buildings had been burned in the camp-fires, but the soldiers had sheltered themselves in the houses and in many places were in possession of bolts of American sheeting, which they stretched over the broken windows and walls of the buildings to shut out the wind and rain. There were more trenches and bomb-proofs than I had before seen, and they looked more as though they were intended to be used than had so many fortifications on former positions. In the industries the Russian army was qualified. The struggle against wind and weather in their native land had taught them all the rudiments of fortification, and the instinct with which they built their houses with double walls and double windows and double doors and air chambers to keep out the insidious wind and cold was an inexhaustible inspiration, which made it second nature to them to build barriers against the Japanese. In this respect, as in others, they resemble the Chinese and show the survival of that trait, which among the Chinese led to the construction of the Great Wall. It is not improbable that Russians, if Asia were left to fight out its own destiny, would be capable of building a Great Wall

to break the force, if not to entirely arrest Japanese aggression.

At Pa-mien-ch'eng, General Hershelman of Ku-chia-tzü fame, commander of the Ninth Division of the Tenth Corps, had his headquarters. It was at the time of the mutiny in the Black Sea Fleet, and the news of the outside world was of great interest and at the same time very painful to many Russians. General Hershelman was an officer greatly admired. He was one of the men about whom one never heard any scandal. He was less inclined to inquire into the news telegrams and into the situation of the government than had been his superior, General Kaulbars. As I was about to leave the main body of the army for Mongolia I asked him if anything further was known about the conditions in Russia. To emphasize his dislike of the subject he said to his chief of staff, "There is nothing new, is there?" and the faithful officer replied, "No."

Though the staff officers offered me every hospitality, I decided to pass the night at a native inn, where I was near a Polish doctor, who said that the army was full of malingerers seeking relief from duty on every pretext, and especially that there were many officers desirous of getting permission to go to the rear through the aid of doctors' certificates. Naturally he was not a soldier, and he said it was an abominable business in which the army was engaged. It was noticeable that the testimony of the under-officers and men was entirely contrary to that of the commanders, who could only insist that the army was more determined than ever to carry the war to a successful conclusion. The commanders in fact were already carrying out a campaign against the disaffection to maintain something resembling *esprit de corps* among their subordinates.

I started at nine o'clock in the morning for the west, continuing down the main road to Ta-wa, one of the out-

posts, which I passed at noon and then made off in a north-west direction to cross the zone lying between the main army and Mischenko, which was scouted by the Japanese. The Russians had posted Chinese troops in this zone to protect it from the Chinese horsemen in the employ of the Japanese. The people were much abused by the Russian soldiers, who came almost daily to take away their straw and grain, paying ten kopeks to two roubles for a large cartload worth many times that sum. It was a magnificent country, beautifully wooded and cultivated, and with many simple and ignorant people, but polite and anxious to observe the best customs, according to their understanding. I arrived at the Liao at five in the afternoon.

As I approached the valley of this river I passed through a belt of sand dunes wooded with aspen, and where the road came over a ridge there was disclosed before me the Mongolian boundary, a horizon as wide and grand as I had ever seen. The little Town of Ku-yu-shu, on the Liao, was an etaph guarded by two sotnias of Cossacks. Nearly a mile back of it was a Red Cross field-station in charge of Dr. Ackerman, a German-Russian. With him were a number of sanitaires and two nurses. The last news which they had had from the outside world was a month old and was contained in a wornout copy of the army newspaper. They had not heard of the revolt of the crews of two Black Sea cruisers. The doctor brought tea, and the people of the hospital gathered around to hear the news, which the doctor explained to them.

After leaving the Red Cross I saw Cossacks robbing the farmsteads. In one place two Cossacks were making off on their horses, one of them carrying a large feed-box, nearly as large as himself, chased by helpless, enraged Chinese women and children, and spurring up their horses until the unfortunate natives had stopped pursuing them. That

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night, with the consent of the Cossacks, I slept in an outlying hamlet. It was the walled dwelling place of an entire family and typical of all the Chinese hamlets in the middle reaches of the Liao River. When the Cossacks left us alone the heads of the family brought out a chicken for me, which the cook set about preparing, and after the horses had been washed and fed I went up on the wall to a seat on top of the gatehouse to listen to the sounds of the night and to look at the summer moon. The night was magnificent and the surroundings suggested Kipling's verses beginning:

"Alone upon the housetops to the north,
I turn and watch the lightnings in the sky."

For there was a glimmer of heat lightning where the Liao came out of Mongolia. An occasional distant shot was heard, and a fine chorus of frogs. After the evening meal I went into the granary adjoining my room to talk with the miller, who was hulling kao-liang. The little mule that pulled the millstone round and round would go, said the miller, about fifty li before daybreak, when the work must be finished, for the Cossacks would then come back, and if they saw the grain would carry it away. From my k'ang I could hear, when I lay down to rest, the feet of the little mule digging into the earth. And when I woke at dawn all was still.

At the crossing of the River Liao Mischenko's detachment had a few boats for ferrying stores, but the river was crossed by fording, and was approached at the ford through swamps and bayous that looked to be nearly bottomless. The banks were only muck flats, and the water carried such a heavy deposit of mud that my white pony, which my mafu rode, was transformed into a dark dun by the time he reached the Mongolian shore.

I left Ki-chou-p'eng hamlet, where I had spent the night, at about eight o'clock in the morning. The east bank of the Liao is sown in white poppies which were glinting in the sunlight. Our horses for a short distance had to swim the deep stream. When I had crossed the Liao I met a Cossack officer, wounded in the arm, who stopped to praise Mischenko, calling him a brave man. I soon found that the nearer one approached Mischenko the greater his praises became. The atmosphere seemed to change, and I began to look for such conditions in Mischenko's detachment as would disprove what I had seen elsewhere on the new position. Here, at least, thought I, was a man who was doing something; and I rejoiced that I had gotten out of the way of the propagandists of the general staff, who were forever engaged in molding the world's opinions and spending the energy upon that fruitless enterprise which should have been devoted to the capture of cities. A man who was apparently striving to maintain the best traditions of the Cossacks would, at any rate, it seemed, be a military man, and not a diplomat or politician. As I advanced along my route I became more and more curious to see what General Mischenko's detachment was like.

The road leading southwest to Liao-yang-wo-p'eng is through low grasslands, in which are scattered a few native houses, and there is occasionally a small field of millet. About half-way to Liao-yang-wo-p'eng I passed a Cossack relay post, and at about 2:30 in the afternoon a large grove on a point of the highland projecting into the plain and overlooking the wide valley and river. There was a large grave on the point, a landmark in the region, from which the spirit of some long departed Mongolian dignitary might look off at the great realm of the Manchu in the east. Nine li from this point is a nest of hamlets called Liao-yang-wo-p'eng, where all the buildings were broken, all the walls

loopholed and chipped by bullets, for Mischenko had just fought a battle and taken the place from the Japanese. Scraps of Japanese and Russian clothes and cartridge clips and shrapnel fragments could be picked up, and there were ghastly marks of the Japanese casualties. In the furnaces of the native brick kilns were charred bones, and the metal parts of Japanese clothing, and half-burnt shoes, where the Japanese had cremated some of their dead during the early part of the skirmishing along this flank of the new position. In a pond had been thrown forty bodies of Japanese that made a horrible sight pulled about by the scavenger dogs and crows.

In the warfare of the flanks among the cavalry the principles followed were simple. Very little care was taken in the disposal of the enemy's dead. No energy was wasted on dead men by troops confronted with the momentary possibility of massacre.

To the northwest of Liao-yang-wo-p'eng, and distant from it three or four li, General Mischenko had his headquarters. He was out visiting one of the regiments when I arrived, but soon returned and invited me to his tent. He was still a young looking man, notwithstanding that his hair was quite gray and the lower part of his features were marked by those characteristics which distinguish the boon companion, and the "molodtzi," or "brave fellow," as the Russians termed him, though the term embraces all that is admirable in a man. When he removed his military cap the stranger was struck with admiration of his eyes and forehead, and perceived a man who knew how to be a hero and a leader to his men. I soon had occasion to prove the existence of that wonderful magnetism which the ideal Cossack leader exercises over his men. After a long discussion in which it was plain that he felt keenly the humiliations of the army's defeat and the attention which it had attracted in the out-

side world, he said: "For our mishaps we ourselves are to blame, but I hope you will write nothing about us until we have whipped the Japanese."

On July 12th there was a fête at the general's bivouac. Most of his higher officers were present on this occasion, which, I believe, was the anniversary of his name-day. They gathered about a long earth table, formed by trenches dug in the earth into which we all jumped and could afterward sit down on the ground behind. There was music by two brass bands, which were part of the time playing at once. Opposite me sat a colonel of Cossacks, who offered me a goblet of vodka, which I succeeded at last in refusing, because of its deadly nature, but later on he gave me a wine-cup of Caucasian wine and offered to shoot me in case I refused. There were a great many toasts and two long dreary speeches. The toasts were all drunk with enthusiasm, especially one, of which the general's wife was the subject.

When the feast had ended the Circassians came near, and sang and danced. The general made them a speech, at the conclusion of which they caught him up and tossed him many times in the air, calling him a hero and a brave man. Several times during the day this was repeated with great enthusiasm among the Cossacks, who had gathered on the outskirts of the bivouac to participate in the celebration. The admiration for General Mischenko seemed to be increased instead of diminished by the disaffection of the intelligent element in his detachment, which was ardently discussing the possibilities of the existing revolution and the conclusion of the war. The Cossacks, especially the Caucasians, were in their natural element—in a distant land that inspired their wonder and where they could forage without restriction.

On the road back I met occasionally squads of a dozen singing like troubadours as they marched along in the sun.

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At the time Mischenko was sending forty or fifty sick or wounded to the rear daily. They were carried in litters slung on the backs of horses and mules, which jogged along, following the lead of some one litter. The drivers of these litters sometimes mounted to the backs of their animals and rode.

I passed through the Tenth Corps, and saw some of the officers whom the brave General Zerpitsky believed were so loyal and enthusiastic for war. With their men they were maneuvering in the fieldworks, and spoke of their occupation as abominable, and at the same time eagerly inquired for peace news. The officers of a battalion of sappers, whose men were busily digging in the earth, remarked that they had dug in the same way at many other positions and lost all of their engineering tools and field railways.

As I passed through the streets of Mai-mai-kai I halted at a native shop where I had previously rested, when a body of fifty or sixty soldiers came through the building and went into the court in the rear to hold a religious service. They stacked arms and stood bareheaded in the sun while a preacher addressed them from the shade of the eave of a native warehouse. They were Lutherans, and had stepped aside from the dusty highway of war into the cool quiet court of the Chinese merchant to worship. The pastor put on his velvet hat and black gown, and they all began to sing, the Chinese merchant and other Chinese in the shop remaining respectfully away. When they had communed together, thinking of home, and when the pastor had prayed for deliverance from pestilence and war, the men marched stolidly out and into the roadway again, for they were en route to the outposts.

In leaving the town the squad passed a "restaurant," where I went in to rest after watching them away. The place abutted on an open drain so foul as to make description

inadequate. The mud almost flowed into the door, while along the street in front of it passed as mellow a load of army skinned hides as ever greeted the organ of smell.

The flies were a plague, and a Chinese waiter was kept busy making fly-paper, which he distributed about the board tables, and then gathering it up when it was covered with flies flung it into the sewer outside.

This restaurant, kept by sutlers, was on the street called the "Hsiao-kai," and officers who resorted to it to refresh themselves were not less pathetic for this effort to revive remembered blessings of civilization than because of what they drank and the quantities they drank to drown their sorrows, and to debate the peace negotiations which were in progress in Portsmouth.

The "restaurant" consisted of a room perhaps 14 x 28 feet, opening from which were little sleeping rooms not over 6 x 8 feet square and eight feet high, with wet walls, wet mud floors and each with one small closed window.

In one of these cubby-holes, without ventilation, two or more men would shut themselves up, call it creature comfort and privacy, and discuss the peace, drink, and dream. In the general room outside men drank and talked and looked out upon a thoroughfare whose show was more varied and wonderful than that of Piccadilly or Fifth Avenue.

It was the Fourth of July. But though there was no one in the restaurant who seemed to be aware of that momentous fact, the officers present recognized me as an American. I was in fact the only American on the position and the only foreign correspondent with the Grand Army. When I sat down to dinner a crowd of officers in all stages of intoxication came about me. They seemed to believe that correspondents had an occult influence over events, and that as an American correspondent I in some way controlled the destiny of the peace negotiations. For several days it had been difficult

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to refuse drinking with the Russians on the position, who were now extolling Roosevelt.

"You are an American?" they would ask. "Mr. Roosevelt is the President of your country?" "Yes."

"Then I propose the health of Roosevelt."

To them this logic was complete—there was but one course to succeed it. Thousands of brave men who deserved a better chance than the country had given them were drinking the President's health daily.

One of the officers who was sober enough, said in French that the soldiers were very happy because peace was coming, and so were the officers. He proposed a health to the Americans and the Russians. I sat down with them, a perfectly drunken crowd, and I must say was thoroughly happy. For whatever may be said of intoxication, soldiers and slaves may be made into human beings by it. One officer was so drunk that he said good-by when we met, and how-do-you-do when we parted. He declared that the generals were "pu-hao" (Chinese for "no good"), and that Roosevelt was "magnifique," and on the whole their words seemed the soberest I had heard in Manchuria. I was astonished at how well their dissipation became the occasion, for authority in the midst of such a history as they were involved with was a thundering joke. Russia was then the shuttlecock of time.

As I passed through the streets with an old foreign newspaper under my arm soldiers ran after me begging for papers. They were ravenous for news and the sight of a paper was like a fresh scent to hounds.

During the past ten or fifteen years emigrants from Mai-mai-kai had passed off to the east and settled in the Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve when it was opened to settlers. Some of these were now returning, bringing a few worldly goods. Just outside the East Gate were some refugees from

Ta-ka-ta, about two hundred and thirty li distant (about seventy-five miles) in the direction of Hai-lung-ch'eng, where they said the soldiers were taking the people's things, though they had not begun to break up the houses.

East of the Ko-chia-tien, the commander-in-chief's headquarters, the road to the Second Army, which I soon reached, wound along the inclines of the foothills. The way from Ko-chia-tien to Ho-er-shu goes over a ridge that does not deserve the name of mountain, and through a country of nondescript character and a wild appearance. I started late in the afternoon, and when night came on and the moon shone dimly through the clouds, the way was beautiful. About seven miles from Ko-chia-tien the road goes over a little pass which lets the traveler into the bed of a stream. Here an army corps was encamped; at an equal distance further on another army corps. It was not bright enough to see clearly, but moving objects could be discerned sometimes beside the road.

When it began to grow late all became quiet. Where the road crossed a creek and led over a moor, was a half dismantled farmstead, the gates barricaded with tree branches. Here I tried to arouse the native tenant, who at last came out, but said that he could not take me in because of the barricades. The road led away under some old willows, whose roots seemed uncommonly gnarled and animate, and when challenged gave out answers disclosing Chinese refugees. One whom I questioned said that he too came from Ta-ka-ta, where were other of the Shan-tung immigrants, that he had no place to eat or sleep, for the foreign soldiers had driven him away, and he was en route to Mai-mai-kai.

When it was quite late I suddenly came upon a bivouac, and found it to be the camp of one of the Siberian artillery regiments. The officers invited me to spend the night, and

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I slept in the house of the commander of the battery until morning.

General Kouropatkin, who became the commander of the Second Army two days after Linievitch left it, had taken possession of temple buildings and other enclosures on the west side of the large Town of Ho-er-shu, and had converted half the town into a respectable Russian village. He was perhaps a little more fastidious and much more an apostle of organization than any other general in the whole army. Every street and door was labeled, and the headquarters of the army were as faultlessly designed and as glittering with whitewash as had been the headquarters of the Grand Army on the Sha-ho.

Ho-er-shu was a country market town, and like so many towns of the kind in China was built along one wide street. The commander-in-chief built sidewalks, put the bazars in a restricted place on the opposite side of the street from his official quarters, and built a military road through the valley. There was an etaph for the accommodation of officers; there were military police; numerous foreign shops; and a restaurant conducted by two Armenians. It was a metropolis, like Mai-mai-kai. From the south the Imperial road traversed the valley two miles wide, crossed the Ho-er-shu River, and continued northward. The road which Rennen-camp took at the spreading out of the army leads up the Ho-er-shu River to the southeast. From Ho-er-shu to Ta-er-ho-tzu, the headquarters of the First Siberian Corps at the eastern edge of the Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve, was a half day's cavalry march. This place marked the left flank of the Second Army, whose advance position was at Tao-lu, directly south. The road from this point traversed the Imperial Forest Hunting Reserve, which for sixty miles was unguarded except by a squadron of dragoons at Ta-ka-ta. It was an upland country, and at that season the streams were

fed with warm rains, and in the hills were many springs, so that the roadway led in places over profound bogs.

The Second Army was drawing on the country for supplies, and foragers were coming out of the reserve with long cart trains of grain and fodder. Farther in Cossacks were driving out cattle, but by nine o'clock in the morning, after leaving Ta-er-ho-tzu, there were no traces of the army, except the dismantled houses on the roadway, showing the passage of Rennencamp's army. The natives regarded with awe the passing foreigner, and where they did not take alarm and flee, remained beside the roadway full of wonder and filling themselves with small yellowish melons, which were a luxury of the season. The land was full of flowers and game birds, especially golden pheasants.

About twelve li from Ta-ka-ta the road led over a pass from which a view of the region in all directions for many miles could be had, and then dipped into a valley and rose to a mountain top overlooking the new Town of Ta-ka-ta, where I arrived at sundown. As I entered the outskirts of the settlement evening suddenly came on, and I saw that the place was a bowl-like depression enclosing us around, and a spot very peaceful. The commander of the dragoons was absent, but his soldiers entertained me, and I saw him later in the evening, and talked with him and his officers. The only sound at morning was that of the bugle at the dragoons' quarters a half mile away, and soon after being aroused at sunrise by the romantic call I continued in the direction of Rennencamp's army.

The road led through a sparkling mountain stream over more upland bogs and hill passes, and at last, late in the day, brought me to T'ung-p'ing-hsien, a pioneer city more primitive than Ta-ka-ta, for the surveys for its walls were lost in the high prairie grass and gardens. There was no Russian outpost here. The region was quiet and remote, and

seemed hundreds of miles from any army. The natives were prosperous and hospitable. Another day brought me to the wide valley of the Liu-ho, in which Hai-lung-ch'eng is situated. Here was the headquarters of the infantry division of Rennencamp's army, under General Eck.

Hai-lung-ch'eng is a walled city under the brow of the hills to the north of the Liu-ho, but at that time its outward dignity was partly destroyed by the removal of the parapets by the Russian engineers, to prevent its being used for defense. General Rennencamp had his headquarters about ten li to the north at the Village of Niu-hsing-ting-tzu. It was on the bench land and overlooked the wide valley of the Liu-ho, and a range of strikingly beautiful mountains thirty miles away, where Rennencamp had his outposts, and where were secreted two wireless telegraph stations.

The use of wireless telegraphy had made possible this recent great extension of the flanks, by which Rennencamp was removed by four days' infantry march from the First Army, and Mischenko almost an equal distance from the Second Army. The Japanese sent their scouts entirely around both the Eastern and the Western Detachments. Rennencamp's headquarters were suddenly aroused a few mornings after my arrival by the appearance of Japanese scouts only a few miles distant. The wireless telegraph enabled the Russian scouts to quickly report the movements of any important body of Japanese on the flanks, but they could not prevent the Japanese scouts scouring the vast region where they themselves operated.

Rennencamp was busily engaged with so-called "hung-hu-tzus," whom the Russian officers seemed to hold responsible for the presence of the Japanese scouts. As a rule, wherever traces of Japanese scouts were found, the people were suspected of being themselves "hung-hu-tzus," and were believed to have harbored "hung-hu-tzus." and the natives



Frederick BeCovich

Noon rest. Infantry soldiers drinking tea in a Chinese shop

The New Position

seeing the possibility of paying off old scores were able to make accusations against men who must have had no intention of harboring spies or operating against the Russians. A young man nicely dressed was brought to headquarters by the local Chinese official, charged with being the chief of the "hung-hu-tzus."

Rennencamp's engineers were experimenting with wireless telegraphy. One plant was in operation, but they were establishing another and were working with all sorts of common telegraph instruments, which they complained were unsuited to wireless telegraphy. An engineer remarked that now that it was too late the army was supplied with what it should have had long ago, in this particular and in other respects as well. The generals, they said, were for war, but the army was thinking of peace, and it was too late now to talk of whipping the Japanese.

At the headquarters Rennencamp would allow no one to discuss peace. The subject was tabooed, and the officers commented in private upon the American and English telegrams, which were received by wireless telegraphy from the general staff in Ko-chia-tien daily.

General Rennencamp was now the commander of an army corps, and appeared much more serious than when he was in the Great Pass on the Sha-ho position, where he had only a detachment. He spent all his time in a little round open summer-house, which had been built for him in the compound in front of his house. Here he worked out the problems of the vast region which he patrolled to the south and southwest, where he had established a wireless telegraph station at Liu-ho-chen on the upper waters of the Liu-ho, and pushed his scouts twenty versts farther so that he was able to observe the Japanese in the rear of their right flank. His scouts occasionally journeyed down the Hui-fa and the Sungari to Kirin, eighty miles to the north.

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It was noticeable at this time that as peace became more and more likely a certain type of soldier became more and more warlike, though it may be said in praise of the Russian character that there were extremely few of the officers of the army who did not welcome the prospects of peace.

The country in the rear of the position on the east was wonderful for the profusion of flowers and the abundance and variety of crops. The roads traversed vast fields of millet, maize, tobacco, hemp and indigo. Rennencamp's line of communication led back by way of I-t'ung-chou to Kung-chu-ling. The road was like that from Ho-er-shu, and toward the end of summer was made all but impassable by torrential rains. The light wagons, such as those belonging to the Red Cross, could be seen ascending the hillsides seeking the ridges; but the goods carts, which had to stick to the main road in the level, labored for hours in the muck. Four horses could draw only about four hundred pounds. I-t'ung-chou, like Kuan-ch'eng-tzü and other large Chinese cities on the position, was an orderly native city, administered by a Russian officer and policed with soldiers, and was less than a day's march from Kung-chu-ling, the army base. This, in part, was the new position where, toward the end of summer, the Russian army had mobilized numbers twice the strength of the army that had fought the battle of Liao-yang, and perhaps more than one hundred thousand stronger than at the beginning of the battle of Mukden.

CHAPTER XLII

THE ARMY UNDER LINIEVITCH

ON March 19th, when the relics of the Grand Army had safely passed Chang-teh-fu, General Kouropatkin, ex-minister of war and commander-in-chief, surrendered the command of all the forces of the Eastern Empire to the old Siberian Cossack, General Linievitch, and departed for Harbin. By the twenty-first he was in Kung-chu-ling returning, on his way to the First Army, of which he had been appointed commander by the Czar upon the approval of General Linievitch.

Among the staff of Linievitch it was reported that General Kouropatkin in resigning from the command of the forces of the Eastern Empire, asked to be given a command, if only that of an army corps. Upon his return from Harbin he made a speech to the crowd on the station platform at Kung-chu-ling. It was only a few words in response to a demonstration which he received there, in which he said that he hoped the army was about to do great deeds. He then proceeded to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief to meet General Linievitch, and to receive his own army command, as a subordinate. The officers gathered to witness this historic meeting were much impressed to see one who had held such high honors and exercised such power over the government and the Imperial military, standing humbly at attention before his own commander-in-chief, the Siberian Cossack, with his hand at his cap until he should be recog-

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nized. The old General Linievitch looked up and begged him not to stand at attention. A photograph was made of this remarkable meeting.

For some time it was believed that the Grand Duke Nicolai Nicolaivitch was being discussed in St. Petersburg as a leader for the now thoroughly demoralized Imperial armies, a contingency that threatened to complicate the command, and actually compromised the remaining loyalty of the army existing. For the very last Imperial chattel which the over-burdened Russian wished to see in the Eastern Empire was a grand duke.

Linievitch and Kouropatkin individually telegraphed the Czar their confidence in the army and their belief in success, saying that if given time they would win, that time only was necessary to success. They then set about the regeneration of the army by preaching the soldier's duty.

The task set for the venerable commander-in-chief appeared monumental, but when the army had been greatly strengthened by re-enforcements, General Linievitch, as early as June, declared that it was in a position to win. The Japanese were declared to be weaker than ever, and perhaps really on their last legs, and in these sentiments Kouropatkin concurred. The arrival of a new army corps was the occasion for a grand review at which the commanders of the three armies and the commander-in-chief were present and made speeches. The Third Army that had been in command of General Bilderling, and since the arrival at the new position was kept in reserve behind the Second Army, now received a new commander, General Batianoff, a hero of the Russo-Turkish War, who had seen service at Sevastopol. And now the "new" army, be-tented, be-strapped and buckled; be-ironed, be-armed and mounted; bivouacked, intrenched, fortified, and with a blustering and querulous old hero commander-in-chief, bragging of his numbers and boasting of his strength,

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and a fire-eating commander boasting of his belligerency, awaited the order to fight.

But the outside world was occupied with the discussion of peace, and Roosevelt's proposal for a Peace Commission had already been presented to the Russian and Japanese governments.

On the thirteenth of June, when the prospect of peace was hailed by nearly complete acclaim in the army, General Batianoff, in accepting the command of the Third Army, delivered this remarkable, impassioned speech:

"By the will of our sovereign Emperor I am appointed Commander of the Third Manchurian Army, not, as evil tongues say, to take part in negotiations for the conclusion of peace, but in order to take part in the destruction of the Japanese Army. And therefore with each of us there ought to be one thought: to have vengeance on the enemy for the losses inflicted on sea, by land, and in the defense of Port Arthur; we ought to restore the glory of our army bequeathed to us by our predecessors from Peter the Great. With such faithful soldierly sentiments let us in answer to the thanks brought by me from the Czar give a loud hurrah! for our exalted leader, the Sovereign Emperor."

Then the commander turned to the officers and leading personages with the following expressions:

"Great is the responsibility of the leaders before God and the Sovereign for the lives of those in the ranks beneath them. But if duty commands the regimental commanders ought without hesitation to dispose for life or death all in the ranks of his regiments, the battalion commander for life or death all the privates of the battalion, the company leader for life or death all the privates of the platoon, and each non-commissioned officer all the privates in his special charge."

In conclusion the commander addressed the non-commissioned officers and all the privates with such words as these:

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“ I know brothers that in each unit there are heroes and there are people who do not fall short of heroes. Let such people accept from me, an old soldier, also a Sevastopol man, thanks, thanks with bowing to the ground. But there are people to whom there come moments when life is dearer to them than honor, not only their own honor, but that of the whole unit. Let such people, then, pray God that he may strengthen their resolution, because there is no higher reward for the soldier than to die in battle for his Czar and fatherland. This also is the straight road to the Heavenly Kingdom. Brothers the time is coming and now not far distant when we will meet the enemy in battle. Prepare yourselves for this solemn moment and remember that you Christians are going against heathens; remember also that these heathens treacherously attacked us in order to take lands destined for Russian colonists. I am confident that each of us will fulfill his duty and will show himself as good as before, and therefore in anticipation I say to you—brothers, thanks. Let it require only a glance at you to make one say, however unwillingly, you are heroes against the Japanese.”

In answer to these words, from the midst of the soldiers there arose such an unanimous and terrible hurrah as may hardly fall to one's lot to hear a second time in life.*

Simultaneous with the publication in the newspapers of the Eastern Empire of these loyal utterances of the commanders, were printed accounts of the wealth of Manchuria—the inexhaustible riches of the soil and of the mines—with the intention of exciting the cupidity of the people and arousing an interest and patriotism in the war. Letters of Japanese wives to their husbands, that had been captured in Japanese outposts and which condemned the war, were printed to show the demoralization among the Japanese.

To the warlike sentiments of the commanders, the martial spirit replied in various forms. The Japanese were at

* Speech by General Batianoff. From *Harbin Vestnik* of June 13th, 1905.

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the time believed to be planning an attack upon the left flank with the idea of possessing Kirin. At the same time rumors of the Japanese marching up the Mongolian border for the purpose of cutting off Harbin from Siberia received a good deal of credence, because anything can be believed by a beaten army. The progress of Rodjestvensky's Fleet in its hostile flight was scarcely needed in this most remarkable situation to inspire the inflammable imagination of the Russians. From the fleet at Madagascar came poems which declared that the ships would repulse the Japanese as the African reef turns back the waters of the deep. The spirit of these words was echoed in Manchuria, for the feeling of patriotism still existed, and even after the failure of the fleet in the Sea of Japan, manifested itself in the newspapers. The following poems are from the *Army Viestnik*:

FROM THE SOLDIERS.

Lead us, our father, to a decisive battle,
Lead us against insolent foes!
In stern array let us follow thee,
Let us fight with the foe anew.

With our own blood we will wash out the stain
For the sorrowful days that are past,
'Tis a grief to us to hear the reproaches of our Fatherland,
Lead us, our father,* lead!

Not yet in the wearied soul has died
Hope and faith in success,
Let our brothers sleep on field, on sea-floor,
On the foe will we be avenged for them all.

With hope in God, with holy prayer,
We will boldly follow thee.
Lead us to the coming, decisive fight,
Lead us, our father good!

—AL. SHM.

* Reference to Linievitch.

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A Vladivostok poet wrote of the Japanese as "Yellow Frenchmen," who would be vanquished as was Napoleon.

Some believed the coming struggle would center at Kirin:

Chorus:

Brothers, is Russia not bound to display her valour?

There will be a battle at Kirin!

Know then—not a step back.

The affronts of the days gone past are stern reminders;

Many a hero fell there, and we—what sights we saw!

With the redness of the fire we illumine our backward way,

Anew our bosoms swell with courage only for a blow!

(Chorus.)

Brothers, the dead must not be put to shame,

Russia believes in us; of Russian glory of bygone years we are the
guardians!

To us it is given at this hour for our Head, our Fatherland;

God is with us and God behind us—let us make a memorial for
the fallen.

(Chorus.)

Our foe is infatuated with pride and renown;

For Mukden, for Liao-yang, let us render him a hundredfold.

Here is the earth soaked with Russian blood,

Let us take back again the land of Russian Cathay.

(Chorus.)

Past is the disastrous year—the turn of victory is with us,

Near, near is our turn, remember Tsushima!

Our soul breathes out vengeance—Togo and Kamamura,

Shall they bar our true way, the way to Port Arthur's hills?

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Pealing over the Urals, scattering through the world,
Let the cry fly: "Where the Russian has stood there must be no
withdrawal!"

Servants to their native land, remembering their sworn duty
Here must serve her truly, with the valour of daring deeds!

Chorus:

Servants to their native land, remembering their sworn duty
Here must serve her truly, with valour of daring deeds!

—V. PURESHEVITCH.

One of the first considerations with the best element of the army at this time, seeing the possibility of the continuance of the war, was some signal military success, so that it may be said with perfect truth that there was an honest desire existing, at least with this element of the army, for another battle. The desperation of these men was shown in the desperate hopes which some of them harbored and the wild schemes which were suggested for the attainment of victory. As the common people look to "a rich uncle from America," for deliverance they turned to the most forlorn hopes. In one case it was a Belgian who appeared as the deliverer. He had advised the Czar, so it was said, to load all rolling stock belonging to the railways of Russia with troops and dispatch them to Manchuria at once, and thus by instantaneous concentration of a million men crush out the Japanese army forever. On account of the amount of rolling stock with which the consummation of this plan would burden the Central Manchurian Railway, it was proposed that the accumulated railway trucks would be discharged into the Sungari River, or down the embankments, so that there would be no obstacle or impediment to the troops arriving right at the position. This is not fancy, but fact. The Harbin *Viestnik*, the most important newspaper in the East-

ern Empire, proposed that an immense mass of soldiers, forty versts wide, bearing masses of forage and shells, march across Siberia and gain victory on the Pacific.

Such wild hopes as these would not have been thought strange coming from the Chinese. And it may be seen by this desperation what a misunderstanding of Asians there had been among Russians, who were believed to know them best, and what the terrible consequences were to the Russian people.

Under General Linievitch the reorganization of the army was complete. The necessities for an immediate reorganization and the fact of the reinstatement of Kouropatkin in the army by the Czar appeared to have been in the nature of a signal for a general pardon for military shortcomings in the disaster of Mukden. How General Linievitch accomplished the difficult task of dispensing military justice to the participators in that criminal disaster will never be fully known, because as a military scandal it is a sacred Imperial secret.

It had been reported repeatedly throughout the army that numbers of officers, given at from forty to eighty, were executed with the approval of the commander-in-chief, General Linievitch, upon the conviction of cowardice during the Mukden disaster. Such statements are to be received with caution. In the first place no great achievement was accomplished by any Russian during the war of eighteen months, wherein no battle whatsoever was won. Under such circumstances it is not likely that the participators would unite on any charge of criminal cowardice or incompetency deserving death against individuals, while it is a fact that Russians as men were disposed on account of the whole criminal inception of the war, and for other reasons, to be magnanimous to each other and to feel the intensest persuasion as comrades, of extenuating circumstances. Russians find a way of being

clement to offenders even against the state. The army was not in such a disposition that it could be terrorized or easily disciplined. It was in such a situation that exile and death had largely lost their significance and their utility, and it was seen how easy it is to exaggerate the terrors that are supposed to attend them. In the general settling up after Mukden, the scandals were successfully suppressed. The public received no official knowledge of them. At the same time, in the absence of such official knowledge of punishments, the rewards and the praise which was dispensed by the state enables the observer to make a nearly correct estimate of the punishments.

The Board of Award, which considered the recommendations of the commanding officers for decorations on account of merit, scrutinized all claims with great severity, except in the cases of the common soldiers, who received decorations by the cart-load. There can be no doubt that there were many desperate and brave deeds done during the battle of Mukden, which lasted for two weeks, but after all little more than the names of thirty officers came up before the Board of Award with claims to entitle them to a St. George's Cross, the highest decoration which the state conferred. In the end the awards to officers were few, and under such circumstances where there were few rewards it was natural that there should be few punishments.

It was one of the complaints against Linievitch that he was not a good disciplinarian and that he was too lenient with malefactors. Considering the determination with which, officially, the crimes of officers were ignored, it was evident that the policy of the authorities was to forget. The energies of the authorities were devoted to coaxing back an appreciable spirit of aggressiveness in the old army and to preventing the recruits from being converted by the veterans to the almost perfect faith which they now had in the Japa-

nese. The pale cast of thought which had sicklied over the native hue of resolution in the peasant after Mukden was quickly communicated to the recruit, who needed little more than a few nights at the camp-fire to persuade him that an experience in battle was not worth the trouble.

The kind of inspiration that was infused among the officers by the succession of Linievitch as commander-in-chief was expressed in comprehensive misgivings. The staff laughed at "the old man" and at his "ideas" and the pronunciation which he gave to the difficult Chinese names. The name of his headquarters, Si-p'ing-kai, he pronounced "Shipping-gai," which became one of the witticisms of the army. His patriotic assurances of approaching victory were freely interpreted as bombast by men who had listened to the bombast of a hundred unsuccessful captains. The engineers, who remembered their five hundred kilometers of Decauville railway lost at Mukden and Liao-yang, their ten thousand kilometers of entanglements, trenches, and other works and obstructions that had passed out of their control forever, had acquired complete confidence in the plans and intentions of the enemy. All their great fortifications from the sea to Tieh-ling, their tools and mines and strategical zones and positions, was now a vast phantasmagoria revolving in their brains. Their constructions had, like Jacob's ladder, collapsed and were lost to them. They now dugged in the same earth as they had dug in before. The smell of the same clay was in their nostrils at Mai-mai-kai and Ho-er-shu, as at a score of places even before Mukden was reached. Leaders of troops who had repeatedly held their positions in battle only to be ordered to retreat at the moment of victory, or who had repeatedly found themselves entrapped and deserted, to save themselves as best they could, preyed upon by their own men, received the commander-in-chief's fair words with bitter comment. With the "bluster-



Frederick McFormick -

Caucasian Cossacks—a bivouac on the border of Mongolia

ing old Cossack," warrior in command thousands of Russians admitted that the army would go back to Harbin in the next battle, and that the Japanese would take Vladivostok.

Throughout the summer, however, Linievitch's army left nothing undone to prove its hostile intentions. It had no sooner settled in its position than it began to annoy the Japanese flanks. In May Mischenko advanced down the Mongolian border west of Fa-ku-men—General Nogi's headquarters—and struck that general's line of communications, the Hsin-min-t'un-Fa-ku-men road. He encountered no opposition and saw no Japanese troops until the road was reached. Here he fell upon a long, thin file of troops and transports constituting a regiment and its baggage, which he dispersed. His troops reported that some of the Japanese infantrymen caught by surprise ran until exhausted, throwing away clothing and impedimenta.

Mischenko had with him on his raid around Fa-ku-men, which occupied May 12th to 24th, about eight and one-half regiments of six hundred men each—total, about five thousand men, and six guns. The Japanese are said to have tried to intercept his return, but failed. Mischenko sent a small force in the direction of Hsin-min-t'un to deceive them, and returned at once with the main force to his camp by a wide detour in Mongolia, and the small force that made the feigned march to Hsin-min-t'un also got back. It was an unimportant adventure—like a skirmish—and chiefly interesting to individual adventurers. Some of the incidents may be mentioned. The Cossacks received a reward of one hundred roubles for each Japanese they captured. It was their object, therefore, when they had overwhelmed a Japanese force to make prisoners, if any were left alive. Some of them became very proud of their exploits in this particular, and of the skill and dispatch with which they brought a prisoner off the field. Needless to say this last had to be done

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by placing the prisoner on the conqueror's horse. Perhaps the most humiliating position which the Japanese ever endured was when he found himself with his hands tied behind him, astride a Cossack's horse, just behind the Cossack rider, and with his feet fastened together by a strap under the horse's belly. On the occasion of this raid a Cossack captured one Japanese, but in attempting to capture another was killed by a Japanese bullet. Another Cossack captured a Japanese officer just as he was about to shoot the captain of the sotnia, and took the pistol out of his hand. A story was also told of a Cossack lancer who unhorsed and killed a Japanese officer in a charge by accidentally striking his lance into the officer's mouth.

The Japanese retaliated in June by driving Mischenko, with considerable loss, out of Liao-yang-wo-p'eng. It occurred on the eve of Rodjestvensky's defeat and inspired Mischenko with revenge, which he set in force on the first of July, when peace negotiations were in progress.

While every indication pointed to peace, both armies in fact made every preparation for battle; Oyama, building his bridges and placing his Horatios at them, and Linievitch, building the same and keeping up a still hunt for possible Russian Horatios.

The certainty of peace was indicated by the antagonism of some of the Russian commanders to the subject. They became fierce in some instances whenever it was mentioned, but communicated their ferocity to but few of their subordinates.

However, they enforced hostilities, which were very unwelcome to most of the Russian officers. Mischenko on July 1st advanced to a village below Liao-yang-wo-p'eng, routed a battalion of Japanese infantry and re-established his headquarters there. He had two officers killed, seventeen wounded and one hundred and ninety-seven men killed and

wounded. Forty dead belonging to the enemy were left behind by them. For this exploit Mischenko was criticised throughout the whole army for having compromised the sincerity of the nation in the peace negotiations and having jeopardized the signing of a peace agreement. In view of the government's and the nation's desire for peace it must be said in justice to the army that they pursued a reputation for hostility, and it is presumable at the least that they honestly wanted to fight.

The Japanese were discovered in the early part of April fortifying the hills and villages east and west from Chang-teh-fu. This was their first position. Eleven miles farther back they created another position.

The Russians took up all the rails and destroyed the bridges and piers for twenty versts south of Si-p'ing-kai. Russian cavalry arrived in the Japanese rear, back of Chang-teh-fu, and succeeded in damaging the railway near K'ai-yuan. In the middle of April Mischenko discovered large bodies of Japanese moving from Hsin-min-t'un to Fa-kumen. The presence of Nogi had considerably extended the Japanese left, and the fact that he had turned the Russian right in the battle of Mukden, and on account of his great prestige, Linievitch kept the whole Third Army in reserve to oppose him.

It seemed to be the conviction that the Japanese would greatly extend their right flank as well, and that they would march upon Kirin and also send their army on the Tu-men River toward Vladivostok. As a matter of fact, the Japanese adhered to their established principle of fighting as near the Chih-li Sea as possible.

The expert military prognostications from the opening of the war had been that the Japanese would rapidly advance and take Manchuria before the Russians had time to mobilize an army. The experts did not take into account the consistent

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aspiration of the Japanese for repeated victory over real armies, which was then an unknown characteristic.

There was nothing spectacular or unusual in the Japanese army, but it caused more speculation and uneasiness in the Russian army than at any time. This was perhaps due to Nogi at Fa-ku-men. He was the new factor, and the right flank which he menaced was more severely battered even than the left had been before Kuroki.

The region on the right flank had never before been occupied, or properly mapped, by the Russians, who were now busy scouting all its approaches and mapping it even to a considerable distance into Mongolia, where they sometimes came under fire in their task.

In July, when the Japanese had thoroughly intrenched themselves for a distance of seventy-five miles across the front, the best military opinion in the Russian army agreed that it would cost a third of the Russian army to take the Japanese first position intersecting Chang-teh-fu at the railway, and that when this was done the Japanese had a second position of equal strength on the hills north of K'ai-yuan. The appointment of De Witte at this time appeared to have convinced the army of the government's invincible intention to make peace if possible, so that the idea of an advance was being relinquished, and it was easy to make reasons showing an advance to be impracticable. One of the effects of the situation was to make the army outwardly very hostile, which seemed to exasperate the genuinely warlike, because it confused them with a large element which was secretly wishing for peace. The admirable perversity of some in the army in thinking that the war ought to go on and that the army was not beaten, was almost enough to make one believe that it could win a battle and nearly made them admirable as soldiers.

Among the true and serious a disappointment set in which,

in a few instances, accompanied its victims to the grave. Among such was General Zerpitsky, commander of the Tenth Corps, who was wounded in the battle of Mukden, and was slowly dying. At La-ma-tien, where he had his headquarters, he received the news of the peace *pour parlers* with sorrow, for through great physical distress he had built up his corps in order to lead it to victory. At first he entirely distrusted the peace reports. "I have an hundred and fifty machine guns," said he, "and strong artillery. I have received many men from Russia. All the infantry companies are two hundred and fifty men strong, and all my men want the army to attack. Though it is now very bad in Russia, the army will advance here regardless of the revolution at home. It will fight for one, two, or three years, because the end must be victory. The army," said he, "does not participate in the peace desires of the government. Russia has never had a war so difficult as this, because she has but one line of strategy, while Japan has many. But in spite of all difficulties she will be victorious, because victory must be."

No events had taken place since the battle of Mukden of the magnitude of a battle, and the army had waited for the result of Rodjestvensky's arrival in the East. The greatest disaster—not excepting the embryo revolution—that had befallen the government or the army and one that demoralized the hopes of the most intelligent leaders, was the battle of the Sea of Japan.

CHAPTER XLIII

CAPTURE AND DESTRUCTION OF THE WHOLE RUSSIAN MOBILE NAVY

THE Russian army had watched with great anticipation the progress of the Baltic Fleet, which represented the Russian Empire's whole remaining mobile fleet, en route from the Baltic to the waters of the prostrate Eastern Empire for the purpose of retrieving the freedom of the sea. Starting on October 15, 1904, from Libau, where it was mobilized, it attacked in a panic on October 21st to 22d a British fishing fleet in the North Sea off Dogger Bank, creating a sorry complication with Great Britain.

It divided into two sections; Admiral Folkersahm took the Suez Canal route with the Second Squadron, and the First, under Admiral Rodjestvensky, proceeded around the Cape of Good Hope, and both then disappeared in the south seas. They rendezvoused off Madagascar and their arrival there was coincident with the fall of Port Arthur, and before they left they received the news of the defeat and demoralization of the Russian Grand Army at Mukden. But on March 17th Rodjestvensky, with the whole fleet, set sail from Nossi-Bé secretly, and again disappeared, and was lost to the world until he was sighted off Singapore, April 8th. Four days later the fleet arrived at Kamranh Bay on the east coast of Indo-China.

It was the middle of April before the army at its new position heard that the fleet had passed Saigon and was at Kamranh Bay awaiting the arrival of a third squadron from

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the Baltic under Admiral Nebogatoff. It was a month before Nebogatoff arrived, and the whole fleet left (May 14th) for the north. When Rodjestvensky came abreast and to the east of Formosa, Japanese territory, he dropped the coaling and provision vessels accompanying him, and headed for the Korean Straits (Tsushima), where he met the Japanese naval scouts on Saturday, May 27th. Admiral Togo had himself for months successfully hid his fleet so that the world had no knowledge at the time of its whereabouts. At 1:45 P.M. these two hostile fleets faced each other in line of battle and opened fire.

Togo had been under cover of the Islands at Tsushima, and with his four battleships and eight armored cruisers in one column bore down upon Rodjestvensky's two columns from the northwest. Concentrating his fire upon the leading Russian vessels he quickly disabled them. Several Russian vessels took fire, and Rodjestvensky, seeing his fleet being driven eastward, changed his course to pass the Japanese rear. Togo turned about and recrossed the Russian front. The issue of the battle was decided after these simple tactical maneuvers under heavy fire by the end of an hour. At 4:40 P.M. the surviving Russian vessels disappeared for a time in the south in smoke and fog. At 5:10 many Russian vessels had been sunk, and the whole fleet was in disorder. The seas were high during the afternoon, but quieted toward nightfall so that the Japanese torpedo fleet was able to participate in the attack and continue the battle throughout the night. The Russian vessels that survived this Saturday night were further pursued on Sunday, the twenty-eighth, and the Russian and Eastern Empire fleets had practically disappeared from the world.

This battle, which crushed the remaining hopes of the army leaders, and hurried on the army and the nation to revolution, is thus described by Rodjestvensky himself:

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" Our thirty-six vessels came on in line of two columns. There were three detachments, each composed of four ironclads. Four cruisers followed, and then came five small cruisers, nine torpedo-boats, and six transports.

" Our twelve battleships were attacked by twelve Japanese ironclads. During the first half hour our men fired pretty well. As a matter of fact they had somewhat more experience and training than people were pleased to admit. It was during this first phase of the battle that we inflicted all their losses upon the Japanese. But our men were suddenly demoralized by the terrible effects of the Japanese fire, and then all was lost.

" If these same Russian crews had had to deal with Japanese crews of equal value at the beginning of the war the result would doubtless have been very different. Admiral Togo's men, all veterans and accustomed to the thunder of battle, remained unaffected, continuing their fire with composure and riddling with mathematical precision the first ship of each of our four columns. In two hours the Japanese victory was complete. One after the other all our ships had been disabled.

" An idea of what our fleet was like may be gathered from the dreadful condition of the *Orel*, which was finally captured by the Japanese. But the *Orel* was the last of its column, and thus suffered little in comparison with the others. The Japanese victory was entirely won by their guns and the effects of the firing were entirely different from what had been expected. None of our ironclads were pierced by the shells, but the repeated shock of the projectiles bursting against them disjoined their steel plates. The rivets sprung and the water, rushing in by the holes thus opened, shifted the center of gravity of the vessels, causing them to upset and sink. One of the greatest dangers to battleships was shown to be the sheet of fire in which they are enveloped in

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consequence of the explosion of shells, the paint with which everything is covered becoming then extremely dangerous. Neither did our torpedo boats nor the torpedo boats of the Japanese play a primary part in the battle. But besides losing the aid of these, our small guns of thirty-seven to fifty millimeters were completely useless. It was with the powerful guns of our batteries that we inflicted their casualties upon the Japanese, and it was with their large caliber guns that they destroyed our fleet.

“I had at first intended to proceed direct to the Far East, but was obliged to put in at several ports for different reasons, but principally owing to the difficulties occasioned by the colliers. The material obstacles which had to be overcome were great, and it was therefore impossible to reach the Far East in time to fight the Japanese, when many of their ironclads were undergoing repairs, which was the time, according to our critics, when we should have given battle. I never thought of avoiding battle, for it was precisely for the purpose of giving battle that we had come. I knew on arriving at the Straits of Tsushima (Korean Straits) perfectly well that we were about to meet the whole Japanese fleet. But I had not foreseen such a disaster, and had hoped that after an indecisive battle, in which both sides would have suffered greatly, the Russian ships could reach Vladivostok. But in two hours the Japanese victory was complete. Unable to maneuver and with many of their guns dismounted, the ships were powerless and covered with dead, and by 3 P.M. of the 27th our fleet had ceased to exist.”*

The second officer in command of the first-class battleship *Orel* captured by the Japanese said that no less than one hundred and forty of the hopelessly wounded were thrown overboard into the sea; that about three hundred men of the nine hundred on board had either been killed or wounded.

* Interview given Ludovic Neaudeau during Rodjestvensky's detention in Japan.

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The wounded could receive no aid, and lay on the decks before their fighting comrades. The commanding officer succumbed to his wounds, and was buried at sea before the vessel arrived at Maizura, in Japan. A Japanese thus described its condition:

“ Her long voyage from the Baltic gave her a very dirty appearance, and in addition the ship bears terrible marks of the battle. On both sides of the hull are the impressions made by shot striking above the water-line, and the black paint has gone here and there, giving the ship a very battered appearance. She is not drawing much water, and the thick seaweeds on the hull can be seen below the water. Her fore funnel is broken at the middle, masts and yards are damaged, and torpedo nets torn to pieces. The engines are little damaged, but the steering gear is unserviceable.

“ The cabins of the officers had been used for storing coal. In the chart room on the first bridge, charts, signal-books and other articles are strewn all about. The portrait of the Czar, in a gilt frame, has fallen down and been trampled upon. Guns are demolished forward, and torpedo tubes battered. Only three boats remain intact, and the lenses of all the searchlights are broken. A foul smell floats up from the engine rooms, where the remains of the killed were burned in the boiler fires before the surrender. The charred remains were piled up in the engine rooms, where could be seen skulls and other human bones.”

Of the thirty-six Russian war vessels that went into action, twenty-two were sunk, six captured, six were afterward interned in neutral ports, to which they escaped, and only two reached the vicinity of Vladivostok, and one of these—the *Izumrud*—was run ashore eighty versts north of Vladivostok, and destroyed under the impression that she was about to fall into the hands of the enemy, though there was apparently no ground for that fear.

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Admiral Rodjestvensky was wounded and captured. Admiral Folkersahm was killed, and Admiral Nebogattoff, who succeeded to the command, surrendered his ship, himself, and survivors of the fleet, numbering six thousand men. Two battleships and two coast defense ships fell to the Japanese. Two battleships, seven cruisers and one coast defense ship were sunk by them, and one cruiser destroyed herself. Togo had one ship damaged, lost three torpedo boats, and had one hundred and sixteen officers and men killed and five hundred and thirty-eight wounded.

The battle began when the fleets were more than five miles apart, and the fire of the batteries reached its height in about half an hour. At three o'clock a part of Togo's fleet appeared at and pressed the Russian rear. The great damage to the Russian vessels began to appear about five o'clock in the afternoon.

According to eye-witnesses, the *Borodino*—companion to the battleship *Orel*—was among the first to sink. She became separated from the fleet, caught fire from the projectiles of a whole squadron of Japanese vessels concentrated against her and, after sustaining a torpedo boat attack, plunged downward at about 6:30 in the evening, and was seen no more. Half an hour later the dismembered fleet saw another of its warships follow her. This was the *Oslyabya*. The battleship *Alexander II.*, which escaped destruction during the afternoon, was detected by Japanese torpedo boats after nightfall. She was taken by surprise, but flashed her searchlights over the water, and discharged a broadside. The torpedo boats discharged their torpedoes, and in a few moments a great explosion occurred, and the battleship went down. The ironclad, *Admiral Oushakoff*, made a gallant stand. She refused to surrender, and two Japanese cruisers reluctantly sunk her.

The *Dmitri Donskoi* was sunk late on Sunday morning,

and a prisoner from her hulk said that at nine in the morning Admiral Rodjestvensky and over eighty of his staff were on board the *Bedovi* endeavoring to effect their escape. They started northward, but were soon captured. The Japanese found Admiral Rodjestvensky in a cabin of the boat after the ship's men had struck their flag. At 3 P.M. the Russian flagship *Nicolai I.* was signaling the Japanese fleet from near the southeast of Er-lung Island (Matsu Shima), where Nebogatoff surrendered all that remained of the Baltic Fleet. Admiral Enquist had escaped with two vessels to the south, and ultimately arriving at Manila, the ships were interned there to await peace. It was Monday morning before the last of the fighting ships sunk. The commander of the only remaining vessel removed his crew, consisting of about six hundred men, ashore on Er-lung Island; he was himself badly wounded, but caused his ship to be blown up.

The surrender was perhaps the deadliest blow Imperial Russian dignity had ever sustained, and may be called the greatest military disgrace the Russian throne ever experienced, for the deck of a ship is a nation's soil the world over, and the title to the seas was virtually surrendered by Nebogatoff. But aboard the flagship *Nicolai I.* there seemed nothing else to do. Admiral Nebogatoff there surrendered his whole Third Squadron of five ships, the *Nicolai I.*, *Orel*, *Admiral Senia-vin*, *Admiral Apraxine*, and the *Izumrud*, which, however, being a swift cruiser, got away to destroy herself afterward on the rocks beyond Vladivostok. Nebogatoff was separated from the main body that was formed of the First and Second squadrons, and when attacked by the main Japanese force made a tremendous resistance for a time and until he found himself unequal to the encounter. As this appeared a sufficient reason for surrender, he hauled down the flags and raised the Japanese colors at the signal yards. At this the Japanese flagship signaled, asking whether the Russians

wished to surrender, to which the Russians replied affirmatively. Togo sent an officer to take possession of the fleet, who met Nebogatoff proceeding to Togo's flagship. The Japanese officer returned, accompanying the defeated commander to the battleship *Mikasa*, where the details of the surrender were arranged. The Japanese colors were raised at each ship's topmast, with the Russian colors just beneath, and the ships under command of Japanese officers were navigated by the Russian crews into Japanese harbors.

Like the reduction of Port Arthur, the annihilation of the Russian fleet in the Korean Straits has no equivalent in military history. The nearest parallel to the battle of the Sea of Japan—so named by Togo—is the destruction of the Spanish Armada or the battle of Trafalgar. By it Russia for the time ceased to exist as a naval power—the Eastern Empire had carried her mobile navy to the bottom of the sea or into prison harbors. There was not enough naval force left in the Eastern Empire and in Russia to even resist a fourth-rate navy.

The effect of this fresh disaster upon the Grand Army has been referred to, but its effect can best be understood force left in the Eastern Empire and in Russia to even depress the army. The overthrow of the throne itself could have created hardly more than a nine days' astonishment.

It has been pointed out with striking effect that the date which marked the exit of Russian naval power from the theater of this military arbitration of the destiny of the Eastern Empire was the anniversary of some gloomy events. The twenty-seventh of May was the anniversary of the coronation of the Czar, which was saddened by a frightful accident at the Kremlin in Moscow. It was the anniversary of the occupation of the Kin-chou Peninsula, when the naval and political capital of the Eastern Empire was cut off and doomed. The battle of the Sea of Japan was fought upon

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the scene of the Vladivostok squadron's attack upon three unarmed Japanese transports, the *Sado*, *Hitachi* and *Idzumi*, on the fourteenth of June previous, an act which in its details was so cowardly and horrible that the Russian admiral in command went below decks sick from looking at the shooting of helpless Japanese recruits struggling in the water after one of their ships was sunk.

In the concrete the story of the Vladivostok Squadron possesses, if not the flame of great adventure, at least the spirit of the embattled sea. The Russian sailorman was no coward. Kamamura invited the squadron to come out. It came, it sailed the seas until caught, when it gave battle, and sought escape from superior seamen and superior warriors.

In the first place Admiral Skrydloff, its initial war commander, made a proper estimate of the Japanese navy and army, in which respect, although he patriotically prophesied Russian success, he was unlike the fire-eaters of the land military, who professed to despise their antagonist. The squadron began operations the day following the publication of Japan's declaration of war; it twice bombarded Gensan, once Hakodate, sunk three Japanese troop-ships, and disabled a fourth transport; it took a contraband merchantman; it eluded Kamamura near the narrows of Ton-shima; it passed the Tsugara Straits into the Pacific, where it sank a contraband bearing merchantman. After the squadron was nearly annihilated, its torpedo boats burnt a Japanese vessel off Hokaido, and if it appeared to be in an undignified hurry to get under the shield of white paint when peace was nigh, it bore the honorable scars of battle, and though once mortally pressed, it had never surrendered. Its activities and inactivities are examined in detail by the severest Russian critics, and their impeachments with which one hesitates to becloud a book are expressed with depressing sincerity in what follows.

It did not seem possible that an event could take place

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without disclosing some Russian scandal, and a battle by sea never failed to call attention to the incompetence of everything pertaining to the remnants of the navy. The conduct of the Vladivostok squadron was shown to be a burlesque of naval operations. It appeared that Linievitch demanded that the squadron do something, which, for a time, was the incentive for their venturing occasionally outside of the harbor. The transport *Lena* was made to go out first upon each occasion, so that the armored vessels following might make sure that they were not themselves in the track of mines. The officers of the *Lena* got very tired of this, and one day put to sea, and when far out telegraphed that the vessel was unprotected and unable to return, and that it was necessary in order to escape to go to San Francisco, where the vessel ultimately arrived.

The squadron itself proceeded to attack Japanese shipping, and brought in sailboats, mostly fishing schooners. One day the civilians of Vladivostok were invited to see a Japanese prize that had just been brought in. The bands were ordered to play, and the vessel was pointed out in the harbor as a man-of-war. It was not even a modern sail vessel, but a junk-built boat, the crew of which were paraded in the streets. One of the prisoners was a Korean cook. Some of the naval officers who appreciated the disgrace of the situation, said they were ashamed of their calling. A surgeon on one of the ships mocked the officer who brought in the prize, by telling him that at the very least he deserved a St. George's Cross. And he received one! The Admiral (Jessen), when he ventured out to sea, ran the *Bogatyr* on the rocks, where she remained for four months before she could be got off.

The event at sea that immediately followed the battle of the Sea of Japan was the occupation of the Island of Saghalen, about the middle of July. On July 24th the Japanese

landed at De Castries on the mainland of the Primorsk, occupied the government house there, and at the same time landed on the peninsula twenty-two versts distant. Saghalen was formally surrendered to the Japanese after a formal resistance with naval guns landed from the wreck of the dispatch boat *Novik*. The Japanese were thus merely establishing outposts in Russian territory brought within their control by Togo's victory, which is distinguished in addition to ending the naval warfare as adding Russian territory to the Japanese gains.

The extent of Russian disgrace in the navy is perhaps best indicated by the evidence brought out at the trial of Admiral Rodjestvensky. It was said that the indictment against Admiral Rodjestvensky after the close of the war was a crushing arraignment of the demoralization and cowardice of the Russian officers. The sailors of the *Bedovi*, to which Rodjestvensky was transferred after he had been badly wounded in the battle, testified that Rodjestvensky's party boarded the gunboat with the full intention of surrendering to the first Japanese vessel they encountered, and that their first act on board the *Bedovi* was to hoist a white flag.

CHAPTER XLIV

RECRIMINATION

HUMAN nature in the army seemed to have gathered strength by the endless series of defeats, for the long silence which the Russians had kept in deference to the will of the Emperor was broken at last by the disaster at Mukden. That was too great a burden for human soldiers to bear without speaking out.

The story of the battle written by officers was permitted to be published in part in the newspapers of the Eastern Empire, and at once men began speaking their minds. A writer in the Harbin *Viestnik* clearly exposed the desperate situation in which the loyal Russians in the army were placed. "I would rather fight in Manchuria," said he, "than in St. Petersburg, for the Japanese at least respect the uniform, while in St. Petersburg our own people throw mud on our uniforms and spit in our faces." Officers were at the time arriving at Kung-chu-ling from Russia, who had been stoned and hooted in their native streets when they put on their uniforms.

The effect upon the people in Russia of defeat of all the nation's military and the collapse of the Eastern Empire was anticipated in the army. Some of the nobles sought means of deserting the army and seeking safety abroad. Count —— said there was no mistaking the tendency in the nation's affairs nor the outcome. The reform ministers could not succeed—Mirsky would fail wretchedly, and the prospect of any of his immediate successors succeeding was hopeless. It would not be as bad, he said, as had been the revolution

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in France. As for himself, however, he did not want his head taken off.

He was anxious to know if the country could stop with honor a war which ought never to have been begun, and although this seemed in the matter of honor the only course, he thought it could not be stopped, and at the same time was certain, as were so many others, that the war would sap all of Russia's strength and leave her, as he expressed it, "a prey to the European dogs." One, at least, of the nobles succeeded in getting a leave of absence of three months, and took refuge in France. Through letters received from home the officers learned that their people in St. Petersburg were leaving for Finland, thinking it more safe there. Men could be seen everywhere about the railway and telegraph stations, where news was received, in groups, talking over the situation.

"Things are very bad in Russia." "The war on land is over," and, "Rodjestvensky has no chance," were remarks heard here and there.

"The army," said some, "is full of spies and Jews, who do not want to fight, and the war must last a long time."

When the news of the rout from Mukden became known in the north the feelings of the intelligent and responsible civilians of the Eastern Empire found expression in the strongest terms. The manager of one of the Imperial banks exclaimed, "I shall not remain a Russian any longer!" When the fate of Rodjestvensky's fleet became known, the people of the Eastern Empire took hope in the conclusion of war—else, said they, they must go to Australia or New Zealand, or America, or anywhere. One man employed in the railway administration said, "We must flee, I do not know where—to Timbuctoo, perhaps."

The Russian colonies in the Eastern Empire contained many refugees from the organized despotism of Russia proper, who had hopes that the government would be a bul-

wark against Asian hostility, and at the same time that they would be free to work out a better scheme of things than they had ever known. It is not too much to say that they were broken-hearted at now finding themselves the center of national distress, with a routed and demoralized army thrown back on them, and the new empire on which their hopes of happiness were founded taken away.

While the army had entertained for a long time a general contempt for the navy and had deeply distrusted the promises held out by the government and Rodjestvensky regarding the probable achievements of his fleet, yet a profound depression existed for days among the superiors, where the effect of the loss of the fleet upon the revolution at home and the disgrace of the state abroad was appreciated. The superior authorities took the position that nothing was known of the disaster, because Rodjestvensky was unable to make a report of what had happened, and, therefore, only the vaguest statements were allowed to go into the army newspaper for the information of the army in general. The outposts on the railway and other parts of the line could hear cheering in the Japanese lines when it was supposed that the accounts of Togo's great victory were being read to the Japanese soldiers. The Russian soldiers, by inquiring diligently of their own officers, discovered in time the meaning of this inspiration of the enemy.

On June 8th General Kaulbars and his chief of staff consented to talk about the disaster and the crisis, but they said that Rodjestvensky was a prisoner with his leg amputated and a wound in his head, and could not report the circumstances of the fight.

No one, therefore, yet knew how the accident to the fleet happened. "It was a great disaster," said the General, "but Russia's resources are not yet exhausted. The army is prepared, and all is ready, and although the position is tranquil

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the war is not over, and no one can tell when other important events may happen."

All loyal remarks such as these, though of proper military spirit, were to the army and the public empty and vague. The battle on the sea was a further revelation to Russians, who had looked upon their antagonist as weak and contemptible. Men who had expressed a savage desire for the extermination of the Japanese, when they received the fatal news, exclaimed: "Who would have thought the Japanese so strong?" While their own critics reminded them that this was no longer an affair with "monkeys," but with *men*.

The question "To whom is our allegiance due?" which was the spirit of the opening revolution, was working itself out in the army, for demoralization had received its final impetus. The laws by which the human drama of the Eastern Empire were governed had brought about bitterness, recrimination, contumely and mutiny, and the army to the threshold of revolution. Those who were inspired by Linievitch's attempt at reorganization united to extol the new commander and vilify the old. But after the battle of the Sea of Japan men began to choose from many leaders whom they should follow. Linievitch was himself on every hand regarded as a mistaken man—mistaken as to the ability of the army and as to his own power and influence over it. While it was admitted that the army was still amenable to patriotic influence, and perhaps willing, there was an immovable conviction that it had no chance of success, and that its commander-in-chief was deluded. The deficiencies of the highest authorities were named and pointed out, and there was not a name any place near the top that escaped. General Kaulbars, as one of the highest officers of the army, was abused because in the only battle in which he had played a conspicuous part—that at Mukden—he had remained solely on the defensive, and did not act; that after

he had lost his chance to disconcert Nogi's plans, he remained too long in the neighborhood of the Imperial Northern Tombs, as was shown, according to his critics, by the fact that the Japanese cut off many thousands of his troops.

To all appearances the magnanimity of the high authorities was a credit to the good qualities in the Russian character. General Kaulbars was attacked in many ways, and on one occasion he received an anonymous letter, complaining that partiality was shown by him to his staff officers, who, the letter asserted, were given decorations, while officers of the line were denied them. General Kaulbars replied at length through the newspapers to the effect that the greatest care was taken to discover real merit, and that a general was specially assigned to award decorations to those deserving them. At this time, in conjunction with other of the Czar's trusted lieutenants, General Kaulbars was actively employing means of combating the revolution, which was upon them, and which means were extended in a distinguished manner afterward at Odessa in the revolution at home.

Nearly as conspicuous as the head of the army himself, were the two cavalry leaders, Rennencamp and Mischenko. Rennencamp, who was one of the most loyal and determined of the Czar's chiefs, was repeatedly denounced as a thief. Some of his officers said that he speculated in army stores and took a profit from supplies for his own troops. He was accused of sacrificing companies, battalions, and even a regiment to add luster to his reputation and to get decorations. Mischenko, one of the most sincere, kindly, and loyal officers, while he escaped the charge of corruption, was accused of vacillation in the presence of the enemy, and of shirking the advance in the battle of the Sha-ho, where it was repeatedly said that he fell back, leaving the line exposed; and he was abused as a man rewarded and decorated beyond his merits.

Some of the leading Russian correspondents had long

before departed to Russia to denounce the war, and the echoes of their denunciations reverberated throughout the Eastern Empire. From Moscow came the anathemas of Dantchenko, who thundered so loudly that it was hardly necessary for the others, who were addressing themselves to the tasks of the revolution to waste additional denunciation. They revived names that had been almost lost sight of; Stark, Bezobrazoff, Uktomsky, Grippenbergh, Stackelberg, and even Alexeieff. Kouropatkin (who was to remain the central figure to the end), of all the figures that loomed great before the world, could not himself entirely escape in spite of his almost faultless personal conduct, both as a man and as a soldier. A captain, to whom Kouropatkin had been an idol all his life, said to the writer: "I have served under Kouropatkin many years. He was my superior in Trans-Caspia and elsewhere, and I have revered him for himself and because of Skobelev. But now my heart is sick with him. At Liao-yang Skobelev would have won, or he would have finished the army, for he would have accepted no alternative. My heart is sore with Kouropatkin."

The appreciation of those who had been officially and publicly condemned, though it was now the time for it, was a faint and minor strain in all this wailing of bitterness and acrimony. There was a faint appreciation of Stackelberg for his extrication of the army from the field of Wa-fang-tien and for his retreat from Liao-yang after the losses at Shou-shan, ending with a lament that he should have been so ill-starred as to have been caught in the vortex of the Sanchia-p'u muddle. Those commanders who creditably supported the rest of the army and escaped defeat, were abused as mediocre, if not incompetent. Generals like Zarubaieff, who, as a matter of fact, distinguished himself in all of the great retreats as the commander of the rear-guard, were lost sight of, because their achievements were an inevitable part

of the calamity. General Bilderling, whose corps had distinguished itself at Yen-t'ai in the repulse of Kuroki, and who was the constant reliance of Kouropatkin as the commander of the Third Army, because he was a conservative and cautious general, was discredited, if not abused. Several brigade generals had proved their bravery and their ability on numerous occasions, but they were lost sight of because in a beaten army of such magnitude their praises could not be heard amid the scandals of the great.

Besides showing the moral defects of Russian character in general as exhibited in Manchuria, this vituperation exposed to view the vast scale of demoralization that must have greatly amazed and influenced the Imperial Government. It received its final impetus from the government's submission to peace, the initial effects of which were as pernicious as a defeat in battle.

While the elder military leaders, remembering other wars, appreciated the element of time which had proved the essential in Russian military achievements in the past, and were outwardly disposed to await contentedly for better fortune, the younger leaders felt that the army had lost its opportunity, and with them were numbered the large revolutionary element which regarded the war as a crime. General Zerpitsky, possessing at that time sufficient strength only to make his way to the mess table and speak with his officers and to drink a little milk, without being able to eat anything, received the news of peace with disgust.

"Kouropatkin and Kaulbars," said he, "are poltroons. Victory they threw away at Mukden. Success was gained at many points on the position, and it was only necessary to take the offensive in order to gain complete victory. But instead of this they retired."

General Zerpitsky, the commander of the Tenth Corps, suffering from a contusion, and wounded in the leg, went to

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headquarters during that battle to see Kouropatkin and persuade him to send re-enforcements or to make a stronger general attack. He was now accused of having deserted his corps in the battle of Mukden in order to show Kouropatkin that he was wounded, though the wound, said his detractors, was trivial. While admitting that he was brave, they branded him as incompetent and as a seeker after applause.

What a sad, pitiful and yet heroic figure was Zerpitsky. A bachelor, devoted to his chosen career, twice wounded, losing three-fourths of his corps at Mukden and in the retreat, and the remnant, save one battalion, scattered throughout the army; falling ill of an old complaint—malaria—weak from the loss of blood from the wound in his leg; fainting while giving orders in his tent, yet believing that he would live to fight and beat the Japanese and refusing to be consoled; he, too, was set upon by detractors, most of whom had never felt a wound.

Despising what he regarded as the curs biting at his legs, he gathered his strength when he was dying to anathematize his superiors and the Czar, and to damn the bureaucracy.

“I will not speak of the causes of the war,” said he, “but of the criminal infirmities of the heads of the state and of the system that is responsible for its management. The Czar is an immature, cigarette-smoking college youth, whose qualifications for statecraft do not go beyond a game of tennis. The time which he should give to the Russian nation he fritters away in frivolous attentions on his wife. What a minister asks him to do, he does and forgets. If it is a decree against religious despotism which he signs, he never inquires what the ministers do with it afterward; and in other matters it is the same. The bureaucracy is incapable of a fixed policy and it must answer for the crimes which its course of vacillation and change has brought about. All our society is reeking with falsehood, but the systematic and constrained

Recrimination

lying of the government is beyond forgiveness and beyond belief.

Zerpitsky was giving up his life, and the future of the state looked dark to him. He saw that the nation had been betrayed and his execrations upon the guilty were discharged with the conviction and sincerity of a man who has given everything and has nothing to ask.



A Soldier of a Siberian Rifle Regiment

CHAPTER XLV

RECEPTION OF PEACE

THOSE soldiers who had only just arrived were indifferent to the discussion of peace that was going on, because they were regulars and glad to get out of Russia, but the veterans everywhere rejoiced at the news of the peace negotiations, "Because," said they, "now we will be getting ready to go home."

General Linievitch refused to allow peace to be talked about in the general staff, and got angry when it was mentioned, according to the staff officers, some of whom warned their intelligent countrymen not to take seriously any promises of peace before another battle. As this was the attitude of the commander-in-chief the subject was necessarily tabooed.

An anti-peace propaganda was carried on by the press. All peace news was carefully hid among other dispatches and discredited, for to the army the admission that the government was negotiating for peace only called dangerous attention to official and national infirmity and shame. The general staff, when it published in the *Army Viestnik* the government's acceptance of America's proposal regarding peace, said:

"The *Viestnik* of the Manchurian Army inserts below this information handed over by the telegraph agencies in the two versions that have been received. To the questions of the lower ranks, we can without hesitation say one thing: Negotiations regarding peace are meanwhile only a

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proposal, and consequently the position of our armies remains nothing different from a position of war. It may happen that when it goes ill with our enemy in battle he is aiming at some crafty plan, seeing that the proposal about peace has come to us. In view of this possible craft, let us be careful."

To the staff this craftiness also referred to America. When the desires of Japan for the whole of Saghalen Island and an indemnity were known, the Czar responding to an address approved a recommendation to continue the war "until the enemy was crushed." This extraordinary conduct inspired in the staff the boast that Russia was determined to go on with the war.

Japan was asserted to be the author of the peace proposals, and Roosevelt was charged with aspiring to play a rôle in the war such as Bismarck played in the settlement of the Russo-Turkish War—for selfish purposes and to the end of humiliating Russia and gaining over her. Some of the wise men, who regarded Roosevelt as a man whose sympathies were with Russia, took occasion to emphasize the true character of events, and later many Russians hailed the ovations given De Witte by the Americans as an expression of political and race sympathy and as an anti-Japanese manifestation. At the same time De Witte, whom many had held to be an unpunished renegade, was now welcomed by them as a deliverer. They forgot his imaginary crimes, while they never had known of the diplomatic fiasco of Cassini's career in the same precincts, or that De Witte was the only hero of the Eastern Empire. The commander-in-chief expressed his views regarding peace in a telegram to the Czar, signed by the leading generals, as follows:

"Immediately upon learning of the offer of President Roosevelt's good offices and your Majesty's consent to the opening of peace negotiations, I called a council of war of all the Generals at present at

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headquarters. I have the honour to inform your Majesty that all my comrades and myself, after fully discussing the arguments for peace and the respective positions of the opposing armies, unanimously and resolutely voted for the continuation of the war until such time as the Almighty shall crown the efforts of our brave troops with success.

“It is no time to talk of peace after the battles of Mukden and of Tsushima. Flushed with success, the enemy cannot fail to exact dishonouring terms which there is absolutely no reason we should grant, for we are not quite reduced to such straits yet. The disaster of Tsushima is undoubtedly regrettable, but it in no way affects our brave army, which is in fine condition now and burns with desire to revenge itself upon the enemy by a success which I have every reason to hope is now close at hand.

“We occupy an admirably fortified position. The wet weather has hitherto prevented me from taking the offensive, but now that our losses at Mukden have not only been made good, but that we have been reinforced by a fresh army corps from Europe, I feel myself able to more than hold my own against the enemy. Indeed, I hope before the month is out to take the offensive and change completely the complexion of affairs.

“I beg to repeat, therefore, that your Majesty can have confidence in the force and strength of our troops. I again affirm that our position is in no way of such a critical nature as to necessitate the conclusion of peace on terms unfavorable for Russia.”

“Signed:—Linievitch, Commander-in-Chief; Kouropatkin, Kaulbars, and Batianoff, Commanders; Sakaroff, Chief-of-Staff; Rennen-camp, Zarubaieff, Bilderling, Samsonoff, Maniloff, Korf,” etc.

This performance was formulary. Old General Batianoff admitted about the middle of July that the appointment of De Witte as peace plenipotentiary clearly proved that peace was to be made. With the other fighters he lamented that the diplomats who had made the war were to end it. Kouropatkin's rôle was pathetic. He was the man above nearly all others whose real opinions were conservative and sane.

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Yet as late as September 4th, two days after the commander-in-chief had received the Czar's acceptance of the terms of peace, he found it necessary to declare that the war would go on.

Among a certain element of the army the manifest opposition to peace was such as only the impossibility of further hostilities could bring about. Some civilians, for example, who were thin, hungry, cadaverous weaklings, incapable of a single rainy night's exposure in a soldier's tent; or men preying upon the government and the people, native and foreign, more than any others, as is usual in such circumstances, were bent on fighting the war to a yet more bitter end, and appeared to be most anxious to spill plenty of the blood of others.

The following editorial in the Harbin *Viestnik* of June 3d is representative of the most conservative expressed official opinion:

"Strange days we live in. You remember that fatal peace which not long ago was precursor to the bursting of a flash of lightning from the thousand-summer Cairo pyramids.* On the second day the telegraph brings us no news whatever,—none of our own Russian news: only Tokyo and Washington make affirmations about the meeting of plenipotentiaries, about an armistice and even about peace. The Telegraph Agency even finds it in place, while silent about all else, to report the opinion of the Japanese paper *Jiji Shimpō*, that in the proposed negotiations 'Japan ought to insist on keeping the victor's right.'

"Has Russia, then, been finally vanquished? Our retreats do not mean Japanese victories; all the armies are intact and prepared for battle. The results of the Tsushima sea-fight are serious for us, but yet cannot be called decisive victory over Russia. Victory would come when all Russia arms herself from small to great and sets out an immense mass across the whole of Siberia, though even in the old

* The Great Pyramids near Cairo in Egypt were struck by lightning in the summer of 1905.—THE AUTHOR.

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marching order. Let this mass occupy a breadth of thirty to fifty versts. Let it go with trains of forage and shells; let it go for a year—leaving behind it pastures and families—but it, Russia, will gain the victory over the enemy and will stand with mightier foot on the coasts of the Pacific Ocean, a part of which we Russians first opened and conquered!

“Then and only then will victory arrive in the Far East.”

The lack of statesmanship in Russia shown by the extraordinary nature of the events there during the past five years not only compromised the Emperor's sincerity on state matters in the outside world, but confused the Russians themselves. In the army were men who believed the appointment of a plenipotentiary to be a sly diplomatic trick, though the fact that negotiations were being carried on tended to modify the violence of their bellicose rodomontade. One of the remarkable opinions of the most intelligent was that De Witte was at the head of a new party that by diplomacy was going to conduct to a successful issue a war that could not be so concluded by arms. The writer presents these views with the same seriousness with which they were entertained by their owners, and as an example of the ignorance with which the greatest affairs are comprehended by superiors themselves.

Peace with honor was, however, the real sentiment in the Eastern Empire as well as in Russia, and soon succeeded all these bellicose outbursts and became the slogan of even these battered hostiles. Having decided this they were disposed to place the most generous interpretation upon honor, and to regard the national aspiration for peace with honor as satisfied when concession of Russian territory, surrender of an additional eighty or more miles of railway, surrender of deeds of franchises, loss of prestige, freedom of the Sea of Japan, etc., were called by other names. In fact it was

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one of the powerful evidences of moral degeneration and cowardice as well as a prophecy of the demoralization and revolution that shortly overtook them.

General Linievitch received the Czar's message announcing his acceptance of peace terms, and the cessation of war on September 2d, and made it known throughout the army on September 6th. The restrictions regarding the discussion of peace that had been in force for two months were annulled. During that time only unimportant reconnoissances by small parties of scouts had characterized the military operations, and De Witte's message to the Czar in accepting the post of peace plenipotentiary had convinced the subordinate officers that the war was at an end, and in many instances they resented hostilities imposed upon them by their superiors at a time when it was the avowed intention of the government to make peace. This feeling was aggravated by the disaster to a regiment under a colonel of the general staff, who undertook to test the strength of the Japanese first position in the center at Nan-ch'eng-tzü. The reconnoissance was severely criticised, it was a failure in every respect, though it could not further convince the participants of the uselessness of attacking Japanese in their defenses.

On the main position in Central Manchuria the last important military operation was Mischenko's retaking of Liao-yang-wo-p'eng. The Japanese restrained from retaliating, but the Russians observed that the Japanese met their demonstrations by promptly concentrating double the number of troops which they themselves advanced in their demonstrations, although they refrained from hostilities.

On August 1st the Japanese reconnoitered the entire line in front of the Second Army and the right flank of the First Army. The Russians responded to this demonstration, and retaliation resulting in small captures continued. About one hundred and eighty Russian soldiers were wounded and

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killed as a result of these movements. As many as eight Japanese were captured together in the center at Sha-ho-tzu. The Japanese at this time appeared at one place before the Third Corps in small force, which was watched by the Russians. The Japanese then doubled their force, which gave them two units, *i.e.*, two squadrons, or companies to the Russian one. Ivanoff immediately re-enforced, when the Japanese promptly assembled double his force opposite him. Ivanoff increased his force, and the Japanese again doubled, merely as a checkmating operation, until on the thirteenth they had a couple of regiments at the point in question. They refrained from firing on the Russians on the day negotiations began at Portsmouth, and on the second day, but finding themselves fired on, afterwards resumed firing in the usual way.

In August General Linievitch confessed to Prince Leopold that the country was drifting toward peace, that is, peace with Japan. "I feel that we drifting toward peace, and it is too bad, because the army is now stronger than it has ever been," said he. And on a similar occasion he observed: "The Japanese have not yet felt the real strength of Russia."

There is no reason to doubt the sincerity of Linievitch's regrets nor the apparent studied antagonism of Kouropatkin to the course of events. There was a new contingent interested in an initial set-to with the enemy to try their surplus strength. They were more than one hundred thousand strong, and contained the best examples of Russian soldiery. The character of these re-enforcements and the works and mere size of the army were such as to justify confidence.

While it was admitted that the Japanese were at the time and in the same manner augmenting their forces, their confidence was backed up by discrediting the nature of the Japanese re-enforcements. "Look at the quality of the Japanese."

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said they, "old reserves, inferior soldiers; the cream of their army is gone."

Kouropatkin's well-intentioned, though dubious, hostility did him credit as a soldier, contending against the inevitable in a soldier's way. Kouropatkin's conduct all along to the end was interesting as showing that he knew how to be subordinate. In his desire to be correct he continued his warlike attitude until demobilization actually set in. His position was that of one who had nothing more to lose, but to whom both victory and defeat offered gain. Now that the army was much larger than it had ever been, and now that he still held an important command, a large share of any victory would have belonged to him. A signal defeat would have restored his relative position in the Russian military system, while a greater defeat than the army had ever known might have restored him to the confidence of the Emperor.

On September 5th, when the final peace protocol was signed at Portsmouth, General Kouropatkin reviewed the Fourth Siberian Corps, commanded by General Zarubaieff. It occupied the center of the First Army, and was one of the most important corps in the Grand Army, and had a distinguished record. It had begun to arrive in Manchuria in May, 1903, nearly nine months before the outbreak of war. It had participated in all the battles up the railway, and its personnel had been so altered by the casualties which it suffered that by the time of the battle of the Sha-ho it was virtually a new unit. Here its losses were considerable. In one day fifteen hundred men were lost. From the beginning of the war to the end, some of the regiments having normally fifty officers lost from one hundred and fifty to two hundred officers, the officers changing rank and command three and four times during the progress of the war.

The review took place in the valley opposite Ho-er-shu. The corps was about twenty-five thousand strong, for many

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new men had arrived, and the now heavy ranks made a fine military array. The First Army staff and the Red Cross, the ecclesiastical and other spectators themselves numbered nearly as many as a regiment. It was perhaps the last review before demobilization, but there was no speech made by either Kouropatkin or the corps commander, and the men were left to place whatever interpretation they might upon the event. Although peace was decided and about to be finally signed, not a word was spoken to the soldiers, for this news was to be slowly broken to them through the army newspaper. Kouropatkin continued to declare his confidence in the continuation of the war, and on September 6th his staff gave out that there was nothing new regarding peace.

During August 27th, 28th and 29th, two Japanese officers and one hundred and forty-five rank and file were captured in front of the First Army near Tao-lu. A captain and two orderlies were the last Russians to lose their lives in the war, and this within three days of the armistice. About September 1st in the vicinity of Ox-shong-dong in northern Korea, two companies and two squadrons of Japanese were mentioned as having advanced to make a reconnoissance, and their operations checked. This was the last report of hostility on the position, and is interesting as calling attention to the army of the Tu-men, in which the inevitable scandal was developed. Captain Scoropatsky, of the general staff, was sent from Ko-chia-tien to make a report of the condition of that army, and found that it had made an attack upon the Japanese army during peace negotiations; had been disgracefully beaten, losing a large number of men—reported in one telegram at nearly two thousand. In a panic the army burned its forage so that it was without necessary supplies. There was in consequence of the army's conduct no formal armistice there or understanding arrived at with the Japanese army of North Korea before the ratification of peace. A

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new commander was appointed from the main position in the interior shortly before the peace. As he passed through Vladivostok he was very reluctant to take up his post. No scandal was lacking in any part of the official and military organism to precipitate the scathing recriminations among, and vituperation against, authority.

The last days commenced in horse racing, gambling, dissipation, scandal, and ended in recrimination and bloodshed. When at last the news of peace was made known to the army the commanders bowed to the inevitable as gracefully as a heavy sense of military decorum appeared to permit. The military hegemony was completely discredited in the state by the conclusion of peace at this time, though it could not claim any further indulgence from the Czar in order to make good its former vast pretentions. The comments of leaders of the army were more a murmured complaint against fate than against the nation. Kouropatkin said: "It was nine years between Poltava and Narva. It was also nine years from Austerlitz until the Russian army marched into Paris. In Russia now our people are excited and rebellious, and we are sacrificing success, which time would bring to us here, to the demands of the excited at home."

CHAPTER XLVI

PEACE AND ARMISTICE

AT last peace came. "It is a known point on an unknown road," said the officers. At the stations on the Manchurian Railway the trains were besieged for newspapers, and everywhere in the army the army newspaper was devoured by the soldiers. At Ko-chia-tien the officers who were in possession of the news days in advance of its appearance in the *Viestnik*, held aloof from the common soldiers, who gathered in crowds to hear the dispatches read by some comrade. The officers spent the interval bargaining for Japanese trophies, the prices of which were advancing by leaps and bounds. A Japanese carbine during a state of normal hostility was worth one hundred roubles, but when the peace commissioners inconsiderately advertised their operations the price advanced to one hundred and fifty, and on September 1st they were worth two hundred roubles, while Japanese two-handed swords were priceless. An officer who desired to present one of these as a trophy to General Kausbek, commandant of Vladivostok, was unable to get one at any price. Even a regulation Japanese cavalryman's sword was so rare as to be out of the market, and one could with difficulty get a Japanese infantryman's rifle.

Many officers had no trophy to carry home as a memento of their sad experiences. On the other hand, the Japanese had captured enough munitions to give every soldier and camp-follower a military trophy representing the achievements of Japanese arms. There was a Russian siege-gun for every general; a field-gun for every colonel, and a rifle

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for every soldier on the main position. There were enough Russian prisoners in Japan to provide every four Japanese privates in every tent in the whole army with one Muscovite guest to sing the melancholy songs of his oppressed race, and tell the wonderful story of a Russian's love for his country and his Emperor.

September 1st, when the fact that an agreement between the peace plenipotentiaries had been reached was known, there came the calmest night for a year throughout the army, and at the headquarters. The news of the agreement by the plenipotentiaries on the points of dispute having caused a furore in Japan, General Linievitch received a warning from St. Petersburg to observe caution. Two days after the agreement at Portsmouth there was a decided change at the headquarters' staff at Ko-chia-tien, but by the time peace was signed, on September 5th, the army was in possession of the final news, and was quietly rejoicing over the fact that the war was over. A band was playing in the evening on the terrace above the station, where the hospitals were, and could be faintly heard around the wide camp-fire-lighted rim of the basin in which the little station was hid.

Heavy rains had fallen in Manchuria as the terms of peace were being concluded, and the army communications, reaching back two hundred miles in the rear, were deserted. The roadways were dotted with carts and wagons half buried in the mud and abandoned. In some places the bridges were lost or under water, while vast tracks of country were flooded. It was evident, therefore, that it would require some time to communicate the news of the cessation of hostilities to those parts of the army lying beyond the telegraph. An armistice had to be arranged, and it was apparent that it would require some time to establish complete neutrality throughout the immense line from Mongolia to the Japan Sea.

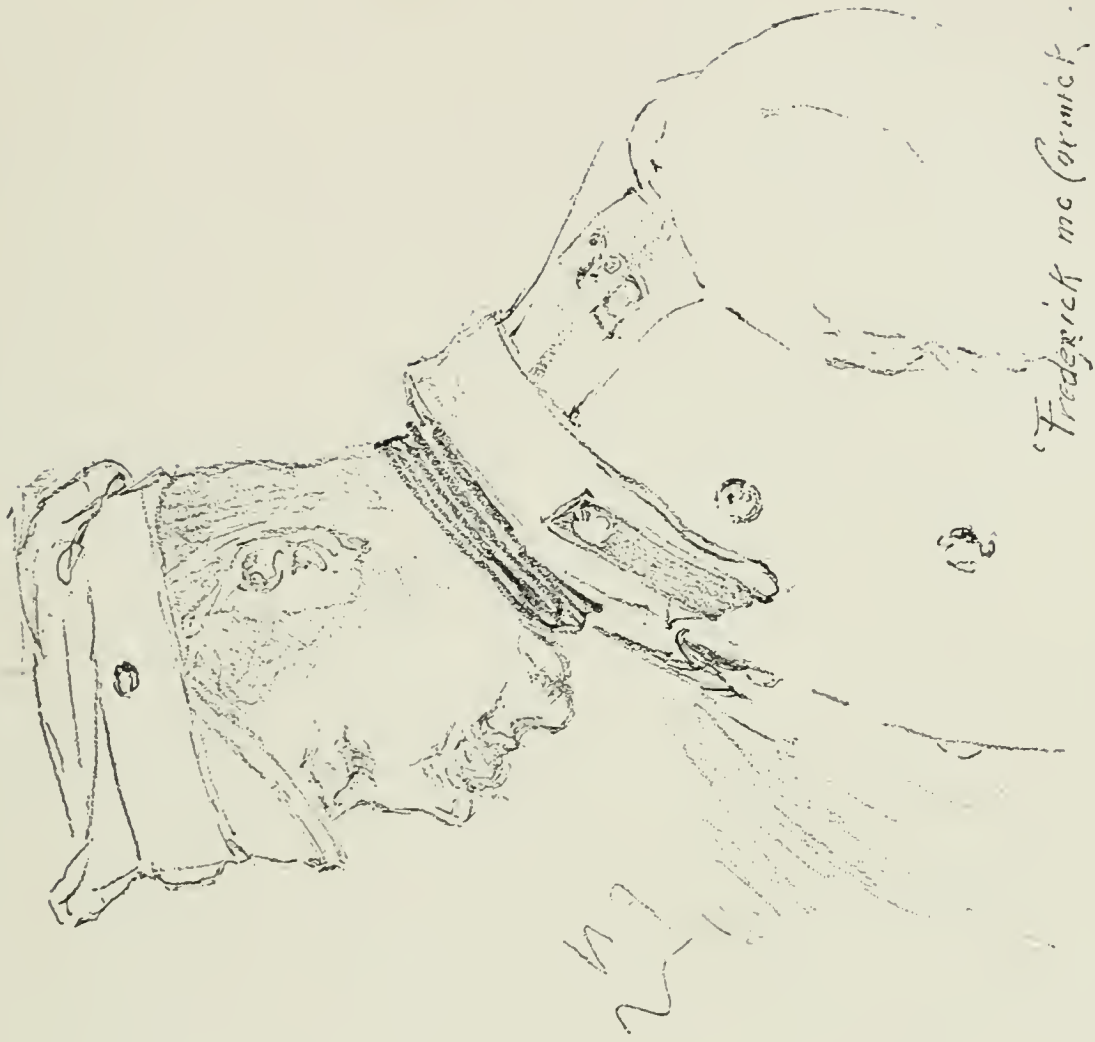
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On September 2d I rode down the railway to headquarters to see what the effect of peace would be. At ten o'clock in the morning at Kung-chu-ling some of the soldiers had only just heard of the agreement of the peace plenipotentiaries and were cheering. The commander-in-chief's restrictions upon the discussion of peace and the use of the word in dispatches and by the army, had been removed the evening before. The first empty trains began to arrive, and it was evident that the influx of troops and munitions was stopped and that all transportation was now in the direction of home. The Decauville lines on the east of the railway were hauling back stores and munitions. Both men and officers were celebrating peace.

Ko-chia-tien was unusually quiet. The last of the cattle shod for the long march from Mongolia went by, their shoes clicking on the hard hillsides. Prince Leopold, who had been the guest of the army since May, had gone in his special train to Si-p'ing-kai to visit the position. Some officers whom I met there seemed to be of the opinion that his presence in the Russian army was a kind of German joke. They had been able to make out in passing that he had among his suite his physician, who was the principal member of the party, and that by day he carried on pillow fights. There was a good deal of revelry by night, they said, but they could not tell what he did in the intervals—if he had intervals—although they had discovered that he dispatched his own secret messengers from time to time to Berlin.

The Russians were very sensitive respecting the opinions and purposes of the Germans, and the presence of a German prince at headquarters when a dishonorable peace was forced upon them was unpalatable. Leopold, in fact, was preparing his departure, and soon left for Germany.

On September 9th, at one o'clock in the afternoon, a Japanese commissioner, bearing a great white flag and



Frederick mc Cormick.

Корнетъ Копыловъ

Types of young Russian officers

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escorted by fifty cavalrymen, advanced to the Russian line below Si-p'ing-kai, and handed to the Russian officer who went to meet him a letter from Field Marshal Oyama to General Linievitch. The letter congratulated General Linievitch on the conclusion of peace, and asked him to appoint a Russian plenipotentiary to arrange an armistice. The arrival of this letter at Ko-chia-tien created a flutter of excitement. It showed the reality of peace more even than had the Czar's message, and it awakened a new interest in the Japanese, whose great officers the staff were now in reality to greet. The prospect of this meeting caused an animated rivalry among the headquarters attachés for places upon the staff of the officer who was to be General Linievitch's envoy. Marshal Oyama had appointed as his envoy and plenipotentiary General Fukushima. This officer had great fame in the Russian army. General Linievitch appointed his own chief of staff, General Oranovsky, to meet Fukushima and dispatched his reply to Oyama's letter containing these provisions, on September 11th.

Oyama, as the victor, made the overtures and proposed the establishment of a neutral zone on land and sea. Linievitch in reply concurred in the proposal by appointing Wednesday, September 13th, for negotiation.

On the evening of the eleventh General Oranovsky and his suite left Ko-chia-tien for Hsiao-miao-tzü in order to be in readiness for meeting Fukushima near the Village of Sha-ho-tzu on the morning of the thirteenth. The plenipotentiaries met in the plain near Sha-ho-tzu, where the armies were only a rifle range distant, at ten o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth. Owing to the variation in time and the exact spot of meeting, according to the Russians, not being clearly understood, Oranovsky was the last to arrive. Fukushima, with Colonel Tanaka, Captain Tamata two professors of International Law, and a guard of fifty men, had already

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arrived under a flag of truce. The assembly was not less interesting because of the physiological contrast. A gigantic Russian who was present, in commenting on the event, said that Fukushima was accompanied by one great tomato and fifty little tomatoes!

The Japanese and Russian generals dismounted and exchanged a cordial greeting. The discussion of the conditions of the armistice began immediately, and both sides frequently retired fifty paces to argue the points raised.

The region centering at the spot where the meeting was being held was otherwise deserted. All the houses were destroyed and the grass was grown up rank. The proceedings continued hour after hour until the officers on both sides became very tired of standing. The Russians became very hungry, for they had brought no refreshments. As the day wore on the proceedings took on the character of an Indian pow-wow, both sides sitting in the grass.

The Russian officers observed that the Japanese were very plainly dressed in khaki, and they greatly admired their decorum and modesty, especially because soon after the plenipotentiaries met in the morning the Russian guard of fifty Cossacks initiated familiarities with the men of the Japanese guard and had to be reprimanded by General Oranovsky. Only a few minutes after the generals had exchanged greetings the Cossacks left their horses in charge of a few of their comrades and went over to the Japanese guard, whose decorum was faultless, and who were indisputably astonished at this breach of discipline on the part of the Cossacks; to say nothing of the undignified cordiality with which the Cossacks greeted them. The Russian officers said, when they discovered what the Cossacks had done, that the Cossacks were talking to the Japanese in Chinese, but that the most of all they could hear was "Tung-tih puh tung-tih?" (Do you understand?) General Oranovsky gave

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orders to recall them to their position, and they came reluctantly back, remaining afterward in their places. The Russian officers observed that the Japanese horsemen did not return the visit, but, like their officers, maintained a correct and dignified reserve.

After nine hours of negotiation the plenipotentiaries at seven o'clock in the evening of the thirteenth signed an armistice ordinance abolishing all hostile and inimical acts, and establishing a neutral zone four kilometers wide between the armies. The center of this zone was to intersect Sha-ho-tzu on the railway, and maps delineating the zone throughout the whole position were exchanged. Only civilians were to be allowed to pass between the armies, and military communications between the two armies were to be carried on by way of the Sha-ho-tzu road. The armistice between the Russian and Japanese armies on the Tumen River was to be arranged between themselves, and naval envoys were to meet at sea and arrange the neutrality before Vladivostok.

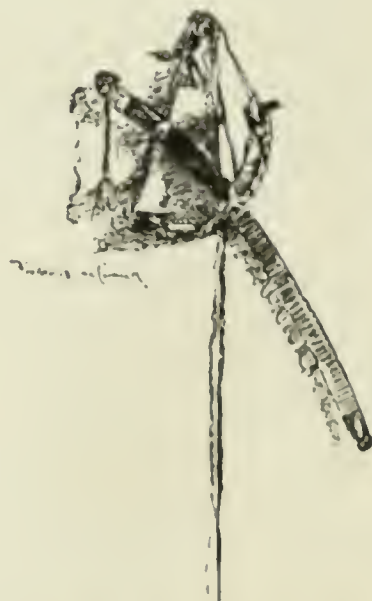
The army, which had maintained a state of preparation for battle during the negotiations, took no official notice of peace until the treaty was signed at Portsmouth, although after the first of September white flags were employed along the position, and an informal armistice observed by both armies.

When the telegram announcing the Emperor's acceptance of the peace conditions was printed in the *Army Viestnik* of September 6th, the army began its celebration, which continued for weeks and until it dissolved in revolution. At Ko-chia-tien officers of the general staff retired behind the hills out of view of the headquarters to feast and make merry. The Czar's proclamation of peace and the peace terms were read and the Cossacks gathered in front of the officers' tents and sang songs. With, in some cases, belated generosity the officers provided vodka and a few delicacies

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for the soldiers, who had their celebration in their bivouac around a rude board of their own.

As I was leaving headquarters for the last time I passed one of these bivouacs where the soldiers had just sat down to eat. Recognizing me as a correspondent whom they had known, some of their leaders called for a cheer, and they all gathered quickly about me and began tossing me into the air, each time crying "hurrah!" A little farther up the hill was a crowd of officers in their mess tent, who, when I arrived, began telling over to each other my exploits, real and imaginary, and who declared themselves much abused because I would not remain with them through the night. They were going to have some races at the headquarters of the First Army, and a round of pleasure and dissipation was in prospect. It was toward evening when I rode away with these last happy remembrances of my Russian comrades.



Cossack saber and cartridge pouch

CHAPTER XLVII

KOUROPATKIN AND LINIEVITCH

THE main charges against Kouropatkin as a general contain an enumeration of every important military event from the beginning of the war, and even include his conclusions upon the military value of the Japanese army as an instrument of war, made after his visit to the Japanese maneuvers in 1903. He is condemned—

For having left Sassulitch at the Yalu alone and unsupported in the face of a greatly superior enemy;

For having, as events showed, dispatched Stackelberg to his ruin at Wa-fang-tien (Teh-li-ssu);

For failure to gain any advantage by the dispersion of the Japanese army in the mountains during their arduous march from the sea and the Yalu to Liao-yang by any general or detached engagements, or menacing by cavalry operations;

For the loss of Ta-shih-ch'iao, which lost to the Eastern Empire the south coast;

For the defeat and loss of Liao-yang;

For the loss of the battle of the Sha-ho and the blunder of setting the army a task which it manifestly had given no promise of ability to perform;

For the disaster at San-chia-p'u as a blundering second attempt at advance;

For the misapprehension of Oyama's strategy throughout the whole war, the humble following of Oyama's lead, and the loss of the battle of Mukden;

As lacking genius for battle on a large or small scale;

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For lacking the ability to utilize the inherent warlike qualities of a great people and of a great instrument of war.

Most of these criticisms have been answered by Kouropatkin and his friends. His famous plan of war, approved in St. Petersburg by the government and the Emperor, was given out before the battle of the Yalu. The action of Sassulitch at the battle of the Yalu, not being in conformity with this plan, Sassulitch was relieved of his command after that disaster, and the condemnation of the general staff was that he had acted upon the conviction of the importance of initially defeating the Japanese and of setting a high standard of Russian warfare; and that he had entirely disregarded the commander-in-chief's instructions.

The Eastern Detachment, which became the Third Siberian Army Corps when it neared Liao-yang, never after was permitted by Kouropatkin to fight a decisive action. Similar condemnation of Stackelberg was made at the time of the defeat at Wa-fang-tien (Teh-li-ssu), and it was not until the army on the railway reached Ta-shih-ch'iao that it observed the extreme caution which Kouropatkin apparently desired, for on that occasion Zarubaieff observed the commander-in-chief's cautions to the letter. The refusal to take any advantage of the Japanese armies in a dispersion between the frontier line of defense and Liao-yang, was a great defect of the plan of war, seeing that the plan of war was in no instance justified.

Mere condemnation is simple, because Kouropatkin missed the whole reason for his being as a general. He failed of all that makes a great general—namely, success—and if criticism has been severe, even praise itself has been misapplied; notably the praise for the withdrawal from Liao-yang after the battle.

An army that has fought a defensive battle and falls back upon its communications, destroying bridges as it recedes,

thus leaving its enemy without highways, and having among its means of escape a great railway to accelerate its flight from an enemy no greater than itself, said enemy in addition to having fought the offensive and contended against fieldworks having no cavalry with which to pursue and harass, deserves no credit whatever as a military machine for having extricated itself. The Russian army at Liao-yang was signally defeated, but it was not routed, and was able to make use of all its means of retreat. The great task was that of the Japanese army, which struggled over terrible roads to reach the great fieldworks, which it was its aim to attack and reduce.

General Kouropatkin fought at Mukden the battle that is the great test of his generalship, which he had thought to fight at Liao-yang, and made for the inspection of posterity the bed in which his military reputation will forever lie. His conduct of that famous engagement is the fairest example of the military achievements by which his ability and generalship may be judged. And if he was the victim of untoward fate, a merciful Providence left his name associated with the gallant defense of Mukden.

The heir of the prestige of the great Skobelev, with whose name that of Kouropatkin will always be linked, closed at Mukden his military career. It was ominous of Kouropatkin's destiny that the moujiks in imagination saw the being of Skobelev mounted on his famous white charger traversing the position at Liao-yang, and that this shade disappeared there and was never afterward seen, and Kouropatkin went his own way alone. The passing of Kouropatkin as a military figure followed swiftly that passing of the spirit of his dead chief in the imagination of his soldiers, but he appeared in a more favorable light in this battle than in any other during the war.

As a criterion in his military career, Mukden is more

friendly than Liao-yang. He had by the time of that battle first named, left off all official boasting before the world, and he appeared to advantage as General Kouropatkin himself; encouraging his Emperor to believe in the probability of success, and not forgetting, on the other hand, to warn him that the army was in a dangerous situation. At Liao-yang not only Kouropatkin's, but the nation's, boast was defeated, and the two successive defeats, which completely wrecked the morale of the army, were almost in the nature of a disgrace to Russian generalship. The difficulties with which Kouropatkin then approached the inevitable conflict at Mukden were such as to deter the stoutest heart. He had twice failed to advance, and commanders like Mischenko had declared that the Japanese could not be driven back. Notwithstanding this, and notwithstanding his secret convictions, Kouropatkin bravely prepared for the contingency of an advance, and it has been said that an advance was to have been made on the eve of the Japanese attack. For weeks the army was aware of the potentialities of the situation, and the superiors were nervous and apprehensive of coming events. In this vital moment Kouropatkin saw the moral advantage which, especially to a beaten army, accompanies the initiative, slip through his grasp by Kuroki's and Kamamura's advance against his left. He was then on the defensive, awaiting Oyama's strategy.

In this situation he had before him the example of the Japanese never having fought but one important waiting battle, that of the Sha-ho, and then with their three armies flushed and redolent with victory.

Although to be ignorant of the enemy's strategy is an unpardonable military shortcoming, observations on the battlefield show Kouropatkin's daily intelligence of the situation up to the time of his withdrawal to the Hun River in so far as a commander might reasonably expect to know of

his enemy's plans, although the outcome showed that he was misled by the enemy's strategy, that his scouts did not discover Nogi's advance until more than twenty-four hours after he had passed the Russian right flank, and that he was a day behindhand in his counter-operations.

Notwithstanding the fact that he mistook the enemy's intention and marched the First Siberian Corps, which was his reserve force, away from the direction of the main attack and twice across the wide field of battle, to be finally for a second time in its late history nearly destroyed, the battle of Mukden took a normal course, and there was no disastrous surprise until during the great dust-storm of March 9th, the Japanese stumbled upon a weak spot in Linievitch's line at Chiu-chan opposite a lucky place in the river, where the ice was intact. The realization that his lieutenant, Gern-grosz, and the First Siberian Corps had fallen away exhausted from their attempt to break Nogi's advance along the west, together with this breaking of the line, constituted the defeat at Mukden.

The testimony of Kouropatkin upon the battlefield shows that he was unprepared to accept the arbitrament of further retreat, though the mind of a man who fights with an army that has been consecutively beaten for a whole year may be said with certainty to possess all of the elements of resignation. It is notorious that notwithstanding his mistrust of his subordinate commanders Kouropatkin seemed at all times sincerely hopeful.

After the defeat of the Sha-ho in October, some of his friends asserted that the proclamation issued in his name before the battle and profusely boasting of the advance of the Russian armies, was in fact the work of Alexeieff. This defense was certainly put forth because the military performance was disastrous, for the performance of issuing the proclamation was strictly Russian in character, and conformed to

official tradition and precedent, and may just as well be ascribed to Kouropatkin as to Alexeieff, who need not necessarily be made the scapegoat of military mistakes because of his responsibility for political calamities. It is in fact one of the criticisms made against Kouropatkin that he was deluded by a false hope toward the close of the contest, and might have saved the army from the decimation and disgrace accompanying the flight. As a matter of history Kouropatkin had divided the responsibility for the safety of his army with his generals after the retreat to the Hun, and was not morally responsible for its safety. But in sharing the responsibilities for defeat with his generals, as well as dividing the chances of possible glory, Kouropatkin endures criticism both for retreating too early and retreating too late. Kouropatkin has answered these charges for himself. When peace was made he said: "I am criticised for not having resoluteness; but had I possessed it as did Rodjestvensky our army would long ago have been finished at Liao-yang, as was the navy at Tsushima."

The situation of the Japanese army on March 6th and 7th was found after the battle to have been almost desperate. But however grave their situation, that of Kouropatkin was, in all absence of knowledge of his antagonist's condition of mind and of resources, yet more desperate. He was the defeated general of a defeated army, and he was in a situation whose possibilities of disaster as seen by the moral condition of his army a pessimistic commander could not have contemplated. Yet on the eighth he declared himself satisfied with the situation and encouraged his subordinates. Nogi had flanked daily for a week, and though it was not until the fifth that Nogi's operations became and appeared so deadly, the punctuality with which for three days he then flanked and re-flanked, was terrible. To an army that looked to the skies for signs and wonders, and to the earth

beneath for their working out it was like the vengeance of Almighty God—clear, immutable, and conclusive. No man can fully understand the terrible meaning of defeat until upon the field of battle, physically and mentally exhausted, he sees the cold and darkness of night come over him with his antagonist undismayed. It is hardly possible to have an exaggerated idea of the effect of Nogi's unbroken encroachment upon the army. The First Siberian Corps was destroyed and dispersed. The First Siberian Regiment, which belonged to it, save a little more than a hundred men, entirely disappeared between the Hsin-min-t'un Road and the railway at Siding No. 97, north of Mukden. Kouropatkin's reserves were therefore annihilated, and in the face of these and other evidences it must be admitted that he clung to the fight. He is charged with being over-cautious and indecisive, as well as doubtful. But the principal evidence from his actions is that he was a man generally animated by determination and by high hope. His entire army was strenuously at work throughout all the battle. He devoted some hours to visiting the battlefield and encouraging the troops. Strange as it may seem, he led a part of the battle in person, and appeared in the firing line in the supreme attempt to break Nogi at the Hsin-min-t'un Road, where fate denied him the glory due to his long and difficult personal efforts. He did more. He clung to the contest long after his failure here, after the line had been broken nine miles to the east; after all other hope had gone; hoping almost against hope that Nogi had reached the limit of his stride and must fall back. The army under Kouropatkin awaited a fair, square and conclusive defeat, to which Kouropatkin testified by word and act, which does credit to his greatness as a soldier.

Kouropatkin was the chief of a Russian army. As the head of the whole Russian military system he had been to Japan just previous to the war, and had witnessed the Japa-

nese military maneuvers, or as much of them as the Japanese chose to show him. Although Kouropatkin lamented the impetuosity of that element of the Emperor's government which, by brusqueing things, brought on the war, thus showing his own apprehension, it does not appear that his reports differed greatly in regard to the military qualifications of the Japanese from the reports of numerous other Russian military men, and certainly they did not appreciably modify the progress of events toward war, which affairs never seem to have been out of the control of the powers centered at Port Arthur. That with his countrymen and with the most of the world he mistook the Japanese is to be believed. It was not until the Japanese had conclusively proved their skill in the field of combat that many who had followed their maneuvers declared that the Japanese had deceived them by false pretense, and now felt themselves aggrieved. In this respect the whole war is an interesting comment on the value of expert official military reports which special agents render to their governments.

Kouropatkin has explained on his own behalf the incredible inefficiency of his subordinates, which seems to testify that he was forced to rely upon those who were ignorant. The main criticism of Kouropatkin falls upon the army, of whose defects he seems to have been well aware. A proof of this is his reliance on himself, which he had repeatedly justified. When his plans failed he understood that he was without resources. He had proved this by the disobedience of Sassulitch, and by the incompetency of Stackelberg. At least six months before the battle of Mukden his conviction that he could not rely upon his lieutenants was signally confirmed, and he must at the same time have abandoned the strong conviction attributed to him of faith in the sufficiency of the inborn worth of the Russian peasant in war, however ignorant he might be. The course of the war shows that his

first instinct, when his plans had failed, was to retreat. The terrain which he had himself selected to defend he himself understood. The fortifications which his own genius had devised, he believed in, together with the possible contingencies pertaining to them after the conflict became inaugurated. A great leader may win battles without any fortifications whatever, as did the Japanese general, but to blame Kouropatkin because he could not take his army out of its defenses and fling it in a masterful and successful way upon the enemy, is to criticise him because he did not absolutely rely upon an army which had for a year persistently failed him.

Kouropatkin was not at all times complete master of the post of commander-in-chief. The full commission for that post came to him piecemeal. Besides the army provided for him, there were men sent to him and men resident in Manchuria who divided his authority. Besides Alexeieff, who annoyed him, there were high officers imposed upon him by influences in St. Petersburg. While the claim to command was in the case of Sassulitch purely that of a soldier, Stackelberg, who lost the battle of Wa-fang-tien (Teh-li-ssu), and who was first a man of ambition, was a politician wielding a powerful court influence. Kouropatkin bore with men whose presence was a grievance. Among the men imposed upon him were Stackelberg, Sakaroff, and Grippenbergh. Stackelberg failed him; Sakaroff defaulted, and in the eyes of the army, disgraced himself; and it was not strange that he would not trust Grippenbergh, and went himself to the field to superintend the details of the battle of San-chia-p'u, and when he believed that he had discovered the mistake of that attempt upon the Japanese position he took the authority wholly into his own hands.

Every kind of supposition existed as to why the commander-in-chief had the men about him whom he had. His

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critics held that he was impressionable, and that it made him a bad judge of character, with the result that he was surrounded with and left dependent upon men who were not what he thought them to be.

The influence of the government at St. Petersburg can be clearly marked. Two grand dukes were a part of the luggage of the military caravan. Cyril, by his escapade on the *Petropavlovsk* received his decoration and went home; but it took a long time to get Boris under fire so that he might be decorated and sent home. It was not until Kuroki had crossed the Mo-t'ien-ling that this was accomplished. Stackelberg was in command at Wa-fang-tien, and at Shou-shan in the battle of Liao-yang nearly retrieved his reputation. In the battle of the Sha-ho he held a command second in importance only to that of Kouropatkin, which, together with the fact that this was the inauguration of the second stage of the war was the beginning of an entirely new plan of war, the direct interference of St. Petersburg is evident. The embarrassment of the government and especially of the throne, and the fact that the second attempt to advance took place immediately after Gripenberg's arrival, shows the direct interference of the government in ordering a second advance, the plans for which Gripenberg evidently brought in his pocket from St. Petersburg. At the time of these events Kouropatkin was apprehensive of such a disaster as would be more terrible in its consequences than a whipped and ignoble retreat. He was guarding the fate of his army.

From an official standpoint Kouropatkin's career virtually ended when the command passed to Linievitch, for when peace came, nothing awaited him but retirement, political oblivion, and the justification of history. The highest diplomats in the conspiracy of the Eastern Empire have denounced him as having been criminally incompetent. They say that he ought to have initially defeated the Japanese

on the coast; that he was not a general, and they have said that he ought to have been hung.

The first impression created by this anathema from the diplomats in whose brains alone the Eastern Empire in anything like completeness ever lived, is amazement, seeing that nothing they ever did as promoters of the scheme ever had any weight with Japanese diplomats, whom they despised, or with anybody else interested except those who expected to profit by it, and China, who was intimidated and plundered by it. It is but a weird idea of the fitness of things for Russian diplomats to quarrel with the generals of the army, who have not the most to lose by the introduction of the gallows into court. The commanders, Stoessel, Rodjestvensky, Nebo-gatoff and others, who have been successively condemned to death, would doubtless not have been averse to seeing the political conspirators on trial.

There is no occasion to apologize for Kouropatkin. He did not rise to the occasion and lead the army to victory, but he was conspicuously the biggest man of them all, and is remembered for his worth now when his detractors are beginning to be forgotten. Kouropatkin kept his interests one with those of the state. He was the first and the last man of the war. He did not go home like Grippenbergh because he had failed and because he believed himself better than the hundred and fifty generals that were in part the material by which the army had been continually, wholly and conclusively beaten. He was pre-eminently a soldier, and he endured to a bitter end a situation for which he was not to blame.

Kouropatkin was a small man, and the regulation army uniform which he wore as a usual thing appeared too large for him. His head was wide at the top so that his cap was large, and as his head and frame diminished from the top downward, his cap appeared to be the largest part of him.

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He had a direct look from his eyes and a kind and serious expression in his face. When approached he was curious, animated and nervous. When he stepped into Manchuria to direct the campaign and command the army, somebody referred to him as "the man with the gun." He became the embodiment then of that force which had ruthlessly crowded out the American, the Japanese and the Briton, who had been peacefully bartering for nearly half a century in Manchuria. The impulses and forces which had reduced Russians to a position of notorious contempt in the world by this scandal were now represented in one man. But it is worth noting at the outset that by whatever name those forces were called Kouropatkin never lost the respect and reverence due a great man, notwithstanding "not one gleam of success" came to him. He was the leading figure of the war to the last, and on account of the great events with which his career was compounded—the world drama in which he was a helpless participant—his will doubtless continue to be the leading name even when the reign and the name of the Czar are forgotten.

Kouropatkin was a hero to the Russian army. Even in their defeats the Russian soldiers sang of Kouropatkin. Considering the vast boasts that he made in the name of the army, it is not easy to say that he was modest, yet so in fact he was. Of all the names that in the career of the Eastern Empire became celebrated that of Kouropatkin was the one in which was most realized the words of Solomon: "Better it is to be of an humble spirit with the lowly than to divide the spoil with the proud." Though his boast as a general of the Emperor's host in the field resounded everywhere, Kouropatkin has put his personal convictions as a military man on record so that they may be compared with his official utterances which at the time resounded with all the noise in the world and attracted all the attention. Before the

battle of Liao-yang—some little time before—Kouropatkin said in the presence of a number of foreign military men at a dinner to them: “This is not the time to invest money at Liao-yang or even at Mukden. In Harbin, yes.”

Unfortunately for the world, if not for General Kouropatkin himself, the possibilities of the Russian army under another commander-in-chief were never disclosed by battle. But had they been it is more than likely, as it was certainly believed by a large part of the Russian army, that the wisdom of Kouropatkin’s conduct of battles would have been vindicated. The old Cossack, Linievitch, was a blustering old party in a tight place, expecting the Lord, in the form of destiny and the greatness of Russia, to pull him through, and reminded one of Joshua commanding the sun and moon to halt and observe the proceedings. Like Glendower, he was prepared to “call spirits from the vasty deep.” Kouropatkin had himself tried that in vain, and he might well, like Hotspur, have replied: “Why, so can I, or so can any man, but will they come when you do call them?” For there were plenty of men who believed that the army would have suffered an even greater defeat than before had there been a battle after Mukden.

Until the last there were those who implicitly believed in Kouropatkin and in his capacity to annihilate the enemy. After all his defeats he was to them always about to do this. When the event did not come off, they loyally believed in a necessity for postponement. Now it would take place on the twelfth; then on the twentieth; next the first, or the twenty-fifth. Just before the battle of San-chia-p’u, when Kouropatkin appeared upon the battlefield, men assured each other that he would now end the war in one great battle.

To have been the hero of an all but impossible army was a striking testimony to Kouropatkin’s character, and to have been the great figure of the war and at the same time a

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Russian, is itself an achievement when it is considered that one looks in vain for other popular names in the national catastrophe of the time. Kouropatkin did not talk back, though he had every reason to complain of his fate when it was cast upon him. He chose to serve only, and from the first he was noted as a thoughtful, serious and diligent commander. His solicitude for the army which began long before the battle of Liao-yang, had by the time the summer campaign was ended seemingly added ten years to his age. He was perhaps the only man in the whole Russian military to realize something like the real responsibility which the stupendous task of launching the Eastern Empire had imposed upon the nation. But months afterward, when all these efforts and others that had succeeded them were found useless, and the world had seemed to find no good thing in him, he still asked to serve. To the credit of the Czar it can be said that the noble intentions of the man were acknowledged, if not appreciated. The Czar had had occasion to deprecate the conduct of more than one of his generals who, like Grippenbergh, had quit the field out of pique. And the conduct of a man like Kouropatkin was in such striking contrast to that of other generals that it could not fail to attract admiration. Kouropatkin's own application to the Czar after he had been relieved of command of the Grand Army was a self-accusation in effect, and he said that he could do nothing less than serve at the front to the end. He begged the Czar to give him one of the three places vacant, which he enumerated, naming the two army corps vacancies first, and that of the command of the First Army last. "For," said he, "I myself am certainly no worse than were some of my corps commanders." What a testimony to the incapacity of his associates!

Though it was understood that the recall of Kouropatkin had been for some time decided in principle, the consider-

ation of the name of the Grand Duke Nicholas Nicolaivitch to succeed him shows that the government's dissatisfaction was not strictly a military one. The reply of the Czar to Kouropatkin's message was almost immediate. He was given the First Army. When he was in command of the First Army he called to his side one of the younger foreign attachés, a man not half his age, and said to him: "What do you think about it? What would you have done? I couldn't go back there; I had done all that I could do, I could do no more. But I could not have gone back to Russia. I must remain here until the end."

There are many circumstances of Kouropatkin's career as the commander-in-chief that entitle him to sympathy. The endless toil which he imposed upon himself in working out the details of the whole military establishment of the Eastern Empire inspire the observer with sorrow. The resolution to master detail, and the desire to know the whole minutia was his first military characteristic, while the realization of his preconcerted ground-plan, so to speak, was his characteristic anxiety. The plans and defenses must fit the army, and the army must fit the defenses and operate like clockwork. Perhaps only an impossible army, such as he possessed, could have failed with such plans to guide them. But infinite labor alone cannot make a general.

Kouropatkin was a pious devotee and agent of the ecclesiastical calabash with which the army was accoutered. He performed all the prescribed devotions laid down for public officials, and he was frequently represented in photographs in the national press kneeling at the headquarters' and wayside shrines and altars, and ministered unto by cloaked and mitred ecclesiastics and acolytes. But piety real or assumed cannot make a general.

The industry and enterprise of Kouropatkin were remarkable. Before the battle of Liao-yang more than half of the

enough and military enough, but when his own chief of staff would not observe them he could not be a military genius or a great general.

A thousand causes may rest within a man himself and within his army and within the nation which he serves, of which in this case nothing has been said, to prevent him being a general. But if a thousand disabilities were removed, and his antagonist persisted in running the show, what circumstances could there be to make of him a great general? If Kouropatkin was only a "chief of staff," and yet successful, the intervention of every other disability would not have prevailed against his immortality. But, alas, Oyama was master of the show!

By a long and devious highway the East had come at last to meet the West, and that great and fateful event, for which the centuries had been waiting, took place in the Russian Eastern Empire.

Kouropatkin's claim to distinction as a man and a soldier is wholly apart from his career as a supernumerary in the rise of the Far East, and in that connection no other name associated with that of the Eastern Empire can be mentioned, for he, the little War Minister, Kouropatkin, of whom the moujik sang, has about him all the good fame of the adventure and of a soldier, while the odium of the failure and disaster has deeply buried the conspirators and will probably bury the Czar himself.

Kouropatkin was but a general of a single nation in a great world drama. He was a detail, and his army was an incident in an event that initiated a hemisphere into the destinies of the globe. He merely bowed new families into the Temple of the "Known World." The strangest thing in the world, Destiny, revealed itself to him as a mere occasion. As an historical figure he is a circumstance, a puppet upon a stage too great for the Russians of the day, and passes into



General Linievitch and the foreign military agents—the last photograph taken of the Commander-in-Chief before the break-up of the Grand Army

In the first row, from left to right: The German attache, Austrian attache, General Barry, U. S. A.; General Linievitch, Commander-in-Chief of the Manchurian Army; French attache, Russian officer. Second row from left to right: General Orloffsky, Quarter-master-General; General Kharkovitch, Chief of Staff; Austrian attache, Count Schlipptitzky; a South American attache, German attache, Colonel Hoff (surgeon), U. S. A. Third row from left to right: French medical attache, Major Macomb (artillery), U. S. A. (just behind Major Macomb is the Danish attache); Captain Clouman, U. S. A.; Lieutenant Spear (surgeon), U. S. A.; Major Mockler, British Army. In the back with full beard is Lieutenant Campario of the Italian Navy, and behind the Danish attache is a British attache. The others are Russian soldiers and staff attaches.

the annals of nations a mere bone for political and military polemics.

The first commander-in-chief and the last was Linievitch. In the beginning he was eclipsed by Kouropatkin, who brought with him not only his prestige as Skobelev's old chief of staff, but that of minister of war. The name of Linievitch, however, was already one to conjure with, and when Kouropatkin was wholly discredited by nearly a year's continuous defeat, the name of Linievitch carried such weight that there was no other to be considered, although the Emperor was in such straits in regard to the relations in which he was held by the army, that it seemed necessary for a member of the Imperial family to take command of the Manchurian Grand Army in person. But the temper of the army was such that the appointment of a grand duke would doubtless have been no better than military suicide, for the Manchurian Grand Army after the battle of Mukden had less use for those whom it regarded as the criminal conspirators of the Eastern Empire than it had at any time during the war.

General Linievitch was a Siberian who had led the Siberian Army through Manchuria to Peking. It was virtually a Siberian army that fought the war, and the Siberian element from the beginning cherished the name of their Siberian leader. It was seen, therefore, that he would be a popular leader—it had long ago come to this in the army that the sentiment of the moujiks must be saved from extinction. The government within a few days after placing Linievitch in command, relinquished all ideas of sending any member of the Imperial family to Manchuria. After the departure of Boris, no member of the Emperor's family ventured upon the soil of the Eastern Empire.

General Linievitch was already an old man, but he was intensely warlike, and his military energies, which were the

chief's display by the story of how Oyama was seen passing north through Mukden Settlement on his way to Tieh-ling with a single orderly, and almost wept.

Linievitch's apologists assert that he disliked both the large following and the garish show which his position demanded. A photograph made at the headquarters at Kchia-tien shows General Linievitch coming out of the doorway of a hospital which, with his staff, he had just inspected. He appears posing haughtily, visibly disgusted with the performance of some officer who is waving him down the steps, and upon whom he rests his eyes with unappreciative gaze. The photograph, made by one of his subordinates, is called "The Cake Walk." At the conclusion of this inspection General Linievitch stepped into a handsome and showy troika at the edge of the hospital grounds, and was escorted with great pomp and show by Caucasian Cossacks, one of whom was dressed in a brilliant light blue gown, and was probably his personal guard.

Linievitch was apparently fond of variegation in his military. Where Kouropatkin had a faithful old savage in goat-brown homespun, somber and substantial, Linievitch went like a peacock, with the most brilliant colors in his train. Subdued colors vanished before bright blues and indescribable hues.

A sense of rivalry between Kouropatkin and Linievitch existed from the moment Kouropatkin arrived in Manchuria at the beginning of the war and relieved General Linievitch of the office of commander-in-chief. There was nothing, however, in the conduct of either to show that they took cognizance of it, but at the close of the war their subordinates observed with considerable amusement at the last review of the First Army at Ho-er-shu that although regular intervals are fixed by military rules for the separation of the officers of each succeeding rank from the higher to the

lower, General Kouropatkin permitted the distance between himself and the commander-in-chief to be pretty nearly imperceptible.

It was Kouropatkin's misfortune that under him existed a great rôle of scandal, headed by his highest officers. Linievitch deserves praise for an administration of decency. He did a great deal toward wiping out the influence of the scandal that preceded him, and to place a blanket over official disgrace.

His influence over the army was salutary, and certainly no other Russian could have filled so well the place of commander-in-chief at the time. He was resolute, and he infused original ideas into the work of solving the problems of the situation. He gained a good deal of support from the position which he took that the army was not treated right. He believed that the battles should have been fought in the field, and not on a map of artificial works, which fell into desuetude almost as soon as the battle got under way, and it is certain that he presented new problems to the Japanese. Before he took command of the First Army he declared that the Japanese were "monkeys" and would be annihilated. But when his career as commander-in-chief was closing he made a declaration to the effect that he had fought both Europeans and Orientals; he had fought Turks and Armenians; he had fought pagans and Christians, but he had never found an antagonist like the Japanese.

Linievitch's career as commander-in-chief carried forward the world-wide fame which he had made in the Boxer War for incorrigible hyperbole. His was a grizzled figure and a noisy one. It was perfectly evident that he wanted to fight at the new position, and it is now an inseparable part of his name and fame that many of his contemporaries in the Eastern Empire regarded his influence in the prolongation of the battle of Mukden as pernicious, and that had he fought

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at the new position he would have held on too long, and the Japanese army would have dispersed the Russians with even greater disaster. "Mukden was their Metz," said one, "but had Linievitch been in command it would have been their Waterloo."

CHAPTER XLVIII

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR

THE Russian in the East was a little less strange and bizarre than would have been perhaps any other nationality boasting a Western civilization. His belief in the destiny of his own country was a modest but all-pervading one, like that of the Briton. He was more democratic than the Briton, and less imperialistic than the German, and infinitely less a braggart than the American. In appearance he showed his worst side, and indeed it might be said that no aspect could be worse from a Christian and a political standpoint than the aspect which Russia in Manchuria and the Eastern Empire presented to the outside world, but especially to the East.

The Russian as a national type, the official representative of the "mighty Behemoth of Muscovy," waistcoated, cloaked, turbaned, bedecked, bejeweled, caparisoned, and full of official inconsequence, incompetence and futility, might aspire to fit Thackeray's description of George III. An embroidered waistcoat, another waistcoat, a soft mouse-colored waistcoat, a snuff-colored waistcoat and beneath that—nothing. Such, to appearances was this bedecorated, bespangled, bearmed being, as he appeared on the frontier of Japan and in the courts of the Manchu, and at the gates of the Chinese capital.

Throughout the East it has for some years been conceded that beneath this frippery and obsequiousness and barbaric embroidery, there was a great people. Among the first to recognize this and to find it out for themselves were the Japanese, and they have lost no opportunity of bearing testi-

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mony to this fact. The characteristics displayed by the Russians in the Far East, therefore, become of the keenest interest.

The assumption of power and authority by the hegemony of the Eastern Empire left nothing its equal in the East. There was no room for a superior on the western shore of the Pacific. According to the Czar, the attainment of Russia's historic aim had established Russia there. The Czar's Proclamation of War declared that Russia would revenge herself in a manner commensurate with her dignity and power. Nearly half of the instrument was absorbed by the Czar's name. His dignity and power were not disclosed by the demonstration of his minions, and he failed in his revenge. The swift fate of Makaroff rendered that commander's proclamation regarding the use of the sea bombastic and absurd. The same fate came to the proclamation of Kouropatkin. The adventures of Alexeieff and his cabinet came to a futile and ridiculous end, and gave the world drama enacted at Port Arthur the character of a great tragedy. The official declarations resemble more than anything else the edicts of Chinese emperors, especially those impotent reform edicts that followed immediately upon the return of the court from Sian-fu in 1902, while the proclamations of the military had their counterpart in the boasts of the Chinese generals during the Chinese-Japanese War.

The inconsiderate terms in which the negotiations of the Eastern Empire with the Japanese were conducted, as well as the public and private utterances of the Port Arthur régime, show with what lordliness the Russian presumed to sway the East. While Japan abhorred the Fabian inclinations of her enemy in the *pourparlers*, Russia at the outset hummed and hawed with great superiority. The Czar's ministers frequently excused themselves from replying to the Japanese notes on the ground that the Czar was absent from

one place and present in another. On one occasion a reply was postponed because the Czarina had the earache. Conditions were offered by the Eastern Empire to Japan such as a great power would offer to a vassal—a presumptuous and obstreperous vassal. “If Japan makes trouble we will smash her,” said one of Alexeieff’s ministers, bringing his hand down with force upon the table, and added that Japan should occupy herself with reforming and developing her domestic institutions and promoting her home interests, and not meddle with other people’s affairs. Although events showed that in no other place in the civilized world was man so oppressed by the order of things under which he existed, where his most pathetic attempts to look up and aspire were crushed with such vengeance as only despotism could command, these vice-regents looked down upon the Japanese as from a pure and lofty eminence. Nowhere was such horrible internal gripe and menace and sorrow as in Russia, which as a political organism had possessed the sincere contempt of the rest of the world for years, and of none so sincerely as the French, their political allies. It was a situation in which men were separated from the dearest human ambitions and persecuted for their aspirations to be a united and relatively happy people, torn by griefs and their own painful cries, and whose offense was that they were menaced and alarmed, and that they existed at all. Alexeieff’s editor, Colonel Artemieff, declared that Japan was not a country that could give an ultimatum; that nothing which she could utter in that sense could have any existence in regard to Russia. Russians of all ranks in the Eastern Empire declared that the Japanese were mad for making war. When they were defeated they declared that the Japanese were fanatics. A Russian officer at Port Arthur, as he was about to depart for the Yalu, enumerated his equipments, remarking that he had his short sword, a pistol, and half a dozen cartridges.

His host, who was a Canadian, warned him that he would need more cartridges. "Oh," said he, striking his boot with his nagayka, "a whip is good enough for the Japanese."

The Russians looked upon the Japanese much as Herodotus says the Persians looked upon the Athenians whom, it is recorded, the Persians thought to be madmen when the Athenians rushed down upon them. And the criticism that follows this may also be applied to the Russians: "But no national cause inspired them . . . and in the large host there was no uniformity of language, creed, race or military system."

Of the Japanese as a people the highest officers of the government of the Eastern Empire and the people as a whole had but one opinion. The Japanese to them were "monkeys." It seems incredible that with the farthest ends of the earth brought together and all the lands of the earth discovered by Western nations, and their peoples scientifically compared, that Western civilization has not reached a position of at least greater self-respect. But it cannot be denied that from the misguided moujik to the Viceroy of the Eastern Empire this was the favorite epithet.

The war was the natural outcome of such opinions and ideas. In making their calculations the Russians had reckoned on dealing with a people not more civilized than the Chinese. To know Russians is to marvel at this, while to have lived with them throughout their adventure is to feel the indictment of the incompleteness and frailty of our own civilization.

The Czar's opinion of the Japanese has been recorded by the distinguished diplomat, Prince Hohenlohe, to whom he said several years before the war, but at a time when it was realized that some difficulties would intervene before the two nations could live in peace:

"Really I have a great deal of sympathy for the Japanese in spite of the wound, the scar which I bear . . .

“ But it was done by a fool, a fanatic, although an agent of the police. Everything I have seen in their country has made a great impression upon me. I have been struck by the great order that reigns there, by the activity and the intelligence of the people. But this sympathy could not have prevented my acting against the Japanese when they wished to go too far.”

Such an expression of opinion and sentiment suitable to settled times and representing the better selves of Russians enables the historian to measure the degree a nation falls in its morality by the disorganization of its mere political projects. In war, while men arrive at barbarism, states arrive at savagery and total depravity. The degenerating influence of passion turned even the conciliatory sentiments of the Czar to bitterness and to feelings of revenge.

Kouropatkin on the eve of the war formed an impression very favorable to the Japanese and showed himself to be one of the least visionary and inflammable of the Czar's ministers. But neither he nor the Czar apparently were able to extend the age of reason, nor was any man or party, nor the Russian people themselves, able to avert this startling situation resulting from “ the course of adventurous intrigue, bluff and annexation,” which in Russia and elsewhere is held to have made a spectacle of Western civilization, especially in the East.

It would be unprofitable to refer in detail to acts obviously the result of unique conditions, and now happily largely repudiated by the Russians themselves, had not these acts resulted in shaping the attitude of the East toward all Western nations. The conspiracy to form the Eastern Empire was more formidable than the combined aggressions of all the world, including Russia, that had before existed, and it set up a standard of political villainy by which the East Asians measure all Western nations, and by which they are

guided in their present policies, which are essentially defensive.

It is not to write their faults in a book that the deeds of individuals are scrutinized, but to try and paint a canvas that will represent the picture which Russians have made of the West in the minds of East Asians. The boasts of the Czar and of the commander-in-chief, Kouropatkin, and of the under commanders and of the wretched chinovniks, who had everything to win and nothing to risk, were to the Japanese and Chinese the boasts of a Christendom that had appropriated their religion from Asia, their literature and learning from the best pagan civilizations, and had announced an armed conquest of the unconverted East out of which their learning and art sprang. All Western nations have been tarred with that brush, and the mirror of their appearance to the Chinese and Japanese exists in the deeds of the Russians in promoting and defending the Eastern Empire.

In the preliminary stages of the organization and being of the Eastern Empire, the acts which offended so much the Japanese—such as the intrigues in Korea and the denial of Japanese rights in Manchuria—were so impossible that they spoke louder than any words. But when their meaning was fully explained to the outside world in Japanese gunpowder, the noise of the Russian braggart had grown so loud that it was never afterward drowned by any acts which Russia did nor any acts which other Western powers have performed. The revelation of the worst in Occidental character by which to make a standard for all, is a contingency of such a mortifying nature that Europe was shocked and has ever since been disposed to outlaw Russia, if only because of her failure. America has not yet realized that she is, in the general sense, in the same boat with the aggressive nations—so far as East Asians are concerned.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR—(*Continued*)

AT the beginning even some of the best informed among Western peoples regarded the conduct of Japanese soldiers according to the rules of civilized warfare as entirely problematical. A comparison, therefore, of the conduct of both Russian and Japanese soldiers in battle would scientifically be highly interesting. The question of comparative savagery or barbarism, though interesting to the study of civilization, it is not, however, necessary to discuss. Enough evidence has been supplied on the Russian side to show that war still remained not the high art of enlightened civilizations, but the degradation of individuals and the descent to primitive and brute conditions. A Russian soldier testified in hospital at Harbin that he had killed Japanese wounded at Wa-fang-tien. Another Russian soldier who had been captured by the Japanese, claimed that the Japanese had, in order to make him tell where he had hidden his rifle, tortured him by sticking a bayonet under his fingernails and finally by pricking the palms of his hands. At this point, according to the soldier, a Japanese officer came up, patted the soldier on the back and remarked, "You are a brave man." If this is true it establishes the charge of barbaric practices against both sides.

Some elements of the Russian army were decidedly below the scale of civilization of the Japanese. This was true of most of the Tartar stock. The Caucasians made a business

singing the sorrows of his people in the north. His imagination and ignorance and credulity were boundless.

Common soldiers on the position at Liao-yang during the battle said that Skobeleff, the hero of the Russo-Turkish War, who had disappeared after that war, had hidden in Siberia, but was now riding the positions on his white horse!

As a soldier, the peasant could walk as bravely into danger as the Anglo-Saxon, and like the Thibetan walk doggedly back, beaten and fatalistic. He could then with his comrades gather about their little fires and sing songs, always songs of sentiment and feeling. Occasionally one would make a speech between the lines. They would persuade themselves that they were warm, or dry, and in the end sing themselves to sleep.

It was perfectly possible for any stranger, no matter who he might be, to find hospitality among them. He might even be a Japanese spy, but this would not bar him from being called "galoopchik" (my little pigeon!). It would be only on account of a dread of superiors that any inquiry would be made as to the stranger's business, and this in many cases might be successfully discountenanced, they were some of them so unsophisticated. The Japanese called them "Manchurian jackasses," they called themselves "Japanese cutlets." When made prisoners they wrote letters to their comrades still in the ranks, inviting them to surrender to the Japanese and come to Japan where they would be well treated and where all the people were kind and everything beautiful. Many copies of these letters were found in houses captured from the Japanese during the occupation of the Sha-ho.

It was with these human beings that this great modern war was sorrowfully fought in the name of the Occident. "The Russians are not far enough advanced to use the finer weapons of civilization," some one remarked, and that obser-



Mr. General Ivanov

1st Regiment



*General
Germien*

his Hinasopio Museum

Siberian Dragoons—pure Russians (autographs)

vation is induced by the contrast of their use of weapons with the use of modern weapons by the Japanese, which is greatly to the disadvantage of the West.

The Russian officers taken during the flight from Mukden described the simple conduct of the peasants before the Japanese soldiery. At first they raised their rifles as though to resist, but immediately put them down and ran forward, holding up their hands. They then fell down on their knees, much to the disgust of their officers and to the utter amazement of the Japanese. Their conduct was like that of Chinese, and in this case they begged the Japanese not to cut off their heads, making signs to that effect by first drawing their hands across their throats and then shaking their heads in the negative. They took trinkets from their pockets and made gifts to the Japanese officers and soldiers.

It is interesting to observe these men, who constitute the strong legs and bodies in which Dragomiroff put the hope of Russia in war—the repositories of peasant virtue in which Kouropatkin put his faith. Their conduct cannot be wondered at, considering that as serfs they have been always taught to kneel when in the presence of their superiors and masters at home. The Russian peasant groveling before the Japanese soldiers is not an ennobling spectacle for the framers of Russian civilization to contemplate, nor for those who consider Western civilization without equal in the annals of mankind and who believe that Western civilization is capable of much better things and is obliged to set a lofty example to the East. But it shows that it is yet to be determined with precision in just what the West excels.

The peasant's imperfections as a soldier were exactly as great as his good qualities. He could not shoot well, but for that matter neither could the Japanese. He could not ride. It was uncommon to find one who understood or could even bridle a horse. He was brave, and stupid, and

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often exhausted the patience of his officers. But to do him justice, his stupidity must be regarded as inevitable. Before such a death-machine as a thoroughly modern army is, he was a victim. The rank and file of the Russian army under the restrictions of an obsolete military system might, with a good deal of truth, be regarded as babes brought to the slaughter. In the ranks were but few who, strictly speaking, "answered their country's call" to fight in the Eastern Empire—the manner of their departure from Europe and their testimony in Manchuria indicates this. In a country so strange to them they were as lost almost as if they had been on a conquest in Mars; it was like being sent to circumvent a lunar crater—or perhaps more appropriately speaking, a sun spot! It was an exhibition of how men's hearts can sink when eight thousand versts from home, with no clear idea of why they have come. However replete with buckles and straps soldiers may be, their hearts are still human, and they can contend terribly only for that which is near to them. To Russians the theater of war was a wilderness of unpronounceable names, wretched mud villages, mountains, deserts, dust plains, rivers, etc.—to them, sentimental as they are and childlike, "the land where the flowers have no perfume, the birds no song, the women no love," was homeless and forlorn, and all that was sorrow was embraced in one word—Manchuria.

The soldiers had many burdens. They never received any pay, and sometimes no more than half of the rations that they were entitled to, and even at times none at all. Though entitled to a certain amount of sugar, they generally had to buy this with money stolen from the Chinese or received from home. Many of their crimes against the Manchurians, if not against the Japanese, ought to be charged to their superiors. They were not travelers sojourning for the night, paying their score and passing on; they

were not guests, welcomed and sped; they were unwilling wayfarers, unwelcomed, outstaying all conception of hospitality, and compelled to lead the lives of savages. Their lives were juggled with; their bodies were condemned for carrion; and their souls were officially damned and officially saved.

In spite of all, they were men. At T'ou-san-p'u, during the battle of the Sha-ho, a soldier went with the half company to which he was attached to a hamlet, where all passed the night. One of the soldiers dropped his gun, and discovered by the sound that followed that there was a hollow beneath. The floor was opened and clothing and money were found concealed below. The money was about two hundred roubles in value. At this time every temptation existed for appropriating everything that represented succor, but the money was given over to the officers and left in care of the Chinese in the vicinity. A soldier recovered a large part of the money lost by the bank during the flight from Mukden, bringing it in from the battlefield and restoring it to headquarters. Credit is due the peasant for his simplicity and for the survival under such conditions of natural honesty.

Certain qualities which they possessed were the amazement of the Japanese. I was much entertained once at seeing several Japanese prisoners contemplating from the car window a kissing match carried on between two great bearded Siberian soldiers at a way station on the railway north of Kuan-ch'eng-tzü. As a matter of fact the soldiers were partly intoxicated. Kissing between men is a Russian custom. The Japanese prisoners were cavalrymen, and represented the most intelligent element of the Japanese army. They could hardly restrain themselves from laughter, which is saying that the spectacle was amusing to the last degree. The two Russians called each other "my little pigeon," vowed blood brotherhood, whispered little nothings into each other's

ears, and kissed and slobbered over each other all the time that the train waited, which was about twenty minutes. They were immediately opposite the window where the prisoners were seated, but they were perfectly oblivious of everything but their own affairs. One of them appeared to be departing for the front. They belonged to the early Siberian contingents with which the Eastern Empire as well as the St. Petersburg government expected to fight the war, and were among the best soldiers in the Grand Army.

The Cossacks deserve some special mention, since they formed a class of privileged soldiers, supposed to have some particular military qualities, if not to possess slightly superior intelligence. But perhaps the best that can be said of them is that they turned out to be peasants like the infantry, the only difference being that they could ride well, and were at home on horseback. Nobody in the outside world but the Japanese appear to have gauged them at their proper military value, and to have reckoned them of no great military consequence. Their discipline was inferior to that of any other branch of the army. There is an impression which I have never been able to verify, that some of the Cossacks kill their own wounded on the field when they cannot be brought away. The Russians say this of them. This may be a tradition of the Cossacks, whose legends extol certain of the worst passions and preach the severest stoicism. The scene of the following true story is laid in the City of Liao-yang: A wounded Cossack, after having been treated at a foreign hospital in that city, was returning to his camp at the railway. When outside the walls of the native city, one of his comrades shot him through the neck and robbed him of a few roubles.

They had a literature by which they were inspired, and they had bards whom they celebrated. They had among them much "florid eloquence, songs, dances, and signal

words." Like most Russians, they wore many amulets and decorations, and were given to much boasting that is becoming to a certain kind of bravery and characterizes those who follow a wild life. History records that Darius, the Persian king, invaded Russia and pursued in vain the ancestors of the Russian Cossacks. The Japanese did the same to the Cossacks of the present day, but the Cossacks must have run much faster in the time of Darius, for that famous king had a very fine cavalry. That the Cossacks counted among them many ruffians was doubtless true, because it is the cavalry in every army that attracts the desperate and the daring. But that they, as has been charged of their ancestors, were "utterly undisciplined and turbulently impatient of superior authority or systematic control" is not strictly true. But it may be said, and is generally conceded, that the Cossack has deteriorated as a warrior. Perhaps he has become more civilized. It is no doubt true that he deserves a better place in the good opinion of the world than did his ancestors, and that if he is of no great military consequence to-day his incompetence is due to changes in the method of warfare.

Full of ignorance, imagination, wonder, and superstition, it was a hard task for a cavalry commander to make them into a formidable unit against the practical Japanese. Mischenko, who was an artillerist, and not a cavalry general, realized the obstacles of such a task. He was to them a comrade and a *bon chef*. But he knew well the limitations of the Cossack. His failure to take the railway station at Yin-k'ou must be attributed partly to his doubt as to exactly what they would do, and his anxiety to keep them under discipline.

CHAPTER L

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR—(*Continued*)

IT is doubtful if any country, even China, has managed its affairs so badly as had Russia in her promotion of the Eastern Empire. The blunders of diplomacy were hardly surpassed by those of the military, if the disasters of a course of military vanity may be enumerated in the catalogue of blunders. Perhaps the most conspicuous of their vanities was their naval vanity, illustrated in the sacrifice of Rodjestvensky's fleet. But it is not to be supposed on account of the events being less disastrous that things were managed any better ashore. At sea results are sudden and complete. At sea the admiral is on the bridge; the ground, so to speak, is cut away from the fighter. Ashore it is different. The general is out of fire. No amount of marksmanship can cut the ground from beneath an antagonist, and after defeat has taken place, retreat and escape are open; and while in naval battles the issue is generally decided at once, land armies notoriously live to fight another day, and are consequently able to extend warfare for an indefinite period. For this reason the operations of the land forces appear less disastrous and less defective than the naval operations. But as a matter of fact, corruption, incompetency, and demoralization, were equally complete ashore, and it would be useless as well as unjust to attempt to show one class of the military to be superior to the other.

The great Russian organization was unequal to the task set for it, and showed the ability of vast organizations to "gang aft agley." The whole war was a breaking of idols.

Greatest of all the idol of imperial autocracy. Where faults are self-evident and ruinous, the greatest fault is hard to point out, but among the very greatest in the Russian people was the idea of national invincibility—the fetich that the Imperial forces would prevail. A state with this disease possesses an insidious and incalculable malady. Men whose actions were demoralizing to the army and whose presence was a burden were most convinced of the persistence of the Russian will. From the moment they began to lose, their virtues worked against them. The war was a series of illustrations showing how completely the military was out of joint. At the end of the war Kouropatkin was so much impressed with this that in his farewell to the army he blamed himself for failure in that he had not understood how to make use of the good qualities of the Russian soldier. What further testimony is needed to damn any military system?

In the case of Russia the system of Imperial militarism must be regarded as having received that opportunity for perfecting itself, which an organism attains in its native element. But in the Russo-Japanese War that system proved a complete failure. In Japan a modification of imperialistic militarism succeeded. Military readiness, upon which so much stress is laid nowadays, was of no avail to Russia. Japan, notoriously wanting in armament, men, and funds, was invincible. Though it was believed that she could not arm or put in the field more than five hundred thousand men, she about doubled this number and never lacked for soldiers, munitions, money, officers, nor ships. In the end it is true that many of the serious-minded Russian officers surrendered most of their military traditions, when they realized that they had no proof in victory of the value of their military principles, in the use of the bayonet, in the defense of fortifications, in the use of cavalry, in regard to winter warfare, and to fight-

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ing in the open plain, as well as in tactics. Their original claims are to be taken with distrust. Had they ever won a battle in the war it would be possible to gauge favorably the value of any element of their army or principle of their warfare. But the fact that no victory was ever won throws insurmountable doubt upon the value of every element in their military assets. Realizing that their military claims were entirely discredited they became their own severest critics.

Where there was so much incompetency and corruption it was of course almost futile to fix the blame, and at the end there was so much recrimination that the army, in so far as the authorities were concerned, degenerated into a jarring family whose members were set against each other. Toward the last the loyal individual commanders seemed merely to be fighting to retain place and status, if not autocratic acclaim. They did not even believe in the war, and some of them did not wish to fight after Mukden.

The best in the Russian character, as well as the worst, was manifested in this crisis. Men endured great blame without complaint. Many of them undoubtedly regarded the cause as an unworthy and unholy one, palmed off upon the country by a gang of adventurers. They called it the "blind war," and their denunciations showed that there were among the mass of bad and unfit certainly a surprising number of remarkable men, but whose lack of influence was yet more remarkable, and who were more conspicuous for devotion than for ability.

Perhaps better men were never devoted to a cause so mean and unpromising and unworthy, and yet to remain steadfast amid all the incompetency and demoralization was an admirable vindication of Russian character. The story of these men, even less than the story of the mass distinguished by great human frailty, is perhaps never to be known.

In giving a history of the catastrophe of the Eastern Empire, the weaknesses of the Russians are most conspicuous and most important. Mere condemnation is simple, and naturally where the authorities are concerned it is self-evident that they deserve at least the condemnation of incompetency, and many of them that of criminal incompetency. But it is more satisfactory to take the acts of a considerable number of individuals, which give a key to Russian discipline in the army. They cannot be a complete picture of the whole, but they constitute a guide.

The judgment of the Russian people themselves is so harsh in some cases that taken as a criticism of the military it taxes human patience and credulity. In Harbin before the war the military, as such, were excluded from the public garden and from all respectable restaurants and hotels. This serves to expose to view the feelings which divided the people into the civil and the military; into the official and industrial parties of the nation, as well as to expose the hostility and aversion of the human heart to soldiery. Such a situation prepares the mind for the almost impossible in the Russian military.

No less remarkable than the estimation placed upon the Japanese was the opinion which the Russians apparently held of themselves. It cannot be charged as more of a brutality that they dubbed the Japanese "monkeys" than that even after the battle of Mukden the promoters of the Eastern Empire and the loyal officers of the throne, as well as a large body of the intelligent civil element, dubbed the Grand Army in Manchuria "meat for the cannon." Nearly one million men, who up to that time had come under arms to the Eastern Empire, were thus condemned as cannon's food to inaugurate the war of revenge. In the early days of the war, Tolstoi said, "I do not know that Nicholas II. and Kouropatkin say, like Diebretsches (at the time of the

invasion of Poland by Russia) in so many words that not more than fifty thousand lives will be necessary for this on the Russian side alone, only, and only that; but they think it, because the work they are doing speaks for itself: that ceaseless stream of unfortunate, deluded Russian peasants now being transported by thousands to the Far East—these are those same—not more than fifty thousand live Russian men whom Nicholas Romanoff and Alexis Kouropatkin have decided they may get killed, etc.” These words were hardly uttered when it was said by the heads of the army and the highest officers of the state that the Manchurian Army, then one hundred and eighty thousand strong, was mere food for the cannon, and continued to be said of all the Imperial forces in the East until the Peace Congress met.

As they appeared in the ranks, the humans of the Russian army seemed always to be regarded *en bloc*. Individuality, character, adaptability, capability, were ignored—all was “cannon food,” as the Russians so often remarked of themselves. The army said of itself that it was not mobilized according to adaptability of individuals for certain service, but that individuals were detailed like sheep and cattle to the shambles.

If this were true, it was further borne out by the number of minds destroyed by the horrors of war which first attack the unfit. The number rendered insane was not small. Some of the most interesting cases were those who—especially after the battle of Mukden—imagined themselves pursued by the Japanese—uncontrollable lunatics. In a military system like that of Russia, where the sons of nobles and the well-to-do have no career open to them but the army and navy, and where it is the vogue to be an officer, it is natural that a very large percentage should be unfit. An active service soon revealed these in large numbers. The system was bad, and the organization unsound and corrupt.

I have warned the reader against forming final opinions from isolated examples, and it is partly to emphasize the warning already expressed that I give in detail the most extreme case of official brutality which it was my part to witness during nearly two years with the Russians in Manchuria.

An officer, of perhaps the rank of captain, encountered a Cossack in the main street of Liao-yang in July, 1904. The Cossack appeared to be riding recklessly, and may have jostled the officer, who was also riding. The latter wheeled and called up the Cossack, and when they came opposite each other, dealt him a terrific blow on the head with his nagayka, or riding whip. The soldier immediately dismounted, and notwithstanding the fever of his emotion and the pain of the blow, he stood at attention in a faultless military attitude. He stood upon a slight mound at the side of the street quietly. The officer rode up to him, and with a truly terrible slash curled his riding whip about the man's head. The man had taken off, or lost, his cap, and the plaited thong seemed to lick up and fry the stubby hair about his forehead as it locked and unlocked its hold around his head. Another cut seemed to fairly burn off the man's upper lip, and was followed by another and another as fast as the officer could strike. The soldier hardly seemed to wince as the blood streamed down his face. His cheekbones and forehead were bleeding, and there were great corded welts across his neck and jaws and nose. I was standing in the portal of a Chinese shop at the time, and at the commencement of the outrage I stepped out in full view of the officer and as near to the soldier as was necessary to attract the attention of the officer, and to show that I was a witness of the proceeding which he carried out to its conclusion without the least exhibition of shame.

So much for one Russian officer. Every man is accus-

tomed to the sight of plain human crime. War is only concentrated plain human crime. War cannot be said in this respect to be worse than peace, and a war correspondent observes that in war the heavens do not split at military crimes and injustices, though he comes to believe that if justice were done they would certainly fall.

The Russian inhumanities toward the Japanese appear to have been no greater than those toward themselves. More perhaps than in any country do the Russians set themselves against each other. And it is not the least of their barbarisms that for their "Holy Emperor" they acquiesced in the condemnation of myriads of Christian soldiers to revenge their Christian potentate upon the pagan Japanese.

It would not do to believe without modification that the Russian as a soldier is essentially brutal; and it must be borne in mind that brutality is the first principle of war. But an opinion may be formed by the testimony of witnesses.

Nemirovich Danchenko, the Russian correspondent, who was attached to the army headquarters during the war, has this to say of the use by the Cossack of the "nagayka," or Cossack whip:

"I do not believe in all Manchuria there is a Chinese back which has not been gridironed by our nagayka."

According to an unbiased and highly intelligent professional witness, the commander of the Eastern Detachment ordered a Cossack force to go forward toward the Japanese lines, shoot the men of a Chinese village, hang the women! and then attack the Japanese. The observer accompanied them. The force advanced, the officers disputed about the identity of the village, one maintaining it was this village, the other swearing it was another, and by this accident the force returned without molesting either the village or the Japanese. But passing through a valley the force was fired on from a Chinese house, and Chinese were seen to be

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escaping from it. One of the Chinese was very brave, and remained hid behind a rock until a Cossack came up within about thirty feet of him, when he plunged into the wood and disappeared. Exasperated at being continually balked, some Chinese were taken on suspicion. They were merchants. There was no way of knowing their guilt or responsibility, but the commander of the detachment condemned them to death, and their heads were hacked off with swords in a horrible manner!

As in Chih-li in 1900 so here the Cossacks and other soldiery practiced savageries against the Chinese. Certain elements at least in the army have been shown to have been inhuman to the enemy and to the Chinese, and the fact that they in some instances committed great savageries against each other under the shield of authority, as shown by instances of the punishment of soldiers by officers, does more to convict them of brutality than does the other evidence. Inhumanities toward the Chinese have been proved against several nations. And it is fortunate for the West that, as the case stands, it is not conclusive in the world whether we are less or more savage than the Asians, for the case against us is a bitter one. Reason justly abhors decision upon the question of the comparative savagery of the white and the yellow races, whose interests nature operates to consolidate. And indeed the Divine indication points to the consolidation of all elements of the human race, and apropos of these facts, the spectacle of Occidental mankind in his adventures in the promotion of the Eastern Empire has the most damaging animal aspect.

CHAPTER LI

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR—(*Continued*)

BRUTALITY implies cowardice, but a general charge of cowardice cannot be maintained against the Russians, and special instances of cowardice only serve to show the imperfections of the Russian moral and military systems. Among the extraordinary sights of the war was that of the officers of infantry who, during the flight from Mukden, took advantage of the confusion caused by their column being crossed by another column, to flee under cover of the dust, deserting their comrades who were apparently proceeding to the rear and right flank to support the rear-guard. They made no effort to control their men, who, left to their own devices, were soon running fast and loose among the artillery and baggage wagons, hurrying toward Tieh-ling. Officers ignored breaches of discipline, abhorred interference with mutineers, made no protest against acts of robbery and murder, and themselves fled solely for the sake of their personal safety.

During the flight from Mukden it was not remarkable that by the time the main body reached Tieh-ling, forty-five miles distant, there were at least two battalions of soldiery one hundred and fifty miles farther on at Kung-chu-ling, which they had reached by rail. But it was truly remarkable that two hundred miles from the battlefield a half dozen officers should crawl down from a train and out of a boiler where they had secreted themselves. One of them took refuge in a hospital, where he refrained from eating for several days to establish an excuse of illness. According to

the best current reports, at least eighty officers were taken notice of by the military authorities after the battle of Mukden as having acted criminally during that great affair, and as deserving death according to military law. But although this number was absurdly small to a fair-minded observer, so far as is known only about forty were condemned to death, and there is doubt as to whether any of them were actually executed.

The soldiers often accused officers of cowardice, saying that they stayed behind the line and also that they ran for safety. But it is a well known fact that because a man runs away it is not necessarily a proof of cowardice. In the battle of the Sha-ho a Russian captain of artillery, although he had excellent cover in an old brick kiln, deserted his battery and fled with the ammunition limbers. His chief, meeting him and seeing that he had come off without his guns, ordered him back. The captain went back under the belief that he was in great danger, brought off the guns, as he said, "in spite of everything," and took great pride to himself for the achievement.

One quality certainly cannot be gainsaid the Russian—that of bravery. His contempt of military cowardice and admiration of bravery are traditional, as with the Japanese. This is illustrated in a forcible way by an incident that took place in the Eastern Detachment. Although it is not permitted for an officer, no matter what his rank, to castigate a noble, a young noble was nevertheless given one hundred lashes, by order of the commander of the Cossack sotnia to which he belonged, for cowardice in battle. It was done while the men were under fire. The captain then reported the affair to General Rennencamp, who at once telegraphed the facts to the young man's father, saying that he was whipping the son for cowardice. The father replied immediately, thanking the officer for administering the deserved punish-

ment. The incident is worth much in proving that of all the failings man most despises cowardice.

In his virtues, as in his vices, the Russian was intense. One of the military defects of the Russian was his love of a show of bravery, and it did not seem to matter how foolhardy the exploit, it represented to them the ideal of bravery. General Dobrozhinsky and his staff exhibited with honest pride a photographic post-card showing General Kouropatkin within "three hundred meters of the advanced trenches." It was evident that they greatly admired this as an exploit and as an example of the bravery of their chief. These post-cards were sent as souvenirs to Russia.

It is easy to see that under present military conditions this idea is a mistake, and that it is a defect of any military body to require an exhibition of uncalled-for exposure to destruction in order to inspire military courage. It seemed more important in the eyes of many officers that a man should be wounded than that he should have actually done anything. An officer inspecting a position said to a fellow officer, "I am sorry to see that you are not yet wounded," with manifest disappointment, as though it was a disgrace for an officer to serve a length of time without being wounded.

At one of the most important artillery positions opposite Pien-chia-p'u-tzu, on the Sha-ho position, the colonel of a battery stationed himself for days on an eminence from which he viewed the Japanese position and from which he directed the fire of his battery. There was no proper blind-age to protect him and his officers from artillery fire, and he did not seem to care to conceal the outlook. On the contrary, the colonel's officers chided each other for their instinctive caution. When the battle began a day or two later, the colonel was killed on this spot, and the colonel of another battery at the same position was also killed. The Japanese within a few hours had thus killed two important



UNION POSTALE UNIVERSELLE. RUSSIE.

ОТКРЫТОЕ ПИСЬМО.

CARTE POSTALE.

Генералъ К. Доброзинскій
и при его командованіи
Лучинскій
и Зоринскій.

Postcard in use during the war. View of Kouropatkin at the front
 (Handwriting of General Dobrozhinsky)

officers who knew most about their position and had been able to direct against them the fire of sixteen guns. This was all that was necessary to demoralize, if not to make futile, the Russian fire—it was not necessary to find the Russians guns.

Many soldiers certainly believed that the officers ran away or hid in cover in the actions, which perhaps was sometimes due to the fact that it is a principle of warfare with modern weapons that officers remain under cover as much as possible. The Russian soldier was not sufficiently intelligent to know this, and it is for this reason that some of the Russian officers ardently combated the theory of taking cover as demoralizing to the men.

The idea which possessed the Russians that men should die, cannot be said to be the conviction of cowards, although it often had an absurd finale. General Stoessel, about the middle of the siege of Port Arthur, telegraphed to the Czar that Port Arthur would be his tomb and that he and his men would die in the defense of that fortress. In this he defaulted, and in the eyes of the outside world and of the Russian government especially descended into disgrace. He was defended in his decline only by his antagonist, General Nogi, who himself formally arranged his own funeral before proceeding to attack Port Arthur. According to the press, when Nogi heard of his son's death at Nan-shan he gave a command to his family that they should postpone the funeral for a time, as it was his determination and that of his other son that all should die for their country, and he would like to have the service conducted simultaneously for all three. It is perhaps an unfair, as it is an almost unavoidable, comparison, because we feel that Nogi, had he been the one besieged, and having so much to fight for, would actually have surrendered his life, while Stoessel, representing a nation that to him could never be defeated or endangered,

notoriously had no such incentive as inspired the Japanese. It may be that his loyalty, and not his courage, were defective, and that personally he was as brave as Nogi.

Acts of personal bravery were characteristic of the Russian army. As scouts, especially dismounted scouts, the Russians were inferior to the Japanese and decidedly incompetent. At the same time they were greatly at a disadvantage because there was no disguise possible to them that could pass muster among the natives or the enemy. It is therefore an evidence of courage that they attempted a disguise of the native. One Russian officer, though the exact physical contradiction of a Chinese, nevertheless volunteered as a spy, clothed himself in Chinese dress, and entered the Japanese lines. His disguise was wholly absurd, and he was at once taken by the Japanese soldiers. He was condemned and shot according to military practice. He met his fate with such courage and manliness that the officers in General Kuroki's army, where the incident occurred, wrote a full account of the affair and sent it to the Russian staff, praising the valor of the officer and deploring the necessity imposed by war of killing such a man.

An officer named Vaulkoff, who could speak Chinese, made a valuable reconnoissance as a spy dressed in native clothes. He was not detected in his work about the Japanese camp, but in returning to his own lines he met a Japanese patrol, who arrested him. He was seized, but as he was about to be examined, shot several men and escaped on a Japanese horse.

Less was the courage of the Russian to blame than his military defects and incompetency—not to say blunders. In the principles of the javelin age, which they brought on to the time of Skobelev, they continued to indulge themselves under a system of complicated organization which represents nevertheless the highest military principles.

CHAPTER LII

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR—(*Continued*)

THE virtues of the Russian are incomparable, but as they have little to do with the criticism of the tragedy of the Eastern Empire they are insignificant beside his incomparable defects.

The complicated futile and useless labor of secret agents, intelligence officers, gendarmes, police, advisors, and censors in the Russian military organization in itself represented enough energy to win a battle. The energy wasted in flirtations was sufficient to plan a whole campaign or take a city; while the talent and energy spent in dissipation and graft was enough to have won the war twice over.

In a case of such universal default everything becomes the object of criticism.

The battles of the war show an over-reliance on organization, which fed the army well, mobilized it in a marvelous manner, cared for its retreats, but could not advance it nor maneuver it in battle nor bring it alongside victory. The strong arms and legs, the sound wind, and the courage which Dragomiroff admired and on which Kouropatkin relied were not sufficient under an intricate scheme of organization to a task requiring intelligence. Kouropatkin, who understood the army better, apparently, than any other commander, relied upon his trenches and an early retreat. All his efforts to use his troops outside of the fortifications had proved to him the wisdom of this. By the time the battle of the Kin-chou Peninsula (Nan-shan) was fought, and Wa-fang-tien, the army had proved itself incapable of defending a forti-

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fied line, and the question arose as to how long it would require them to collect an army that would enable them to take the offensive, for they had had three months already in which to re-enforce their original army.

When one thinks of the skill and the diligence with which the troops dug themselves into the ground and in general awaited the attack, rather than attempted to turn the enemy out, it is sufficient evidence that attack with them was an irresolute exception to their preconceived ideas of warfare.

An example of incompetency outside of their fortifications occurred in the battle of the Sha-ho, where a battalion was advanced toward the enemy after being told that beyond a designated point there were none of their own men, and that they could fire upon any troops they saw. They accordingly advanced, and after passing the point designated opened fire against a force which they found to be in their front. After four hundred men had been killed and wounded the contending forces discovered that they were both Russian.

According to the soldiers of the Twelfth Regiment, the Thirty-fifth Regiment, though they had been informed of their position during the attack on Lin-shen-p'u, fired steadily into their ranks, killing and wounding quite a number during an unsuccessful attack. The army from the beginning to the close of the war complained of these blunders whenever the troops left their line.

What surprises the observer most in the Russian is the abundance of good qualities, making more striking Kouropatkin's confession that he was unable to utilize those qualities in the war with the Japanese.

Fortification was a military talent in the Russian army, so much so that Port Arthur provoked the criticism of having been over-fortified and in such a fatal way that the forts commanded each other from the outside inward, so that once a breach was made they could be taken in detail right

up to the citadel. This criticism perhaps only deserves notice as emphasizing the fact that fortification was a frailty of the Russian military as well as a talent. Up to the middle of the battle of Liao-yang Russian batteries remained under fire on hilltops, where they could be plainly seen, and where the Japanese could see the effects of their own fire upon them. Great works were abandoned because impracticable.

There was constant disagreement between the engineers and the army commanders about the manner of construction, and the location of trenches and breastworks. Extensive excavations were made and abandoned in a half-finished condition upon the eve of battle. Though defense was the manner of Russian warfare and elaborately worked out as a policy, by far the largest part of the defenses were abandoned without being used.

What the precise value of their great plans of defense were is not clear. They did not vindicate their great reputation for defense. At Pootiloff their greatest works were destroyed by the Japanese siege-guns in twenty-four hours, and they were dependent upon the bullet and the bayonet. Their own siege-guns, which these works protected, had to be immediately removed, and were sent at once to Harbin to be discarded by the engineers as impracticable.

In Manchuria the Russian military presents an undignified and demoralized appearance. Among no military, perhaps, were boots and buckles and big clothes held in such awe. There was an unnecessary number of over-trained *militaires*, exceedingly sensitive of their dignity, and more afraid of their reputations for nicety and *savoir faire* than of defeat.

About the time that wireless telegraphy was being introduced as a part of the army equipment, which, to the disgrace of the Russian army, was not until after the battle of Mukden, and when peace was decided upon, one of these

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dandies, who was an officer of the general staff, had wireless telegraphy explained to him as carried on by the medium of certain of the sun's rays of a distinct color. After pondering the thing over night, he said, "Why, then no telegram could be sent at night by that system." Having heard of the Ussuri River, which was one of the best known and most important rivers in the Eastern Empire, he asked, "Does the Ussuri River flow out of or into the Amur?" During the battle of Mukden a soldier was placed on guard at the door of the restaurant at the railway station to prevent foreign military attachés from entering. The restaurant was crowded with the over-trained, who were sufficiently self-conscious to desire to be left to themselves in the crisis. It does not follow that an extra gloss on the boots puts an inevitable blight on the brains or fear in the heart, but it must be stated as a fact that a lot of self-respect, glazed boots and *eau de Cologne* went down on the battlefield of Mukden.

The Russians possess undeniably the qualities of the great-hearted. The tragedy about Russia in this war was not in the animal, but in the human and intellectual product, which she offered to the world on the battlefields of Manchuria. The great mass of which product being neither experienced nor self-reliant nor intelligent, though self-respecting and brave.

One was struck with the unsound judgment of the Russian, especially in regard to the causes of the war, the problems of the war and the interests of the outside world. In this they were all alike befogged by the government. The general conception of the war was that Russia, in the form of a peaceful genius, holding a lily in one hand and a dove in the other, was sprung upon in the night by a naked savage, armed with a villainous knife, bent upon murder. The figure of this peaceable Russian female genius, with a sheathed sword entwined with bay and a proclamation of

peace and good will by Nicholas on her lap, and on her head a cap bearing the cross of Christ, is represented in the illustrated press enthroned upon the rock of Port Arthur, gazing innocently upon the world, invested by beasts and ogres from the deep, and about to be assassinated by a half-naked Japanese figure coming out of the sea. In the dark background this tragedy is illuminated by the Statue of Liberty, representing America's sanction to the deed.

Besides missing the standpoint of the Japanese, which was quite natural, they mistook the position of other nations. It must be said of the Russians, however, that they were quick to be disillusioned, and although their defeat had a great deal to do with this, it can be said with justice that the conviction that the war was a national crime rapidly grew among them, so that toward the last the justness of their cause was generally denied among themselves.

A quality which they had erroneously ascribed to the Japanese worked out true of themselves. They had always declared that a reverse would demoralize the Japanese and set them running, because they were barbarians and Asiatics. In the case of the Russians nothing so much as defeat persuaded them that they had no quarrel and that the war was over, and the reaction was so great that it developed rapidly into revolution.

The value of their judgments in many cases may be gauged from the fact that it was generally believed that the Baltic Fleet could reach the East by the Arctic Sea, arriving safely at Vladivostok; that the Emperor could purchase war vessels from the other nations, and even whole fleets during the war. When the Baltic Fleet had actually started East, one part via the Suez Canal, and one by the Cape of Good Hope, it was told among officers that the two sections would rendezvous at a little island near Australia, which Russia had bought from Germany, and not at Madagascar, because the

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French had gone in with the English and wanted to demolish the Russian fleet. These were the opinions of officers, such as it would be difficult to imagine, though perhaps not impossible, ever to be turned out of West Point or Sandhurst or from the French or German military schools.

The army was kept in ignorance as far as possible of the facts of the war. A reverse such as the fall of Port Arthur, or the defeat of the fleet was not made known for a week or ten days, and then the unmodified fact was never stated, so that the Russian mind remained in an indefinite state of doubt as to whether the actual fact did exist. The army and the government press always represented the Russians as killing great numbers of Japanese. Extraordinary efforts were made when the first reverses took place to control opinion abroad and to disguise the truth at home, and these attempts were continued until the eve of the fall of Port Arthur.

It was on this occasion that General Pflug, who had become notorious throughout the world as the press agent for the government under Admiral Alexeieff, figured in the manufacture of opinion for the last time during the war. He succeeded in having bona fide dispatches distributed to the German and French press, representing Port Arthur as impregnable and as having constructed an extra line of defenses, as having received supplies and as possessing all the necessities for a still more prolonged siege. These things had no sooner been printed in Europe than General Stoessel surrendered.

As there has not in modern times been so great an occasion, there has not been so great an effort made to hoodwink the world as in respect of Russia's "Eastern Empire." Such a state could only last so long. Demoralization set going by defeat was only accelerated and made terrible by these methods.

The causes of demoralization and defeat were of two kinds. On the one hand, coming from the military defects and immoralities of the people, and on the other hand, from disaffection and revolution. If anything, the incapacities and failures of men are more striking than their capacities and achievements, and for this reason the immoralities of the Russian seem more criminal to the outside world than the deeds of the revolutionists. It seems supremely reprehensible in a man to be found incompetent, if not frivolous, at a time when it is his whole business, and sole business, to serve his country. The introduction of clandestine love affairs into the routine of military duty in the field by the highest officers, and marriage even during battles to women seeking their fortune on the battlefield, is a spectacle so unmilitary and so discreditable as to make the Russian army a laughing stock. And what is worse, such acts were in violation of the commander-in-chief's regulations for the theater of war.

The demoralizing effects of the personal example of some Russian leaders can be best estimated from the testimony of the common soldiers, who charged them all with dissoluteness and incontinence, and sometimes accused them to their faces. It may be said that love in one form or another, and immorality alone were supreme. It was this pursuit and not that of victory, that was to them irresistible.

While spreading by their personal example suspicion and distrust, undermining what morale might exist in the nation's military organization and in the social organization, they boasted such theories as that all was victory; that the government could never be defeated; that to lie would overcome difficulties; that incidents of warfare were matters of luck; while throughout their defeats they clung with fondness to the theory that the war had not begun yet. As practiced by the Russians, war was an example of how men lug all sorts of useless trumpery of everyday life to the death-chamber,

and how men can be found who, with powder all around, fill their pockets with matches. During Sakaroff's régime as chief of staff, and during the progress of his sentimental adventures, one hundred thousand men were maimed and wounded, many of them permanently disabled, living on only to spend their lives in pensionless sorrow. What might be called a military defect in the race as exemplified in this case, becomes in the case itself a crime against humanity.

The prospect in war from nearly every standpoint is a sordid one, especially on the beaten side, where human defects often become criminal. Men are not seen everywhere in an army rising above their surroundings. War brings out the worst as well as the best in men.

The word scandal was one of the most frequent heard among the Russians during the whole period of the war; official immorality and incompetence were well advertised throughout the army, even down to the common soldier. The common soldier early found out that the officers were ignorant of the country, ignorant of the use of maps, ignorant of the operations of adjacent troops, and especially of Japanese movements. It was common to hear them complain of their officers losing their heads, lagging behind, and of drinking and carousing, and especially of dissipation while on duty. The conspiracies in the government, and especially at Port Arthur in bringing on the war, were thoroughly discussed by the people, and the blame was very accurately fixed upon individuals. The army at large greatly resented the generals bringing their wives to the theater of battle, as was done at the time of the battle of Wa-fang-tien and Ta-shih-ch'iao, when trains hauling special cars, containing in one case the wife of a commander, was given right of way over military and hospital trains.

The boasts of the defender of Port Arthur were generally held as vain and scandalous, as well as the melodramatic

council of war, when the details of it became known. And the surrender, which the army greatly resented and characterized as a disloyalty, some said was treason.

The soldiers resented so much the immoralities of their officers that they applied epithets to the women in the presence of these officials. From the quarrels between Alexeieff and Kouropatkin, to the officers' flirtations on the position, the meanest soldier was astonishingly intelligent. As time went on the disintegrating effect of these glaring weaknesses became apparent. Desertion became one of the menaces of the army, especially during the battle, when the passing of considerable bodies of troops to the enemy might have resulted in the destruction of the whole army. In some instances fully one-half of the soldiers entrained in Russia for Manchuria disappeared *en route*, the men dropping off the trains at villages in the night along the railway, even disappearing in the scattered settlements of Siberia.

Not only demoralization among the men of the army, but crime resulted. After the flight from Mukden, when the army was reorganized, the mistress of an officer who had lost all his baggage during the flight, received a letter signed "Anonyme," which enumerated the articles lost in the panic, and said that the panic was caused by Russian soldiers who were in possession of the loot. "This letter," it continued, "is proof of this statement." A "volunteer" soldier (in Russia, an educated soldier) sought vengeance against his superiors by killing three wounded officers in the First Army. He then robbed them and escaped.

Demoralization was so formidable as to be revolutionary. More than fifteen per cent. of the army was said to be Polish. This element was notoriously revolutionary, and furnished a continuous stream of deserters to the Japanese lines. The Poles were opposed to the war, and detested service in Manchuria under the Russians. In some instances

they declared they would not fire upon the Japanese, but would use care to fire into the ground in front of them or over their heads. Even among officers the desirability of success in the war was a subject for open debate. Success was admitted to be a victory for the evil government and a defeat of the people.

The number of officers who spoke of their superiors with execrations and of whatever was over and above them, was surprising, and indicated what a great mass of men in the army were driven to the war. This fact must be one of the most important in determining the causes of the army's failure. The younger officers nearly all seemed to have had fathers who were opposed to the government, many of whom had died in sorrow at the state of the country, or had been made exiles and perhaps died from insanity caused by their griefs. There were some also who had been condemned to serve in the army because of political offenses. Numbers of young men from the University of St. Petersburg and elsewhere, who had expressed their political opinions openly, were serving as common soldiers under sentence.

Desertion and disloyalty in the army was a scandal forbidden to be mentioned. Officers disappeared so rapidly from all causes, capture, death, desertion, insanity and invalidism—that the Czar graduated the student officers at home a year before their time. At least twenty-four hundred officers passed into the Japanese lines during the war. Some of these officers were known to have voluntarily surrendered, and it is believed that they gave valuable information to the enemy. The general staff throughout the war was sensitive of the fact that the Russian soldiers and officers were giving information to the Japanese.

So few were their own captures of Japanese, and so great were the captures of their own men by the Japanese, that they began to have serious doubts of their military prowess.

The Russian in the War

It early came to be one of the demoralizing influences, for the knowledge that so many comrades were in Japan spread disaffection wherever it became known and aroused distrust of every one.

Military discipline reached a very low ebb. Toward the end at least one-third of the army regarded the war as a crime, and were disposed to surrender to the enemy. Two hundred officers were believed to have gladly surrendered to the Japanese in the vicinity of the settlement of Mukden. The Russo-Chinese Bank provided money for a total of eighty thousand prisoners in Japan, and some of its officials stated that eighteen hundred of these were officers, who had surrendered in the fighting around Mukden and in the flight. Russian official immorality of the time attracted immortal odium from these facts.



Russian Soldiers

CHAPTER LIII

THE RUSSIAN IN THE WAR—(*Continued*)

WHAT seemed most desirable among Russians was a Don Quixote to laugh their militarism to scorn. What struck the observer most about them was their great military display and their unwarlike natures. There was plenty of whiskers, plenty of big clothes, plenty of decorations and weapons, and plenty of stalking about in a military way, with only very occasionally here and there real businesslike looking officers, which all went to emphasize the great contrast between a military organization and a fighting machine. Conspicuous were the men who looked like women and the women who looked like men, and most astonishing was the literal fact that it was in truth an army of men and women.

Militarism appeared to be their vanity. They lacked one at least of the essential elements of warriors—military aggressiveness. Their disposition was to hibernate and to grow fat. Their disposition is peaceful. For this reason Russians felt much aggrieved and warred upon, inhumanly assailed, and outrageously insulted. They had the conviction that it is the external world that produces disorder and trouble, and in this respect they resembled the Chinese, a class of whom regard their country as the source and treasure-house of all that is orderly, virtuous and good.

Like the birds of gorgeous plumage their attractions were all outside, for underneath their gold lace and brass buttons could be found only ordinary men. They seemed all to wear charms, crucifixes and luck-pieces about their necks; most of

them worshiped as prescribed by the priests, who themselves wore long robes like dresses, had long hair, and many holy pictures in metal and paint of The Christ.

Not perhaps more than other nationalities, but conspicuously true of the Russian character was the penchant for dockets and insignia. This is no doubt due to training. The educated Russian receives his first docket from the school, and the college and university confers on him certain decorations, as well as a garb, while government service confers in addition a uniform which can never be taken off. The church, as a parting benediction to the orthodox and as an approval, when the wearer of all the other paraphernalia is at last a corpse, confers its own insignia as a passport to heaven.

The military uniform seemed more the badge of a trade than the insignia of valor and honor—a trade rewarded with decorations carrying privileges, for most of the officers of a few years' service possessed them, and there is not enough war in the whole world to afford the officers of the Russian army opportunities for winning these badges as recognition for valor.

It appeared for a time to be a kind of joke that one who did not wear boots, and a big sword, and buttons, and piping, and lapels and decorations, was to the officers and chinovniks a nobody. It is said of the Russian official servant that he is unable to see any one who does not have epaulets, decorations, etc. This training, honestly come by among the educated, is communicated to the common people, whose conformity to the idea naturally takes the form of absurd and ridiculous imitation.

There are no less than twenty medals conferred by the government. Besides these the provinces and the divisional governments of Russia, and even industrial companies, confer decorations. A soldier who receives the St. George's

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Cross, after he has reached the age of sixty, receives something like three to five roubles pension per month, which would not any more than buy his tobacco in America. Decorations carry with them certain privileges and immunities carefully graduated so as to benefit those who, as a rule, least need it. While the soldiers greatly admired and envied the officers their decorations, the officers were disposed to ridicule the decorations of the soldiers. They were referred to as "roubles." "As common as roubles," said one officer, speaking of the great numbers of decorations which the soldiers strung across their breasts.

Great numbers of decorations were given to both officers and men during the progress of the war, in some cases where the recipients were expected to earn them or deserve them by their future conduct! They were given in large numbers throughout several years preceding the war to the men of the Frontier Guards, and it has often been charged that it was largely for imaginary services against "hung-hu-tzus."

It had so long been recognized as an abuse, that the conferring of decorations in the war can hardly be said to have deserved the name of being a scandal, although complaints were made to the generals that favoritism was shown in the distribution of decorations for services in the battle of Mukden.

The fact that the making of medals was an industry in Russia shows the rage that existed for these objects. Some of the Caucasians wore them across their breasts and under their arms, almost in fact to their back bones, and the idea was constantly suggested to the mind, and constantly remarked, that it was dangerous for the soldiers to cross the deep rivers, because if they happened to fall in their medals would drown them. Medals were distributed with due ceremony among large batches of soldiers and officers daily.



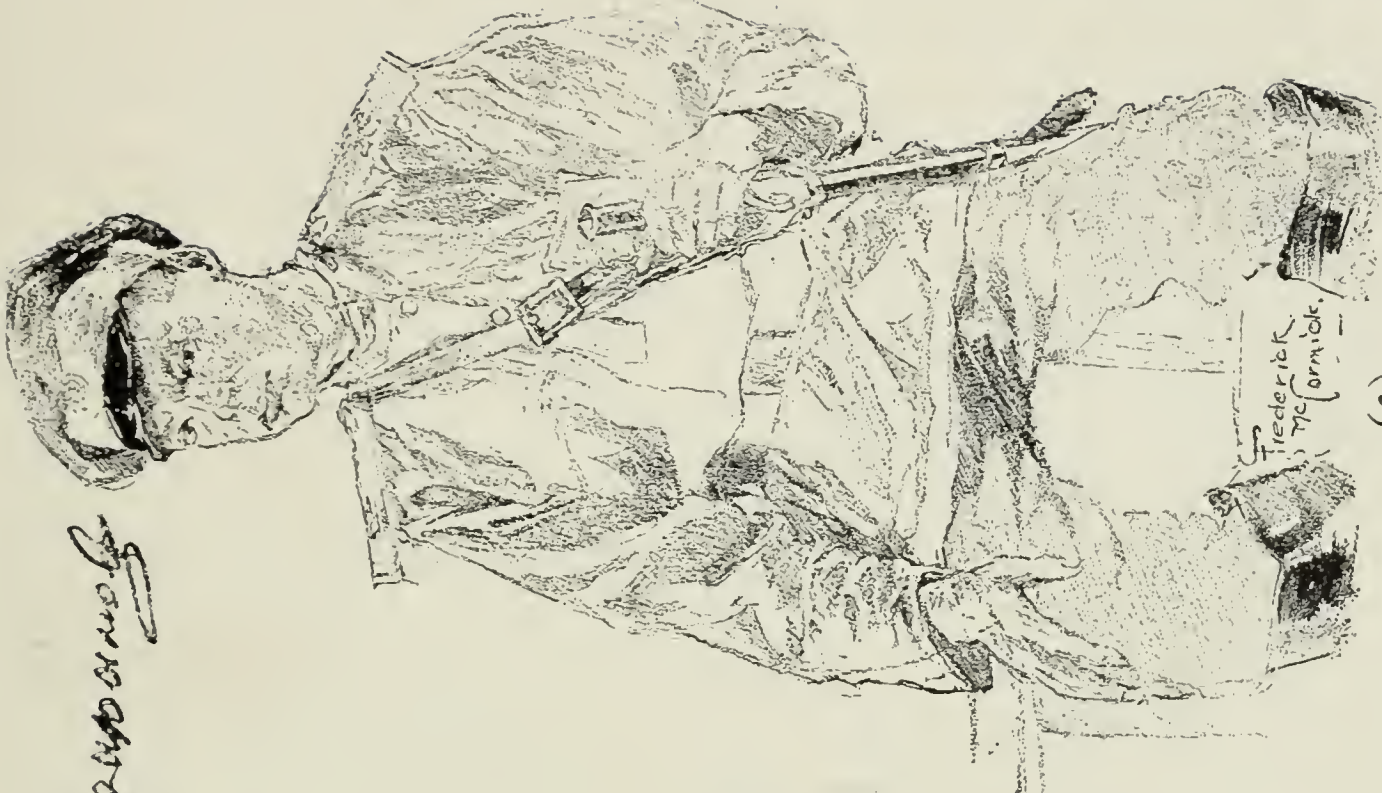
(1)

(1) A common soldier of the Czar.



(2)

(2) Siberian Dragon.



(3)

(3) Boy volunteer with Rennencamp's Detachment

Topograph

*Frederick
McFormick*

120 of Bryana

March 12

They were carried on velvet trays and pinned upon the breasts of the men by the corps commanders and sometimes by the commander-in-chief, who displayed them as a commercial traveler in country jewelry displays his wares to village rustics.

It was curious to see the evident importance with which these things were regarded by all. Many pursued the winning of decorations as a business. At Kuan-shan during the battle of Mukden, when a heavy cannonade was going on, a young officer appeared who seemed to have a decoration in every pocket of his clothing. He could not keep from talking about them. In the midst of battle he drew first one forth and then another. A day or two afterward, when Nogi was pressing hard the line of redoubts along the west, throwing up shells to within two versts of the railway, he appeared again. He had not spoken more than twenty words there in the hurry of battle before he began to draw forth his medals. It was his passion to conceal them in casual places on his person until he might, at the psychological moment, produce them by his special legerdemain and hand them around for inspection. Officers displayed these showy ornaments just as much as the men. Many an officer wore one about his neck, one on his right breast, one in his buttonhole and one or more on his left breast. Some of the generals in appearance resembled patent clocks. They represented by the display upon their breasts the whole development of the coin and enamel industry of modern Europe.

The Russians sometimes referred to the medals as "made in Germany," along with nearly everything else that the nation wore and used. The distribution of decorations in great quantities to the soldiers had the appearance of being a device to prevent insubordination and mutiny, and as a bribe. The St. George's Cross and other decorations were so thick among the soldiers that they could be seen lying

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about camp as paper weights. In fact a soldier of one year's service looked to the foreign observer like a nobleman of rank or a veteran of many wars, and like such a personage he only condescended to wear his decorations on duty or on parade.

It will be difficult for some to believe that officers evaded duty in some instances because they thought they had not been rewarded with decorations. It was said of one of the best young artillery officers that he refused to participate in and evaded the great battle of Mukden because he had not received a decoration to which he believed himself entitled. Having left his battery on leave he refused to rejoin when the battle came on. As a matter of fact the officer received his decoration later.

A large part of the body of government servants appeared to be performing their duties for the reason that if they did not do what was required of them others would, leaving no room for the exercise of conscience. This sort of service received its reward in decorations, each constituting a voucher for privileges—a patent for benefits, and the receipt of which, ostensibly from the Czar, was the signal among a large class for jollification and excesses, generally ending in dissipation.

A certain rich functionary, who had brought a Red Cross organization to Manchuria and maintained it at his own expense for the benefit of the army, and who received one of the smallest decorations, caroused with his friends in honor of the event for a whole fortnight.

No conspiracy was too obvious, trivial, or futile for the pursuit or attainment of the coveted distinctions. A general staff officer in charge of the baggage of individuals on one of the special trains that accompanied the army headquarters, at the close of the battle of Mukden, took alarm, deserted his post, boarded a north-bound train, and fled. Nearly all

the owners lost something from their baggage—a horse or two, a cart, personal effects, etc., etc. But afterward this officer had the temerity to apply for a decoration for “the distinguished service” which he had rendered on that occasion! His immediate superior, however, refused to recommend him for the honor.

The bitter irony of events did not perhaps prevent the truly deserving from getting their reward, for the government was in such need of competent men that especial effort was made to ferret out the worthy. But the absurdity of men arriving in great masses from Russia and fighting for five hundred miles on their own ground an unbroken series of unsuccessful battles, calling each other heroes and loading themselves with medals which they were giving to each other, must have strongly appealed to the sense of eternal fitness possessed by old General Batianoff, who was on the board of award of decorations for distinguished services after Mukden. Thirty names were presented with claims for the St. George's Cross. “If thirty of our officers had done something deserving the St. George's Cross,” said he, “Mukden would not have been lost”; and he reduced the list to five.

It was astonishing to see such vast ornamental machinery and clothes, such physiognomy, such fine frontal development; jaws, eyes, mouth and nose, to say nothing of physique, go precipitately to pot in a bad cause that might have had a better fate. The Roman, the Spartan, the Persian, the Teuton, the Assyrian, the Norseman, the Tartar, all this combination went down before the Japanese; and with its boots on—ever the glossed boots.

The Russian brought with him to Manchuria all his domestic wants, and remained to the end a great unsatisfied, homesick, disquieted nature, and a naturally great heart within a frame hung with straps and buckles.

The Tragedy of Russia

It is easy to understand how the passion for drink arises from these causes. The conditions were such in Manchuria that all of the phenomena of his character were displayed.

Perhaps the redeeming feature of the Russian in the war was his kindly, peaceable nature, whose loveliness was not impaired by the fact that his character was illogical. After all the political intrigue, greed, and adventure, carried on for years under the name of the Eastern Empire, this same Russian nature regarded itself as victimized by other races and nations. General Kaulbars said after the battle of Mukden: "The Russians do not make trouble nor strife. They work always to stop it. They want peace."

They seemed to the beholder to be in a dream and toiling over each other's bodies trying to awake. They seemed to embrace the greatest possible extremes in intelligence, consciousness and misintelligence. On the one hand were those holding individuals of their race as second only to God; on the other hand, the most radical materialists, holding themselves and all that pertained to them as nothing. In one and the same bivouac might be seen a prince with parts of his tribe about him going through a wild dance in which he would reach a state of exaltation such as the Southern negroes reach when inflamed with certain religious ideas, and approaching very nearly to a trance; and not fifty yards away students despising to take notice of such barbarisms and sympathizing with the insurrection on the Black Sea, reasoning out the extinction of the autocracy and constructing advanced plans of government with magnificent indifference to the schemes existing in other states, however successful they might be, and animated by one idea of creating something better than the world has even known.

The great conflict of feeling and thought, and the struggle toward consciousness was a warfare not second in importance to the conflict of arms. An officer of family and station

from St. Petersburg lived in a temple outside the wall of Mukden. He was a very rich man, and had brought a Red Cross organization to Manchuria, which he operated at his own expense. He was accorded the complimentary distinction of "general" by his friends. One of his favorite horses died. He had it saturated with kerosene and burned to prevent the Chinese skinning it, and having done this the animal was buried. He blamed one of his men for the horse's death, and the man sulked throughout the day. He was so stricken by the circumstance that he relented and stoutly consoled the man with a penitential gift of a hundred roubles. He gave a dinner to friends, most of whom were artists and correspondents, and made it the occasion for distributing an additional hundred roubles among the other men of his little corps to console their jealousies. The Russian custom of drinking and singing and kissing went on all afternoon. The men in his employ serenaded the guests of the "General" at the feast, and cheers continued until after eight o'clock in the evening.

There were speeches. One of the guests, who was a Russian correspondent, got up and said that the country needed a constitution. This aroused the host, who said that such a thing was madness. There was an argument, and the "General" appealed to his servant thus:

"Will you not go against a constitution with us?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the servant, not understanding the question.

"You do not understand—do you understand? What I say is, do you not stand out against a constitution with me?"

"No, sir," promptly replied the loyal servant, without understanding more than before, but believing himself entirely in harmony with his master.

Out of his kindly nature sprang his great weakness—of super-sensitiveness, incompetency, corruption and dissipation.

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Even when all the news concerning Russia was of internal bloodshed and revolution, and of the war nothing but dissension, defeat and disgrace, the Russians in Manchuria complained that the news dispatches were sensational. Though when the nation had reached a state when she was no longer regarded as respectable, and was for the most part held in contempt throughout the world, any news whatsoever was bound to be a little sensational, because all news to a degree is sensational, and would not be worth telegraphing unless it was so. Nevertheless the sensitive Russians regarded themselves as immensely abused by the newspapers. They complained that the account of the battle of Mukden and the flight given out to the world was not creditable to the Russians, although there was no battle in the whole war in which the part played by the army *was* creditable.

From the beginning to the end of the Eastern Empire every creditable thing was buried in shame, scandal and disgrace—one long catalogue of dishonor. Russian society of the day, which perhaps only finds its parallel in the moral conditions of the eighteenth century, was thrown into relief by the Russian army. It appeared in Manchuria a state of society in which the form of loyalty to the government was everything, and after that—nothing. Moral corruption was the natural relaxation and reaction from conformity to the requirements of the national system of laws, rules and precedent. Utter moral dissolution gave proof of what a revolting sham that conformity was. There was no visible evidence in Manchuria that such a structure could stand for a day under normal conditions, and it was a constant marvel that it could exist at all, and that the revolution was put off so long as it was in the Eastern Empire.

From a military standpoint, no one thing can be quite so demoralizing as the presence of women in the army. This is a military principle that has always been recognized by

every tribe and nation possessing civilization or no civilization. It was, therefore, expressive of the great blemishes in the Russian character that it was impossible for the nation or the army to exclude the women from the battlefield. The inhabitants of Vladivostok said of one of the admirals of the navy that he brought a wagon-load of ikons to Vladivostok and took home a wagon-load of photographs of public women. A staff officer—a baron—who had not spoken more than fifty words to a stranger—and these through an interpreter—though he had never seen him before, inquired of him the market price of immoral women! Two officers entered a sutler's shop and requested the proprietor to open wine and bring food. Having finished eating and drinking they asked for women. A superior officer—a colonel—arrived and made the same request. The first comers turned upon him and said, "There are none for us, therefore there are none for you."

On the Japanese side no women ever got within one hundred miles of the front. On the Russian side they even invaded the headquarters of the general staff, and were found far from the base, on the army's flanks. Some of Mischenko's men, searching for stragglers, found that under the protection of officers, women were living not far from the detachment's headquarters, from where they moved to a battery bivouac, and the officers lost much money to them at cards. To such vices as accompany such moral weakness, was naturally added that of excessive gambling, which reached the point of being a great scandal. An American was asked by a Russian officer if cards were played in America. "Yes," said the American, "cards are well understood in America."

"Do you understand the games of cards?"

"Yes, according to the ordinary American culture in such diversions."

"Well," said he, "how many hours each day, for example, do you yourself play?"

Card-playing was a diversion reckoned in hours daily.

On the Sha River during the winter, when there were many rumors, purposely false, put out regarding an advance, there was a great deal of gambling far into the nights, and a foreign military attaché remarked, apropos of the Russian army and the rumored advance, "It looks like it to-day certainly. The officers got up at half-past ten instead of at eleven."

After San-chia-p'u, the morale of the army in every particular was so low that it is doubtful if it could have been lower in any army. But one of the phenomena of the Russian army as remarked by an observer was the elasticity of its morale, for after all these depravities it was still to fight the great defense of Mukden. In the great retreat after Mukden, a member of Kouropatkin's family gambled at the close of each day's flight, and on one occasion gave his note, amounting to a sum stated at two thousand roubles, for a night's losses. General Kaulbars issued a prohibition against gambling in the Second Army, and threatened to hold offenders responsible.

It is a well-known fact that in war men exaggerate their military exploits. Tolstoi speaks in contempt of military veracity. Lying was so pronounced throughout the army that some of the commanders made special rules that were intended to break it up. Rennencamp said, "The officer who lies is not an officer," and proceeded to judge his own men accordingly. He disgraced and sent to the rear thirty-five officers during the war for lying. He relied a good deal upon the reports of the Chinese to verify or disprove military exploits, which were detailed in the reports of his officers, and was at least able to find with considerable accuracy whether or not the Japanese were present where the

exploits were reported to have taken place. He was able to stop false reports of skirmishes with the enemy. In the same way he tried to stop gambling. He found four officers playing cards. He took up the cards, tore them to pieces and said, "Now, the next time you play cards you will be sent to the rear of the army in disgrace." But the threat was futile.

In regard to the corruption and dissoluteness of officers, the Russians offered no explanation, though they took alarm at it. The Harbin *Viestnik*, in commenting on this, gives the cost of a dinner in a restaurant in that city for three officers who were on leave from the position, which at that time was at Si-p'ing-kai. The pay of no one of these officers was over sixty roubles per month. The dinner cost three hundred roubles, as shown on the bill. This was merely the expense for the dinner, making no mention of the other expenses of the evening.

The Russian appears to devote himself to champagne as to the very elixir of life. The thirst for this liquor was the cause of the very gravest charges of corruption against the Red Cross department and the quartermaster's department, both of which handled quantities of it. Such a demand was created for this drink that the price advanced to nearly ten times the normal, and the opportunities for profit were irresistible to those officials who had control of champagne supplies. During the life on the Sha-ho the festivities at the commander-in-chief's headquarters on the Czar's name-day, November 19th, were dissolute and continued through the night. For a suspicious reason, the champagne intended for the occasion did not arrive until the day following, but the officers refused to disperse, and remained to begin their dissipations when it did arrive. The generals left headquarters at the close of the first day as an example, but the subordinate officers remained.

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The first cargo to arrive in Vladivostok after the ratification of peace was a shipload of alcoholic liquors. There was no other merchandise on board.

All sentiments were celebrated in the glass. No less than good feeling or weariness were depression and disgrace ratified in drink. As one of the special trains attached to headquarters pulled away from Mukden, and all hope of a successful battle was lost, the Russian officers aboard gathered about a table in the dining car and ordered champagne. In the same train were a number of foreign guests of the army, and the officers, ashamed of sitting alone, invited the foreigners to drink with them. Through the windows could be watched the scene of headlong flight of the soldiers up the railway. The foreigners were plunged into a state of confused and sympathetic embarrassment, for in no country which any one of them represented was it possible to drink to such a state of affairs. But all thoughts of chagrin and mortification as far as the Russian officers were concerned seemed to vanish under the spell of the opportunity to drink.

As an example of the nation's mortification, flouted in dissipation, is the incident of Kouropatkin's nephew and others of the famous Third Corps during the retreat from Mukden. A witness reported that whenever possible they drank as heavily as the supply of drink permitted, spending the hours intended for rest, at cards. On one occasion, before reaching Tieh-ling, the supply of vodka was exhausted before the end of the game, but a quantity of pure alcohol being discovered it was gulped down glass after glass with only the rough precaution of dashing a little water into it to reduce it to something like vodka.

"I pray you please give me a glass of wine," was spoken by an officer of high rank to a Greek sutler—a camp-follower—who had no such favor to grant, and the request was followed by supplication, entreaty, palaver and posing.

There was a constant "still hunt" for vodka. "*Cherchez la vodka, cherchez la femme*," was said of them by every sutler and caterer.

It was natural in a mixed army, mobilized under the Russian system, where the unfit are not weeded out from the ranks of the officers, that there should be much havoc from drink. Among those who were otherwise robust were a large percentage with weak hearts caused by drink. One heard of many men fainting and swooning, and the strain of war made many lunatics and suicides. The Russian physician's first inquiry in case of accident was, "Was he drunk?" On one occasion, a man was describing to a surgeon in charge of an Imperial hospital the actions of an artillery officer in the last stages of exhaustion from fighting during the battle of Mukden and from the work of saving his battery in the flight to Tieh-ling. But the tragedy of the incident was entirely lost upon the surgeon. As the narrator concluded he merely asked, "Was he drunk?" That the man was drunk was his first conviction.

From a military standpoint the criticism of the Russian is that he has not solved the problem of modern warfare. But this is not sufficient to account for Russia's failure in the war. War is still no more than savage combat, and armies continue to win wars in spite of the best military theories. The chief enemy of an army is the nation's moral diseases. A great people with a great army, who could not defeat the Japanese in one single battle, must first have been the victim not of the enemy, but of themselves.

Russia's long career of successful expansion, making prosperous and rapidly extending the bureaucratic octopus, fostered official corruption in a way not fully appreciated until this war, whose misfortunes showed it to be one of the chief causes of disaster. In Manchuria public moneys seemed to be regarded as free plunder. Graft was nearly universal.

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Blackmail was not only practiced by the civil officials and employees of the state, but by the officers of the army, who exploited the civil officials, the merchants and contractors and the Chinese. They even exploited the soldiers under them, taking their pay and profiting by the purchases of food for them. A Cossack said he had been in the service eight months without receiving any pay. A Mongol interpreter served three months without pay, but lived in the expectation of a reward of a hundred roubles from the captain for his services. Men who had never received a kopek were kept from deserting by empty promises and terrorism for months. The bankers stated that officers with no income except their small army pay were continually sending home large amounts of money, the possession of which they could not explain. They declared that the army was criminally corrupt, and that the officers made use of their positions to steal from the government, and of their power to rob the natives. At the same time the banks were engaged in trading on the price of the rouble!

A Chinese of well-known business uprightness gives this example of the corruption of the military. The native, who was a well-known merchant in the West City at Mukden, arrived at the West Gate with a small herd of cattle. The soldiers at the gate demanded ten roubles to let him in. While they were engaged in controversy an officer came along and purchased the cattle from the Chinese. The price named was twenty-four hundred roubles, of which four hundred went to the owner of the herd, and the two thousand represented the officer's margin.

One of the best evidences of universal corruption was that charges of corruption were universal. Against every man's name there was a charge of some kind of scandal. Among the civil officials and gendarmerie and employees of the government, corruption was utterly shameless. Even

a military man deserving the government's service free, and the use of the trains to carry out his duties, had to bribe his way along with the rest. It was pitiful to see a military officer held up by a baggage agent, and having to bribe a trainman for a coupé. A small merchant living in Harbin had to pay three hundred roubles to the chief of police and two hundred roubles to the commandant of the city before he could receive passes to take a cargo of merchandise to the army. He would have to pay in addition to the price of transportation for his merchandise an equal amount to the station agent, and when he arrived at the army base he would have to bribe the chief of the local police in order to remain.

The corruption in the Red Cross was in thefts and the purchasing and distribution of supplies. Great corruption existed in the field, and was covered up by reports declaring supplies to have been "captured by the Japanese!" A Kuan-cheng-tzü native contractor supplied twenty thousand roubles worth of lumber to the Russians at a station below Si-p'ing-kai. The Russian official who purchased it drew his money from the Russian government in payment for it. He declined to pay the Chinese contractor, his excuse being that the lumber was captured by the Japanese, and he had not accepted it.

The highest officials in numerous instances were widely anathematized as thieves. "The soldiers," said a medical officer, "are all without exception happy to have the war over. But the generals, they lose much money! General Linievitch receives *eighteen hundred roubles* per month!"

Such statements were universally heard, they were to be heard in all parts of the army. One general of an army corps was accused of avarice and corruption; of appropriating public funds; arrogating to himself valuables obtained from the natives by his officers; of levying exorbitant charges

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against his troops for forage and supplies which in the Russian system are furnished by the general in command. Perhaps the chief disgrace or scandal is that such stories are told at all. One of the penalties which a man pays for fame is scandal.

A great abundance of animal nature such as the Russian possesses because of his fine physique, is all that is necessary under the laws of Russian society to account for his incontinency, and also accounts for many of his attractive qualities. There is in such men as the Russians something much finer than the military instinct. It is not a trait to be despised or one that gives offense—the talent to make love.

One constantly thinks of the fine fellows met with, men without hatred, or if they hate anything, hate war, and who, like all their countrymen, are not military, but pastoral and peace loving, preferring to live quietly at home with their wives and sweethearts. Wherever there was a Red Cross nurse or any other woman, there was a place for billing and cooing. Wherever men might have a substantial bivouac, they at once built little arbors as certain as the birds built nests in spring, and sang love songs and courted all the women they could inveigle there.

After an acquaintance with these benevolent, charitable people, the fine old men among them, and the loving young artistic and talented husbands and lovers, why they go to war at all seems a great mystery. It seems to be another evidence that militarism and uniforms is only a vanity with them, and that, as with the Caucasians, their swords and buckles and straps and Czar's garb is in reality only a national costume.

The good nature of the Russian is nearly inexhaustible. The way in which he will endure to be talked to, for example, in a language which he does not understand and endure mimicry, approaches the degree of patience possessed by a



An officer of the Siberian Dragoon Artillery

faithful dog or horse which will endure any amount of this sort of thing with great love and sympathy. This can be said in high praise of the Russians as a race, that even the veriest barbarian among them, because of his contact with Russia proper, carried some hint of the goods of civilization, some aspiration, about him.

The Russians are eminently a people of great aspirations and the very greatest possibilities. About the educated Russian there is the echo of every language and civilization. He carries with him all the classics. Like his dress it seems sometimes the tinsel of barbarism, but it is the warp and woof of his composite civilization.

He was a nearly perfect "campaigner," no matter from what class he emanated. A St. Petersburg swell, an officer on the staff of Kouropatkin, was on the observation hill at Ssu-fan-t'un, where he said he was ordered to remain until the hill was taken and to watch Kuroki's dash. Under a heavy shrapnel fire when the Japanese were shelling the hill he merely remarked that the shrapnel was annoying—prevented the making of a good report! In their possibilities of self-denial they resembled the Chinese. Their consideration for each other was one of the last virtues to succumb in Manchuria, especially the way in which the virile and competent endured the hopelessly incompetent and misguided officer complaining that he was not understood or appreciated.

In Manchuria the conditions were ideal for the propagation of ill-fame. It is probably owing to the colossal official scandals in Russia that the Russians do not "wash their dirty linen in public" by publishing them in the newspapers, which can be prevented by the officials.

According to one of the highest army officers, the chief characteristics of the Russian official are secrecy and lying; and the charges of corruption and general immorality are made by themselves. It is not possible for an outsider to

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disclosed, by successful revolution, a nature still kindred to the best of our civilization and still aspiring. In government and in international society the nation disgracefully, criminally failed, and it could not but fail in the first contest with an honest antagonist.

But in the struggle of the human against such terrors as almost seemed to eclipse what man has hitherto devised against himself, the dignity of the man in the Russian has been vindicated. The human in the Russian from the moment of the opening gun at Port Arthur steadily pursued its salvation through Manchuria, and this is the great fact of the war in so far as Russia is concerned.

The Russian in the war was a composite, with all the attributes of men in a disorganized society; patriotic, revolutionary and anarchistic; loyal, peaceable, martial, vengeful, compassionate. On their part it was a war out of date by five centuries.

In all but organization and modern learning the army was an Asiatic horde. It was a credit to our Asiatic forbears, as it was a revelation to the Oriental of the Far East and a scandal to Western civilization. The Russians by this war have solved the hitherto complicated question of the relation of the outside world to the Far East, simplified the whole problem before the Chinese and the Japanese, and opened a Pandora's box for the nations, especially those that have established a character for aggression in the East.

The Russian in the war is a picture of a great undeveloped people, moving with every kind of covering for their untrained bodies and with every vehicle of locomotion to the terra incognita of the border. With awe and superstition they paused before the unknown, peering through the forests and across the golden plains and mountains, wondering like children, and hearing the tread, not of savages more primitive than they, but of civilized men who turned them back

upon themselves, with an indelible knowledge of what they had wondered was on the other side. And having been indisputably beaten they comforted themselves with the oft-repeated and threadbare formula: "Well, it would have been the same with any other nation—the Japanese would have beaten any other Western nation just the same!" To have called the Japanese "monkeys" was a part of their great moral defects as well as of their ignorance, and to have taken comfort from the belief that they were no worse than their European neighbors, was a proof of their weakness.

The scheme of the Eastern Empire had all the fascination of an exodus. The conspirators aroused a patriotic enthusiasm among vast numbers for the enterprise, though they proved to be but blind leaders. On the whole patriotism and faith have never appeared in modern times in a nation in such an unhappy aspect and so traduced as in this "blind war."

The rulers and leaders as it was discovered by the people themselves appear most culpable. There may be other governments equally to be despised; there may be other peoples more to be pitied, but there are none who appeal more strongly to the intelligence and to human sympathy in the call to arms, the marching off to the front, the assault, the battle, the finish, and the dirge. It would have been incredible had such a people continued to endure a scheme of things such as the government at that time represented. It was a revelation of the ghastly poverty of human wit, as well as of integrity in the sacred affairs of a great people. It was in the Eastern Empire the spectacle of a paradise of fools, holding in its hands a vast army and a vast navy and consigning to death some hundreds of thousands of innocent, unsuspecting human beings; with a magnitude of folly within and without the seas that is not yet fully known nor fully appreciated, and the stigma of which will not be justly realized until it is seen in greater perspective.

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Bearing in mind the intrigues which brought into being the Eastern Empire and the purposes of precipitating war, the seriousness of the army in its first desire to vindicate the power above it was astonishing. To reduce Japan to a third- or fourth-rate power was an essential part of the scheme of the Eastern Empire. Japan's status was to be on a par with the status of China. The officers of the Eastern Empire, many of them, anticipated the looting of Tokyo, while at one time the greater part of the whole army was inspired by the idea of concluding the war and dictating peace in Tokyo. These things sound very strange now, but remembering Paris under the Allies and under the Germans, it is not difficult to imagine what Tokyo would have been under the Russians, who were themselves at Paris, and one of whose epithets for the Japanese was "yellow Frenchmen."

The conquest of the East loomed up before the promoters of the Eastern Empire as a reality. It promised a royal billet for every Russian adventurer, and was a greater prize than any which Asia had yet contributed to Muscovy. Matter of fact Occidentals must rub their eyes at the revelations of these purposes and at the spectacle of conscienceless conquest going on in our time. It would have been impossible under the circumstances for the Russian hordes to have plundered Japan as the vandals did Rome or Greece; it would have been impossible against the protest of Great Britain to have made a campaign in Japan. But unless Great Britain interposed, as she undoubtedly would, her great navy to prevent it, no amount of world sympathy would have prevented, in case Russia had won, looting and vandalism in the cities of Japan. A recognition of these contingencies makes clear the position of Great Britain. Japanese diplomacy has never appeared so strong and has never accomplished so much as under British tutelage. The alliance was not only military and political, but diplomatic as well. The two nations worked together. When

the machinations of the Eastern Empire were approaching a state tantamount to a declaration of war, Japan, besides her own minister, had Sir Ernest Satow, the British minister in Peking. At home and abroad she had the advantage of a combination of the best forces, and it was not surprising that Russian diplomacy suffered such a disadvantage by comparison. To go no farther, the meaning of Japan's initial successes is mainland empire and a control of the west Pacific. Being a gain to Japan, this is also a load under the responsibility of which she must feel, as before, the overshadowing power of a great race, to which she has already paid due homage and honor, and from which she cannot escape—because there can be no doubt that Russia, once herself, is master of her mainland enterprises, and capable of whipping Japan upon her borders. Russia's men in a strange distant land, amongst a civilized, innocent, and helpless people, on a bootless errand against an alien race in whom they could recognize no enemy were the toys of fate. If I were to dedicate this humble book to men apart from humanity in general, it would be to the Russian soldier, who in these circumstances, without a country, without a government, without a cause, without leaders, and without hope, yet fought a proud and worthy fight upon the honor of a man alone because he felt the stinging blow from a sincere antagonist in the face.

CHAPTER LV

THE LAST DAYS OF THE RUSSIAN GRAND ARMY

TWO hundred and fifty thousand abused soldiers with their arms in their hands and goaded by resentment and desperation into the wilderness for safety and refuge were a force which Linievitch, as the new commander-in-chief, had to deal with and had now to disband. The views of an officer may be quoted to show the feelings with which men of the army regarded the conditions of which they were the victims, but over which they had no control:

“ I think that here (in Manchuria) we are quieter and better. We can fire upon the enemy, who in turn fire upon us. But there at home we shall be firing volleys upon workmen. We shall be killing through error women, children and old men. Here none insult our uniform. But there they spit upon our shoulder-straps and hurl insults in our faces only because we wear the officers' uniform. At home they are without pity, without remorse. At home it is worse, truly, it is worse.

“ You say in reply, ‘ No, they will not now be able to spit in our faces,’ that ‘ we did our duty honorably, we were beaten, what could we do? If we were unsuccessful the blame lies with those weak old men who led us.’ It may be that you are right in saying so, but nevertheless the feeling of anguish remains. And in addition did all of them faithfully perform their duty in the face of the nation? Is it a fact that all we living Russians were ready to give our whole lives for the common cause? Is it so? No, not all, not all. I assert it. Many, many went into action because of no other

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course and as driven with the cudgel, and then only so far as the cudgel could reach. And then when the retreat began these rushed back with the force of an irresistible flood, contending among themselves with blows for the path!" *

These words were spoken before peace negotiations began, and when the war was believed to be over because the humiliation and disgrace was complete if not the disaster. The army was then admitted to be merely a defense army to contest the possession of Harbin, and many believed it a destined prize for the enemy. When peace came it was that threatening horde which the government feared to bring home. No man who had done anything in the war broke his sword over the rails of the Chinese Eastern or Central Manchurian Railway, because of peace, or pretended to—the army was so pleased with the fairness of the terms that men congratulated themselves upon having at last won such a great victory over the Japanese!

While among the veterans in the ranks there was great satisfaction at the idea of peace, there was great apprehension regarding affairs in Russia. While the common soldier had but one idea, which was to get home, among the officers there was a desire here and there expressed to remain in Manchuria indefinitely. This was especially true of the officers whose home stations were in the revolutionary districts, for they much preferred a campaign in Manchuria to anarchistic warfare with their own people.

This feeling also began to pervade the minds of the soldiers of the regular army, for the news of revolution was spreading. When peace with Japan was a certainty, the revolution was especially a certainty, and by the time the army began to demobilize many of the regular troops were indifferent or averse to leaving. The reserves alone showed an ever increasing and fretful anxiety to return home, which seemed

* Extract from a letter by an officer in the *Harbin Viestnik*.

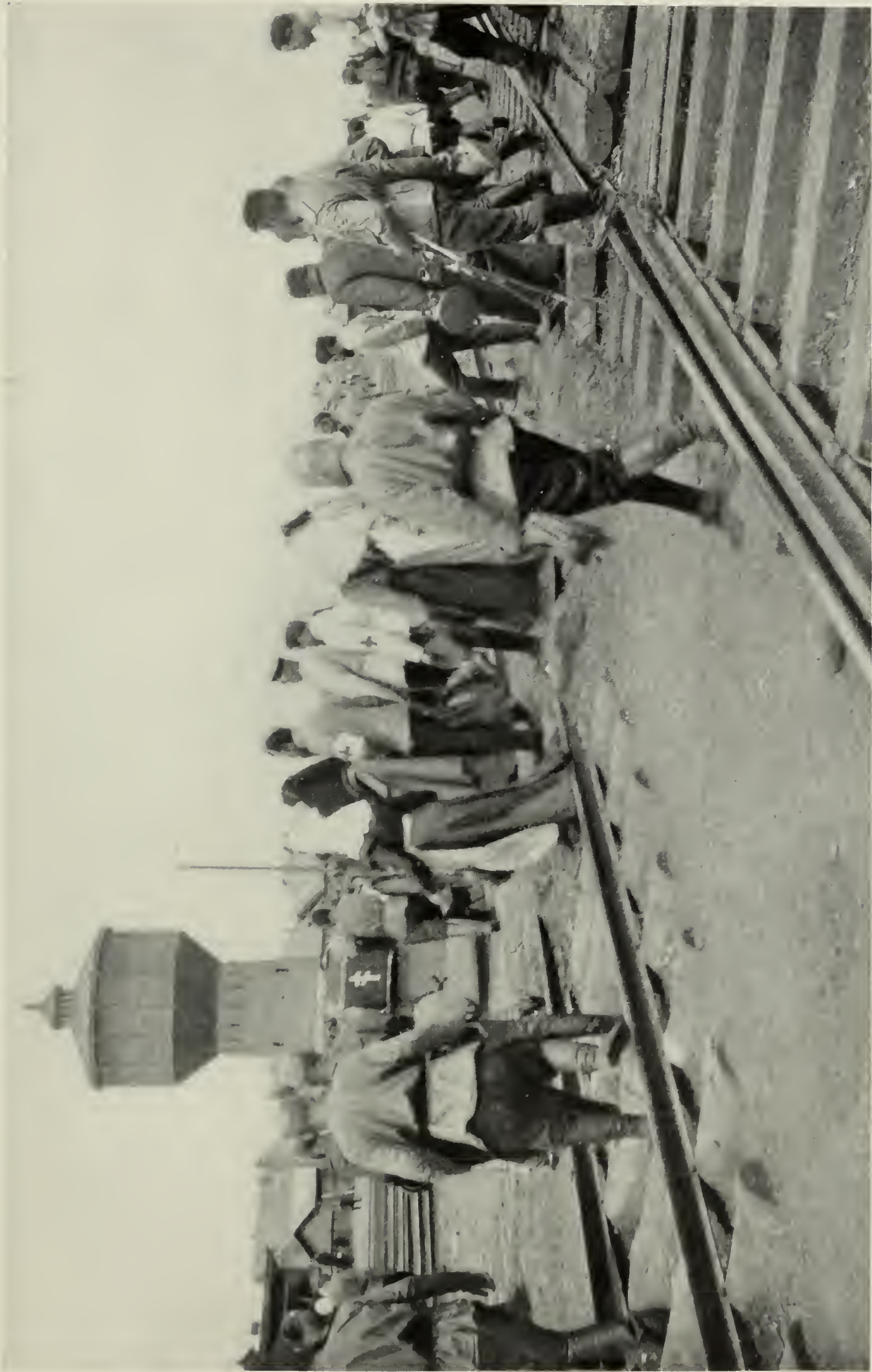
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to identify them as revolutionists, and in fact their uneasiness did lead to serious disorders.

General Linievitch reviewed the different armies. At Ho-er-shu, September 27th, where races and various military contests were inaugurated in celebration of peace, four army corps were reviewed. General Kouropatkin, to whose command they belonged, in his speech to the troops, finished with the words: "You have performed services here of which the country can be proud." On this date General Kouropatkin bade farewell to the military attachés of foreign nations whom he had entertained when he was commander-in-chief. He saw his various corps demobilized, but was himself one of the last commanders to leave Manchuria, both General Batianoff and General Kaulbars preceding him. General Linievitch soon moved his headquarters back to Kung-chu-ling, and ultimately to Kuan-ch-eng-tzü.

Kung-chu-ling presented a forlorn appearance in autumn when the dust storms began. The country was flat and unattractive, and even the bright sunlight could make it but little less desolate. One of the saddest features of the place was a little colony of the broken and unfit who had been found wanting, and were according to their shortcomings in various stages of disgrace in the rear. General Stackelberg had shouldered his misfortunes and long ago departed for home. Most prominent was General Sakaroff, brother of the minister of war, and lately Kouropatkin's chief of staff of the Grand Army. He was sometimes to be seen pacing the railway yards near his private car with his wife, and seemingly very dejected. Here General Montague Gerard, the senior British military attaché, met him one evening and seemed to discover that the erstwhile great man was much cast down. "I spoke to him," said General Gerard, "but he was uncommunicative, and looked as though he was down on his luck."

Such men as General Sakaroff, who could not endure the



Burial of a Russian officer

The Last Days of the Russian Grand Army

humiliation of returning to Russia, and who did not desire to, had no alternative but to remain quietly in the rear with the hope of ultimate reinstatement.

Beside the men found wanting, were the unfit, awaiting appointment which were never made, and aspiring to commands which they could never hope to secure.

The hospitals were among the first to evacuate, and the platform of the station was filled with homeward-bound travelers. The troops from the positions went through without stop by train. Day by day those who had missed their opportunity or waited in vain the turning of the wheel of fortune, gathered in the little railway restaurant for a cup of tea, or at the now rickety restaurant shack in the aspen grove east of the tracks in the hope of hearing some last word from the position. The leaves were a little yellow and the wind in the trees hinted of winter, and in the branches of the aspen were sounds like the voices of the dead. Along the railway the soldiers of the Frontier Guards were cutting down the straw-covered signal poles for firewood, and the scavenger dogs that had grown fat on war stood obese and solitary in the fields. More than any other objects they recalled the great battlefields far to the south and inspired a vision of the spectral army of the dead, making the beholder turn his back on the wide plains stretching away from the railway and take refuge in the crowd.

I know of no better place, because the subject partakes of the melancholy of the time, to speak of General Montague Gerard, the British nation's senior military representative with the Russian Grand Army. Here was the scene of his final illness, and the writer was about the last Anglo-Saxon to see him before his death. He was then in a hospital presided over by one of the Russian princesses. He had what he called "a touch of the lungs," and was not permitted to talk for a longer period than ten or fifteen minutes. He was

a great favorite among the Russians, especially because of his kindly nature. He impressed all who knew him. He especially appeared to comfort the disheartened officers and those who had suffered some military misfortune. It was he who sympathized with Sakaroff, whom many Russians regarded as destitute of all claims for sympathy. At the time of his confinement in the hospital he knew that the war was over, and he seemed to know that life was over, though all that he said was that he should have returned to Europe with General Sylvester, the French attaché. As soon as he could travel he was placed in a special car and started for home.

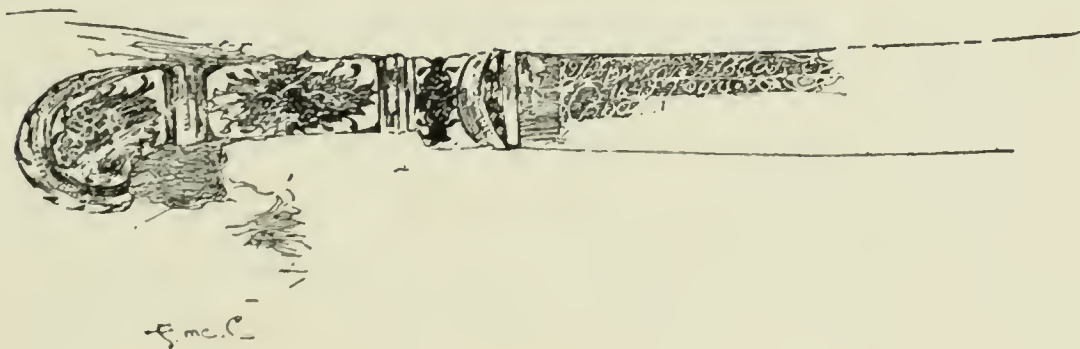
After his departure, General Linievitch telegraphed to Irkutsk to make known to him that the Emperor had conferred a high decoration upon him, but he died about two hours before he reached Irkutsk. Colonel Schuyler, a veteran cavalryman of the American army, tells this story of him:

“In the retreat from Liao-yang we had reached a small but treacherous water-course. It had been raining and the stream was in high flood. The army was carrying its wounded, who were resting on the bank awaiting some providence to deliver them from their embarrassment. Some of the officers were speculating upon the possibilities of bridging the stream, which looked bottomless and very angry. While we were waiting, General Gerard arrived. Without hesitating he rode into the stream and successfully swam his horse across to the opposite shore. General Gerard was an old man much the senior of any of the other attachés, and in fact a lieutenant-colonel, outranking Kouropatkin himself. He was not robust, but on the contrary, was a slender and at that time a frail man. But he did not hesitate a moment; and as for myself, who had spent all my life as a cavalryman in Western America and had been in Crook's campaigns, I only saved my face by quickly spurring up my horse and following after.”

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The Russians alike mourned his death, which was especially sad to them because their intended honor had not arrived in time to convey to him their regard as they had planned.

Linievitch, immediately after the ratification of the peace treaty went to Harbin. After his special train had passed north there were found strewn along the track north of Kochia-tien, quantities of clippings from the European press containing those bitter criticisms which the newspapers of all nations had rained upon the Russian military. They had been cast off as with the rest of the disgrace of the position. From the observation of Argus and the messages of Mercury, Mars, disgraced, had taken flight.



Handle of old Cossack saber—silver and enamel

proof costume which protected everything but the eyes. He was a journeyman mechanic and a conscript. He said he had been impressed into the army. Though he apparently belonged to a strata crushed so low that there was none lower, it had not seemingly robbed him of a sense of his position. He seemed to be groping to identify the inhumanities of which his present existence in an army in a strange land, thousands of miles from home and with no reasonable hope, were the evidences. He said there was something the matter with the country. He himself had been kept down because there was no opportunity for an education. He had studied everything out for himself, because in Russia only the rich could go to school. Among the last words which he said was a reference to the officials. Among the soldiers the beginning and the ending of all their criticisms was a complaint against their superiors. "These brass decorations which the officers wear," said he, "will never help the country."

In the latter half of October as I was quitting the army base I passed, just before entering the railway station, a soldier of the intelligent class standing in the footpath that led through the muddy street. He was evidently drunk and was haranguing the settlement, and his language was such as must have astonished the officers passing for its obscenity if not for the frankness of the sentiments which it expressed. Though a common soldier he was, after his own style, truly an orator, and I noticed that all officers, and there was one of at least the rank of colonel, walked round him in the mud and left him unmolested. "You see, gentlemen," said he, "that my voice is in fine order. I have a great wealth of ideas and a fine flow of speech. Perhaps you do not like my opinions or my manner, but I beg you not to be offended." At this point several officers were passing, and the soldier took advantage of the opportunity to give them a rap. The moral weaknesses and lapses in discipline

among the officers was a scandalous fact to the soldiers, who resented perhaps more than any one thing the presence of women in the army. "Why," said he, after his indictment and by way of peroration, "even a Sister of Charity might listen here without taking offense. These mild reproaches would be like music to her after all that she has heard and seen and done. For you know, gentlemen, that you have made her the cause of our having lost Manchuria."

He encountered no disputants. Opposite him was the police headquarters, which attracted his attention, and he harangued the police as he had done the military with impunity.

One of the phenomena of the time was that the common Russian of the lower classes possessed the simplest and most forcible ideas. The man in the street was not confused by ideas of his complicated relations to the state or to the classes. The better classes, and the officers especially whose official relations were highly complicated, were distinguished for the expression of ideas that suggested the chaos to which their affairs were trending. From the moment peace was established the army passed out of the eyes of the world, but it did not escape the review of the Russian soldier and the civilians of the Eastern Empire. The Eastern Empire was glad to withdraw from the light of international inspection and criticism, and individuals were glad of a respite from the onerous responsibilities to the army. They withdrew, so to speak, within their shells to make what they could of the past and the present and the future. Even those who had received decorations and promotions were busy in their own minds trying to determine their own losses and gains and the gains and losses of the nation.

But it is not possible to describe the chaos which as a whole the people and the army of the Eastern Empire were thinking and working out. The Russian communities in the north

the high ground, where those who wore her uniform maintained a class exclusiveness, though by no means despising the immoralities of the people's city, which went by the name of the "Prestan."

Harbin may be said to represent something new in the world, although it bore a striking resemblance to towns in the newer regions of America, and in fact the people of the Eastern Empire prided themselves that nowhere in the world, excepting America and Australia, had there been built such a city. And indeed they prided themselves for having imitated the Anglo-Saxon in these respects. It was a great settlement that was being literally hacked into a city, and it had such great blemishes and such great possibilities, and was so crude and so promising that it typified to the observer exactly what his impressions of the Russians were. More than anything else the débris in the streets testified to what Russia really was. The idea to guide and control which is so complete in the Russian mind, pervaded all material things, and was expressed not only in the government City of Harbin, which dominated the whole province of Heilung-chiang, but in the arts and trades, for up to the present moment in the history of the Eastern Empire every man directly or indirectly was working for the government and was guided in all the movements of his life in the way he should go, though without ever going therein. To the stranger the idea was oppressive, and the most law-abiding found it irksome to meet official expectations. He observed everywhere the leading-strings and the guides to the straight and narrow way, and yet nothing going therein, but on the contrary meeting misadventure and error. Even the wheels that plowed through the streets had leading poles fixed to the outer ends of the axles to keep them in the track where they should go, but everywhere were to be seen vehicles whose wheels had broken off and were being dragged along on poles

stuck under the axles. There was nothing clean, or moral, or decent. Everything was rotten and wrong except the hearts and the ultimate intentions of the real Russian people.

The virtuous boast of Port Arthur that there were no Saghalen men there, could not be imitated by Harbin, where it was admitted that every third man was a jailbird and where every one was on the alert at night and listened for pistol shots. As the army fell back and certain elements began to be concentrated there as a permanent garrison, or preliminary to going home, cavalry were detailed to patrol the region and to keep order. The workmen and tradesmen got to be like vultures, and energies were set in motion that needed only the proper influences to turn them into revolution.

A grand orgy was carried on at Harbin following the Mukden *debacle*, and only abated when General Linievitch nominally forbade the officers to visit the place. The escapades of some of the military men were like those of American bandits. A drunken army officer on one occasion entered the Hotel de France by way of a window from the street. By this he offended the waiters in the dining room where he was precipitated, and they gave him a thrashing. He left the hotel, but returned at four o'clock the following morning with his Cossacks. The Cossacks could not distinguish the waiters from the guests, but fearing that the waiters would escape the officer shot at every man who appeared. Some of the guests were wounded and some of them jumped from the second story windows to escape. One waiter was shot through the knee. The place was badly broken up; doors were torn off, and the office and bar were looted.

Harbin was full of places of entertainment where were every inducement to drunkenness. Naturally in such a place were many cheap phonographs and bad orchestras and wandering musicians, and the cheapest and tawdriest, and sometimes gaudiest, decoration and ornament. These forces were

impoverished by the demands upon them when the army began to demobilize.

The main attraction to the men was the *demi-mondaine*. There were *chansonnettes* and *grisettes* of a dozen nationalities. Harbin was worse than Port Arthur. The European women, often haggard and doing unsightly pranks in the streets, were far less self-possessed and far less well behaved than the Chinese women of the same class riding astride donkeys through the muddy streets. Harbin seemed like nothing so much as the "Chinatown" of a disreputable American mining camp. The better element of the citizens, who had abandoned it after the battle of Mukden, had not returned. The children that were to be seen were those of the poor and wretched, and the respectability of visible woman was a grave uncertainty. The streets were full of camp-followers and that human flotsam and jetsam which floats in the backwater of armies. The restrictions on women coming into the Eastern Empire were relaxed. At the Manchuria station of the railway on the Siberian-Manchurian border, the embargo was raised and harlots appeared in crowds in the streets of Harbin, jibing and jeering. The flood-gates seemed to be let loose.

There was one element more ravenous and less scrupulous than the avowed footpad, and this was the government employee. The drunken telegraph clerks carried their depredations and avarice so far as to refuse telegrams if not bribed. Printed rates of telegraph and passenger tariffs on railways meant nothing and carried no more obligation than did the time schedule of the trains.

After buying a railway ticket it still remained to get aboard the train. Every convenience was farmed out, and every traveler blackmailed. It required a bribe sometimes to even stand in an aisle of a railway coach. There were three men who traversed the train between stations. One was called conductor, one the receiver of tickets, and one a gendarme.

All expected to be tipped, and at least one had to be bribed, but merely acted as an agent for himself, and for the other two. As a rule they occupied the best coupé in the train, from which they could be expelled only by a discharge of roubles. It required more than the usual tip to get them out of it.

At Harbin the coupés were generally all sold in advance by the trainmen to wary travelers who understood the necessity of dealing with the trainmen in advance. Public servants often extracted their tips before returning the change and sometimes returned no change at all.

The authorities ignored the corruption beneath them as though to protect their own depredations. The red shirt of the reformer, worn as a testimony of his creed, began to appear with greater frequency and was pointed out by the Russians themselves. It was not strange that it soon became the red shirt of revolution.

The first appearance of revolution manifested itself in Irkutsk as early as May. Revolutionary proclamations were at that time distributed there and also at Harbin. At Irkutsk the appearance of these documents at a theater caused an outburst of enthusiasm from the galleries, whose occupants sang the Marseillaise and cried: "Down with the Czar," "Down with the bureaucracy," "Down with the government!" They were locked in the theater and guarded by the police until morning, when they were turned loose. At the same time the German constitution was printed and circulated throughout the Eastern Empire with an announcement that the profits from the sale of the book were to be devoted to the relief of the families of the defenders of Port Arthur. Singularly enough there appeared in the Eastern Empire, which was now a hotbed of revolution, the advertisement of a domestic loan at five per cent. This was circulated as a supplement to the government papers and attracted most ironical comments from all classes.

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The students of the Oriental Institute, one of the principal schools of the Eastern Empire, mobbed and spat upon the head of the institution in the streets of Irkutsk, to which place the Institute had been moved from Vladivostok at the beginning of the war. The student element and the exile element were aware that Russia as well as the Eastern Empire had fallen into evil days, and, while they were with the Grand Army as interpreters, merchants, and reserves, they had discovered that there was a great blame upon the government.

There was an independent, if not revolutionary, press both at Harbin and at Nicolsk which attacked not only the management of the war, but the military régime throughout the Eastern Empire. In the offices of these newspapers were portraits of Gorky and other reform spirits. Their editors and promoters were poor men with everything to lose, as reformers generally are, and their papers were under suspension for months at a time.

As a class the Russian journalists were distinguished by the characteristics which mark the military and the civil classes who pointed with confidence to their frailties. But there were Russian journalists possessing convictions and the necessary courage of their convictions that opposed the influences of the times and condemned the government. The newspapers not being permitted to print the news of the revolution in Russia proper began to discuss the causes of the war and to fix the blame upon individuals and the government. The ignoring of the vested rights of others in Manchuria was laid down by them as one of the important causes of the war and gave occasion for heaping endless blame on the bureaucracy.

On account of fear of the terrors at home many officers, dreading to return, conspired to remain in the East. Among the civil element those who had settled in the Eastern Empire in anticipation of new conditions complained that it was not

happy or prosperous, but that it was far better than at home. "We cannot go home," they said, "we can only remain here or go abroad." The peasants began to complain against the practices of the State Church, something that had not been known before. Both the army and the people seemed to regard themselves as exiles and the victims of a fatal social and industrial demoralization.

There was a service for peace held at Blagovetschensk immediately after the armistice, and on October 23d there was an official peace service held in the Cathedral at Vladivostok in which the Peace Manifesto was first read to the soldiers and sailors of the fortress. The Russian squadron in the harbor was then being painted white, and a part of it was to be the first of Russia's war vessels to visit Japan since the summer of 1903, for they were to accompany a commission headed by General Danieloff for the evacuation of about eighty thousand Russian prisoners from Japan.

The expedition for the evacuation of Russian prisoners left the harbor of Vladivostok on the twenty-fourth of October. Active revolutionists were at the time gloomily parading the streets, and part of the students, who were well acquainted with the feelings of the people and especially of the soldiers, said that there would be an outbreak not later than the date of the arrival of the first large body of prisoners from Japan.

The first outbreak was hardly more than a drunken riot, but was awful while it lasted. Shortly after noon on the twelfth of November the soldiers and sailors wrecked several stalls of the bazars on the water front just behind the docks and looted a large quantity of champagne and cognac cargo that was piled up on the dock. The consumption of this liquor seemed to give the men the requisite courage, and they now began to overrun the town like wild animals. Their yells were terrorizing and almost inhuman. By three o'clock in the afternoon they were stoning their officers in the streets.

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Troops were ordered out, but fired into the air, although a few well-directed volleys would have arrested the émeute. As it was, the participation of the troops in bodies increased the disorder, so that by dark pandemonium reigned, and the rioters added incendiarism to pillage and murder.

Fires began to be seen in every direction. Residents retired in terror to their darkened homes, afraid to have any light. The rioters could be heard surging along the Svetlanskaia (the principal street of the town), smashing glass as they went and yelling demoniacally: "Kill," "Set fire," "Hurrah! Hurrah!"

It was a night of moonlit haze in which the rioters could be seen groping about in all the streets and alleyways and into all the buildings. The soldiers on guard at the Post-office were seen to take turns in going down the street to the shops and carry away arms full of loot. Such was the conduct of the most reliable soldiery of the town.

On the morning of the fourteenth the town presented a sickly and pitiful sight such as it would have been impossible to imagine. The entire square bounded by the railway and the streets, Aleutkaia, Svetlanskaia and Pekinskaia, in which the theater and the Hotel Golden Horn were situated, was in ruins, as were the opposite sides of these streets mentioned. The bazars were heaps of ashes. The Svetlanskaia was literally carpeted with broken glass and champagne corks, and in the middle of the street in front of where the Hotel Golden Horn had been, was a grand piano with only five keys left; and also the safe of a jeweler, from which the rioters had taken one hundred and thirty-five thousand roubles' worth of watches and jewelry. There had been a street sale of these things in which a gold watch went for a rouble and a diamond ring for fifty kopeks.

At the opposite end of the town the Hotel Europe and Hotel Central were burned, as well as four or five apartment

houses in which lived the naval officers and their families. So also were the Naval Club, the house of the commander of the equipage, the house of the Chinese consul, the house of Admiral Terenteff, occupied at the time by Mrs. Jessen, wife of Admiral Jessen, and many private houses and business blocks. About one hundred and thirty houses of civil residents, many of them the homes of the poor, were burned there, and these people turned out into the night with only what they stood in. The largest commercial establishment in the city was looted and set on fire, but was extinguished after several hours of hard fighting of the flames by the employees. Two hundred and thirty houses in all were burned.

Most of the Town of Vladivostok lies along the Svetlanskaia, and not more than a few business blocks escaped looting and fire. There were other fires, comparatively of little importance, on the night of the fourteenth, and also the night of the fifteenth. And then the Cossacks were turned loose upon the town and their savageries soon reduced the rioters to order. The civilians and the women and children took refuge during the rioting on board ships in the harbor, where some of them remained for a week, and they then gradually returned to their homes.

The soldiers on Monday afternoon demanded the presence of the commandant of the fortress, General Kausbek, at the Cathedral, to which they marched with a band at their head. He appeared and promised that they should be sent home as soon as the necessary ships could be chartered. After leaving the house of General Kausbek the rioters burned the two jails of the town and turned loose all the prisoners.

While the Cossacks could be relied upon for murder and terrorism toward the rioters, the town was unsafe, for the fifty thousand fortress troops were all of them more or less disaffected. A week later at one of the barracks across the bay opposite the town two soldiers were killed by their officers

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for refusing to salute, whereupon their comrades turned to and killed the two officers. An immense funeral was given the officers, the regiment being called out to follow the coffins, and a company of armed Cossacks followed the regiment to maintain order.

About six hundred Cossacks were by this time entrusted with the maintenance of order. There were three newspapers in the town, and these were immediately filled with letters from all sorts of people, and for the first time in their history they printed anything they pleased. The *Dalny Vostok* stood for the government. The *Vladivostok Listok* took a middle course, while the *Vladivostok* committed itself to revolution. The soldiers and sailors held meetings unmolested and drew up a list of demands which they presented to the commandant. It asked "polite manners on the part of the officers in their dealings with the soldiers," "attention by the officers to their duties," etc., etc. Some of their demands were amusing and some were reasonable and sensible.

The soldiers and sailors after their escapade appeared to be rather shocked by the mischief which they had wrought upon the town and the fact that they had been in some cases the tools of criminals who were nothing more than thieves and murderers, using the soldiers for their own purposes. But revolution made such headway that in all the garrison of the fortress there were not more than one and one-half regiments which stood firmly by the government.

A purely revolutionary outbreak occurred on the twenty-third of January (1906). The soldiers and sailors held a meeting and formed a procession headed by a band, and safeguarded in the rear by about sixteen hundred armed sailors from the *Equipage*, who had broken into the armory on the previous day and armed themselves. The procession started for the house of the commandant, General Kausbek, to demand the release of some of the leaders imprisoned during

their former depredations. The commandant had been warned of this demonstration by a committee who waited on him in the morning with the same request, and at that time he had refused and warned the leaders that if they came in his direction with an armed force he would turn rapid-fire guns upon them. When the procession appeared he did this. Nearly all the musicians were killed, and several civilians. The men of the column scattered, throwing away their rifles and ammunition, which were strewn in the streets, so that on the following morning hundreds of rifles and cartridge boxes were picked up by the citizens.

A mutiny occurred in one of the batteries on the twenty-fourth, and General Silvanoff, who went with a small escort to talk with the soldiers, was fired upon and wounded in six places; and Colonel Surmenieff, the commandant of the town, was killed with eight members of the escort. For several days there was practically no government. The Cossacks had contributed nothing to the maintenance of peace and were sent out of town. The *Dalny Vostok*, a government paper, was suspended because of fear of the revolutionists. At last about a week after the mutiny in the battery, General Artomonoff, who was a great favorite with the soldiers, arrived and took charge. His coming had a good effect and was followed by the arrival of General Mischenko, accompanied by several thousand Daghestani, Gruzinski and Circassian Cossacks, who re-established law and order. In the meantime most of the reserves in the fortress garrison had been started homewards. They had been the chief elements in the revolution and their departure promised order to Vladivostok.

A more serious condition existed in the west. Mischenko before his departure for Vladivostok had, with difficulty, maintained order in Harbin. His Cossacks had been called out to disperse mutineers and in some cases had been worsted in

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the attempt. The headquarters of the army in the great railway administration building had been burned out and the Imperial Russo-Chinese Bank had been threatened in letters with destruction by dynamite. The telegraph and postal employees of the government struck work, committing an act of treason. At the same time the operatives of the Chinese Eastern and Siberian Railway also struck work, and communications with Russia were stopped. The authorities had been making unusual efforts to evacuate the army, which in its anxiety and desperation completely cowed the government and forced them to parley with the railway employees, with whom they made an agreement by which the trains were to be used for carrying soldiers to Europe, but on which no other passengers or baggage could be carried. General Rennencamp was ordered by the government to suppress this revolution, which he succeeded ultimately in doing, and after weeks of Cossack and police operations, gathered several hundreds of accused leaders and imprisoned them at Chita in the Trans-Baikal province, where he held a military court. Revolution in the Pacific provinces did not end until about six months after the war closed.

CHAPTER LVII

THE JAPANESE IN THE WAR

THE Japanese as soldiers made an immense impression in every way upon the Russian army. According to the Russians, the Japanese were inferior to themselves in every military asset—in the matter of numbers of men, in the numbers and quality of munitions of war, and in all the sinews of war, as well as in the quality of the soldier. The world generally agreed to this, although a few of the rare and elect denied that the Russian soldier was superior to the Japanese soldier.

Only in numbers did the Japanese equal, and only in intelligence and military quality did he surpass, the Russian. His weapons were inferior, and he had less of them. War in our time is said to be a modern science, just as it has been always claimed. It is so common a truth that it seems to have eluded the Russian military altogether, for though the West had made the engines of war, the Japanese, representing the East, startled the West by teaching it how to use them.

Being the victors the Japanese naturally excited the admiration of the vanquished. The close scrutiny which has revealed Japan to the world began in the Boxer War, which initiated the complications which even yet distress the East. Foreseeing the inevitable clash with Russia, Japan initiated overtures and sent Marquis Ito to Russia shortly after the affair at Peking had been settled with the Manchu Dynasty. It was about 1902 when Marquis Ito with his staff made such a poor figure in the eyes of the Russians in St. Petersburg as

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to attract to his race the sobriquet "monkeys," for the Petersburgers at that time had no heart for epithets, they were merely amused. They had judged the Japanese by their size and appearance, and while they were entertaining themselves with the court anecdotes of the event, Marquis Ito continued his journey to London, where he found a more congenial atmosphere and where he was now free to promote the coming alliance which was to bridle the Czar and which was to place Japan in control of Eastern affairs.

They discredited their future enemy on account of his stature and the smallness of his visible resources at first, but in the war the Russians made the much greater mistake of relying upon them, overlooking, as only those in responsible and high positions can, the advantages which his size gave to the Japanese, and the great human fact that the lower a people's tangible resources get to be the more desperate, resourceful and irresistible they become. In Japanese art during the war a captain of the military is represented on his sick bed studying the map of the world on the ceiling above. Though Christendom surged around them they were vigilant and unafraid. While the Russians believed in the invincibility of Russia and the inexorable bias of the Almighty toward their holy empire, the Japanese were intelligently conscious of the final results.

The Japanese can hardly be considered in the manner in which the Russian in the war is to be considered, because in the war they represented the sentiments of most of civilization. Russia invaded the contested country and fortified it and violated its neutrality and the neutrality of all North China lying on the Gulf of Chih-li before the war. Her offense was colossal and deliberate, for it was viciously directed against three independent nations vitally concerned, China, Korea and Japan, and offended Great Britain and America, while it outraged nearly all the civilized world.

The Japanese never found but one or two occasions to imitate these violations; once when a Japanese torpedo boat, exasperated at the frequent violation of the harbor of Chi-fu, pursued the *Reschitelni* torpedo boat and took possession of her in the harbor. Other so-called violations of Chinese neutrality were the bringing of food supplies over the Hsin-min-t'un Railway, as the Russians had done. But the two cases are entirely unlike, since the Japanese had little or no occasion, and it was out of their way to use neutral territory.

The Japanese were more self-contained than the Russians, and their superior standing was gained by self-restraint, as well as by achievement. While the Russians were thrashing diplomacy to tatters Japan's cause was without any effort on the part of her statesmen building up a good name for her diplomacy and her civilization. In great contrast to this and the numerous official acts of Russia and her agents, the deeds of Japanese diplomats instead of antagonizing, met with the approval of public sentiment. The Russian in his diplomatic movements appeared to regard an irritation on the Yalu and at Seoul sufficient to fix the quarrel in Korea and to bring the Japanese to war. Russia endeavored to fix the attention of the outside world and the contentions of the Japanese upon Korea. The diligence with which the Russians deceived themselves by the apparent consent of the Japanese to discuss Korean affairs in the negotiations is in the nature of an encomium on Japanese dignity and astuteness.

Japan confined her diplomatic energies to forcing Russia to define her intentions in the Far East and her patience was rewarded by the sympathy and admiration of the world. Russia's reception of Japan's inquiries revealed Russia's intention to deal as she pleased with the Far East and her determination to confine discussions to southern Korea, with a disposition to edge diplomacy entirely off the mainland into the Korean Straits.

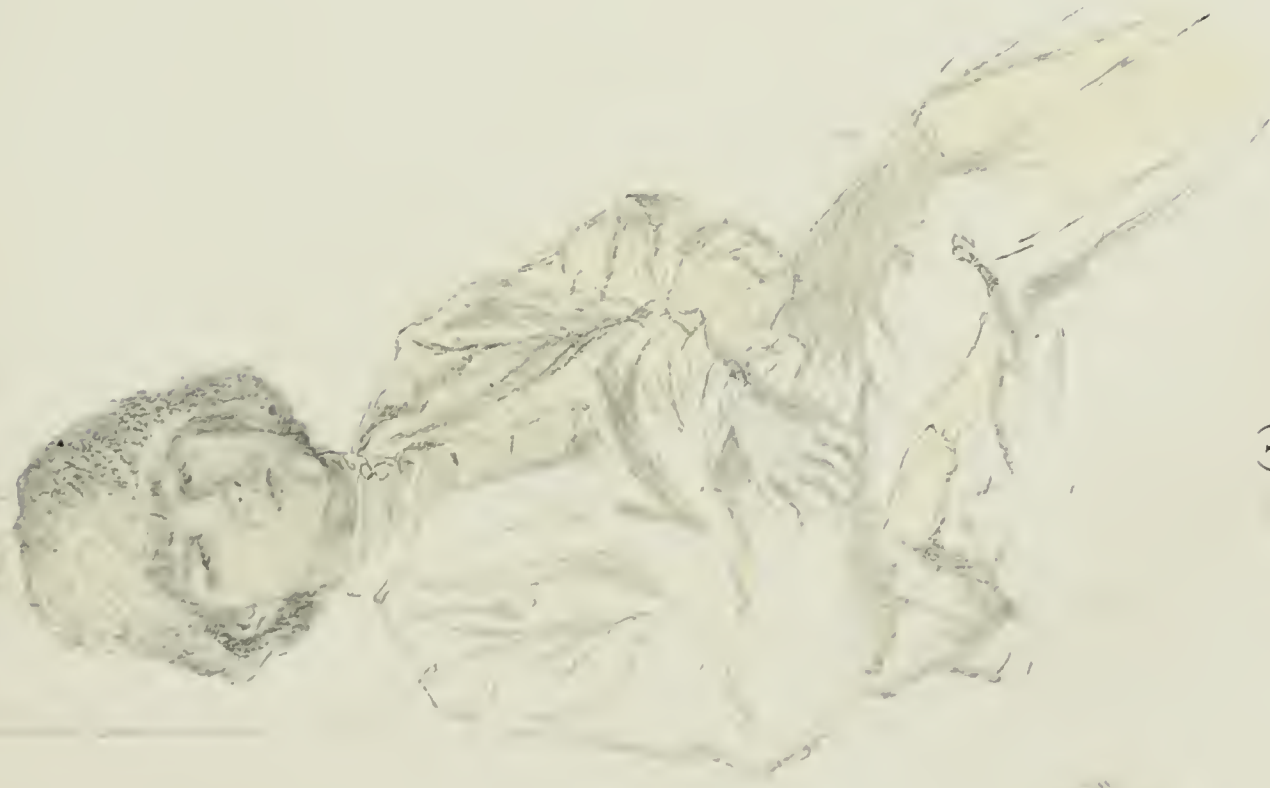
that is not in the right. Japan's course was so framed by her leaders that it was impossible for the world to lose sight of this great fact. In peace it is possible to forget this for a time, and it is possible for Japan to lapse as she grows stronger and more confident. But throughout the war, and even in the peace negotiations, Japan retained the respect she won in the beginning and added to it the respect of her enemies. In this is summed up what the Japanese were in the war.

Since the whole story of the Russo-Japanese War in Manchuria is the story of a Western depredation against the East, the culminating and breaking of a storm of aggression that had begun half a century before, it seems adequate to the scope of this work, if not sufficient to the Japanese, to treat their place in the war as they appeared in the minds of the Russians.

Everything relating to the Japanese became of interest. Curiosity grew and expanded until every item of information and every incident relating to the Japanese was peddled from one end of the army to the other. The organization of their army which was known to be European and their supposed outlandish instincts and habits were held to be incongruous, and the Russians expected and believed that they could easily throw the Japanese army machinery out of gear and by a mere stroke accomplish their destruction.

The Japanese were regarded with that indulgence and toleration which we accord to the inferior animals. The Russian is by nature curious. He is an apt naturalist, and by choice, as may be seen by the varieties of peoples which he has gathered into his empire, an anthropologist. To do the Russian justice, therefore, he was willing and anxious to learn. Though in the beginning he came to scoff, his natural greatness led him in the end to admire.

All the peculiarities and habits of the man were discussed



(1)

(1) Boy volunteer with General Mischenko's detachment. (2) A young Buriat Cossack officer descended from the Mongols of Genghis Khan's empire—native of the region of Selingsk



(2)

with rapt interest. It occasionally happened that Japanese soldiers were captured, though not often. But when it did happen every trinket and every detachable object was removed from their persons, except their clothing, and kept as trophies. A belt, a button, a drinking cup, a shoulder strap, was pounced upon by the Russians, and remained for weeks and months to excite wonder in the bivouac. For a long time the Japanese were regarded by the Russians as incapable of fear. When the Russians did them the justice to admit their bravery they dubbed them fanatics and regarded their military characteristics as infernal; such, forsooth, is the intellectual state of our civilization. The absurdity of this position, however, was realized as time went on and the Russians were more and more cast down until Mischenko was able to report that Japanese infantrymen had fled before his cavalry, throwing away their arms and accouterments and making every attempt to escape. This was after the battle of the Sha-ho, and the Japanese had established their identity as human beings. The Japanese have put it in this way: "We had won your admiration in art, intellectual attainments, and in the pursuits of peace. But it was necessary to demonstrate our ability to kill in order to prove that we were civilized."

The Russians took consolation over the fact that the Japanese had made strategical and tactical blunders in the battles. They were like the happy Christian who thanked the Lord that both arms had not been taken off instead of one. They consoled themselves that the Japanese had not beaten them worse than they had.

After June, 1903, when the war was properly under way, the Russians made no serious charges of barbarism against the Japanese soldier. At that time the army newspaper printed stories given by Russian soldiers charging the Japanese with mutilation of Russian wounded and declaring that the Japanese troops differed in no respect from the ancient

barbarian population of Asia. It would seem very strange if something of this kind did not occur, since there has perhaps never been a war without it. Notwithstanding the fact that the army newspaper was an official organ, considered in the army by some as a joke, by others as an abuse and as never having more than a fraction of the truth, and that employed in the interests of an ulterior motive, there seems no reason to doubt that barbarities were practiced by some Japanese in some instances. The charges made by the army newspaper were resented by the outside world and discredited. The press remarked that this plan of accusation was one invariably pursued by the beaten party in all wars, and cited the doubtful action of Russian cruisers from Vladivostok in allowing the troops on board the Japanese transports in the Straits of Korea to simply sink. But at the same time Kouropatkin issued an army order directing the Russian troops to observe the laws of humanity in the treatment of fallen or captured Japanese, and accord them the tribute of respect which was due, he said, to brave foes.

After the effect of the first charges made against the humanity of the Japanese by the army newspaper were known, the charges were not repeated, and Kouropatkin continued his efforts until the close of the war to instill some ideas of humanity into the recalcitrant elements of the Russian army. In the end the army shared the admiration of the outside world for Japanese chivalry, and agreed that it had kept up the highest standard of civilized nations, and the army newspaper published detailed accounts of the scrupulous care by the Japanese of the relics and effects of dead Russians and their return to the Russian government.

The Russians were astonished at, and shamed by, Japanese patriotism. They were struck by the fact that very few Japanese ever surrendered, while thousands and tens of thousands of Russians passed gladly into captivity. It was a point

of honor with the Japanese, especially with the officers, not to give themselves up until they could no longer fight. In one case a Japanese officer was captured who was unable to show any wounds. This passed unnoticed by the Russians until the officer himself called their attention to it in an unexpected way. The Russian military questioned the Japanese officer as to whether he would prefer to return to the Japanese army or remain in captivity, for they were interested in knowing what the Japanese thought of the war, and to what extent they were loyal to their government. The question was so preposterous that the Japanese officer was unable to speak. After he had been repeatedly urged, he at last said: "If you really desire to do me a real benefit, you need only give me wounds, for they will account for my captivity."

The mortification of the Japanese when captured or under failure was intense. They were known to take their lives out of chagrin. On the other hand, one never heard of a Russian committing suicide on account of military failure. While the Russians were fatalistic, resigned, and disposed to regard themselves as defeated by forces against which it is impossible to contend, the Japanese, as difficulties increased, regarded honor as still requiring them to resist. Many, therefore, sacrificed their lives freely, and it must be admitted intelligently, since in their case the principle of self-sacrifice was eminently successful. With inferior tools they accomplished wonders. When one considers the burrows, warrens, trenches, redoubts and forts which at Liao-yang and elsewhere the Japanese had to subdue, their efforts seem the achievements of demi-gods, or like the achievements of the gods they revere. Let no one suppose that those works were not defended, though in many cases they fulfilled no office they were intended for—they sometimes did not justify their *raison d'être*. With equal numbers the Russians often could not hold out against them.

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The credit for the best cavalry raid of the war is due the Japanese cavalry. This was the raid by a mixed force of Japanese cavalry and native bandit volunteers to Omoso, east of Kirin, and the destruction of two thousand bushels of grain belonging to the Russians. It was mentioned by the Russians as an achievement in contrast to Mischenko's raid to Yin-k'ou. It was over a difficult country, a distance more than twice that over which Mischenko traveled, and was entirely successful, the force getting away without misadventure. Taking into consideration that the Japanese cavalry was not considered by themselves as an entirely practical branch of the Japanese army, and was very badly equipped with horses, the Russian cavalry was put to shame.

In some respects the Russo-Japanese War was the most striking of all wars. But in the use of cavalry it bears no comparison with such wars as the Boer War and the American Civil War. The Japanese cavalymen were so badly mounted that they could not engage a large number of Russian cavalymen, who by reason of the superiority of their horses could overtake them, and at the same time could call up re-enforcements. An inferior force of Russian cavalry could escape them by reason of the superior swiftness of their animals. It was not, therefore, a war of important cavalry operations. It can be seen that it was not often that the Japanese cavalry were justified by circumstances in accepting combat from the Russian cavalry. They as a rule contented themselves purely with the duties of scouts. When pressed by the Russian cavalry they generally retired to the protection of their infantry. This exasperated the Russians, and, on one occasion, the Second Trans-Baikal Regiment of Cossacks sent the Japanese cavalry a challenge so couched as to arouse their military pride. The challenge taunted them about the fine uniforms which they wore, the showy red trousers and the gold braid and other ornaments. Stung to the quick they accepted

the challenge and fifty of them gave battle, notwithstanding that they were met by a whole squadron of one hundred and fifty Cossacks. They were beaten, but they fought a finished fight and were all either killed, wounded, or captured.

An officer of the sotnia who came out of the fight with several wounds about the head, said that he had had enough, and was quite satisfied to have the war end.

The Russians credited the Japanese with ingenuity and daring. They recited with wonder and amazement the incident of one of the attempts to block the harbor at Port Arthur, when the Japanese steamed their merchant hulks straight at the harbor mouth, blowing the whistles like mad, flying Russian flags and pursuing themselves with torpedo boats, firing at short distances as though chasing Russian merchantmen into the harbor. On another occasion the Japanese converted a torpedo-boat into an imitation of a Chinese junk and under this disguise brought it close to the harbor entrance.

Some of their subterfuges were interesting. They flew large kites into the Russian lines bearing photographs of the temples of Japan and letters from Russian prisoners showing the desirability of the men yet in the Russian ranks of becoming prisoners. At the time men equal in numbers to three Russian army corps were prisoners in Japanese temples.

In the field the unaccountable disasters which overcame the Russians led them to believe that the Japanese were equal to any ruse, and it was said in the battle of the Sha-ho that a colonel of artillery accused the Japanese of putting on Russian uniforms, by which he said they had been able to advance into the Russian lines, and had fired upon him and captured his guns. Considering the confusion in the Russian lines during battle and the injuries which the Russian troops inflicted upon themselves, such claims are not to be trusted, for as a rule the Russians retired from the field where they had been defeated with very imperfect knowledge of what

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each contingent had done in the battle. They no doubt overestimated the Japanese as has the outside world. It became the fashion with them, as with the outside world, to regard everything Japanese as of superior virtue. At Vladivostok when the Russian Admiralty, after the signing of peace, began to remove the mines outside the harbor, one of their boats ran near a couple of Japanese mines laid during the blockade. One of these exploded within about one hundred and fifty feet of their boat and nearly blew it clear of the water. "Those Japanese mines are dangerous," said the officers, "our own are generally non-explosive, but the Japanese ones explode."

Compared with the Russian soldier, the Japanese soldier was more active and more of a military being. He was a better scout because he was more intelligent, as well as more active. He was better disciplined and more self-reliant, though he was not a better campaigner, nor was he naturally much more obedient or patient. The Japanese, as history shows, are more active than aggressive, as has been charged against them. We have no standards except our own to judge by, and the standard of aggressiveness is a lofty one made by ourselves.

The Japanese had an especial advantage from the first in the war in Manchuria. They knew the people very well, or learned to know them quickly, because the two civilizations had run nearly parallel. They could eat the same food, and read and write the same language. They could live in the same houses and they could make use of the same customs. Manchuria was a land written all over with a common language inscribed with common precepts, proverbs, and mottoes; filled with temples like their own, and with a people not distant in race and life. They could adapt themselves easily and heartily to Chinese environment. These advantages manifested themselves in the secret service department of the

Japanese army. Some of their spies so closely resembled the Chinese that it was only accidental when they were detected. The writer has seen many suspicious characters in the rear of the Russian army successfully avoiding the Russian soldiers, though they could not but attract attention of one familiar with the Chinese, and has talked with men whom he suspected, and found that they disappeared shortly after being questioned. The Russians arrested Japanese in Chinese clothes in the railway yards of their army bases at intervals all through the war, and they could only guess what the large number of successful spies in their own territory might be.

No exhaustive comparison of the Japanese and Russian character is intended in these chapters, and the author disclaims any attempt to show the comparative value of the Japanese and Russian military practice. It is likewise beyond the aim of the writer to draw conclusions upon the final merits of the two civilizations, or to claim that either one race or the other possessed in all respects a superior morality. He only treats of the plainer issues respecting the justice of the cause of one side over that of the other; the superiority of the government of one over that of the other, and the superiority of one army over the other, and in doing so has cited incidents within his observation or at his command at the time. The Russian military experts claimed to have recognized the errors in the military practice in the Japanese, and outside critics have shown the folly of that practice. The Russians themselves, however, never made the mistake during the latter half of the war of throwing stones at it. They learned to admire and not to condemn the great risks which the Japanese successfully carried through. They noted occasional errors in the movement of Japanese troops, especially when they approached in close formation within close range of their artillery, because this was one of their own persistent mistakes. But on the whole they recognized that Japanese mili-

tary practice was eminently successful and in pre-eminent contrast to their own. Out of all the misinformation received within their lines concerning the Japanese, the Russians in addition to their defeats got a few powerful facts. A Japanese spy, captured when sketching Russian fortifications at Ta-shih-ch'iao, before being executed, had this to say to his Russian inquisitors: "You Russians are fools if you don't make peace now. We would give you good terms now, but later on you will have to take what you get."

After the battle of Mukden and when the Red Cross surgeons, who had remained behind in care of the abandoned wounded, were escorted by the Japanese and received in their own lines, they related that they had seen Oyama pass their hospital in Mukden en route north accompanied by one orderly. Remembering their own ponderous formality, paraphernalia, glitter, hocus-pocus, and holy show that always accompanied the commander-in-chief, they were struck with anger. This was one of the last straws. Their admiration for the Japanese was further enhanced by the contrast which the Mikado presented to their own Czar. He appeared as a true Emperor, possessing the loyalty and support of all the Japanese people; while the Czar was an avowed aristocrat, despot, at the top of a machine of oppression by which the people were held in ignorance and forced into anarchy. They perceived that there was nothing like their own disloyalty in Japan, where every man hurried to the support of his country. And when the war was over, while the return of the Russian was welcomed at home as that of a victim of his own government, the Japanese returned as a victor and as a half-ashamed hero, met by father, uncles, grandfathers, friends and little boys, and by a band of music was escorted through his native streets. In the end the Japanese appeared to him as to the world at large, a hero and a victor. And such in short is the story, so far as the history of this

great attempt of the West upon the East is concerned, of the Japanese in the war.

The Japanese could not fail to observe that an army so uniformly victorious as their Manchurian Army had been had seldom found a place in recorded history and that this fact was due to the ability and virtue of both officers and men. The career of this army was summed up in a characteristic way by Marshal Yamagata in his eulogy of Marshal Oyama, in which he said:

“ At the beginning of the war, our military authorities caused the First Army to attack and defeat the enemy on the Yalu. Taking advantage of this victory, they instantly landed the Second Army on the Liao-tung peninsula. While the enemy was still at a loss to find a point at which he could best give us a blow, our authorities again landed the Fourth Army at Ta-ku-shan, just between the aforesaid two Armies. On the success of the Second Army in driving the enemy southward from Nan-shan, the Third Army was ordered to take its place and to face the enemy in the direction of Port Arthur, thus enabling the Second Army to make a sudden turning movement in order to march northward in co-operation with the First and Fourth Armies. These operations had already decided the general aspect of the war.

“ Up to that time His Excellency Marshal Oyama, as Chief of Staff to His Majesty, had planned the carrying out of these speedy military movements. When the three armies commenced to advance northward and it became necessary to establish the Headquarters of the Manchurian Forces in order to effect their uniform co-operation in operations for the attainment of their common object, His Excellency was appointed to the important post of Commander-in-Chief of these Forces, and his plan of operations as well as the manner in which he led the troops proved a success. He fought the battles of Liao-yang, of Sha-ho and of Mukden, the magnitude of each of which was unprecedented in history. In each of these engagements the line of battle extended to several tens of ri, and the number of the troops in action reached several hundred thousands, each time

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lasting for several days. Thus he experienced the burning heat of the summer sun, and the severe cold of the winter winds. Yet His Excellency, after enduring many hardships and privations, always defeated superior numbers of the enemy, and achieved a glorious success, unparalleled in the record of history. This extraordinary achievement was due to the fitness of the Commander-in-Chief for his position, the successful execution of His Majesty's plan and the combined display of splendid valour and bravery by our officers and men. The deed achieved by the Commander-in-Chief of these victorious forces will be recorded in history for eternity."

Field Marshal Oyama in an even more interesting way reported to his Emperor as follows:

" Since Your Majesty's humble servant Iwao accepted the Imperial Order to become Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Manchurian Army, we have captured the Russian strategical base at Liao-yang, frustrated the southern movement of the enemy on the Sha-ho, occupied the strong fortress of Port Arthur, destroyed the great Russian scheme at Heikoutai (San-chia-p'u), and repulsed the enemy's enormous forces at Mukden. Securing, also, victories at a number of other engagements, large and small, we succeeded in effecting the final object of the war. I can but attribute these successes to the luminous virtue of Your Majesty and the extraordinary valour of the officers and men. The patriotic support of the nation has also greatly assisted us, while the naval victories much facilitated our movements along the coast and enabled the marine communications, which were essential to a victorious campaign on land, to be kept open. The great exertions of the Japanese Government Departments and representatives abroad likewise contributed materially to the success of the strategic movements by keeping the Army informed as to home and foreign conditions, maintaining a sufficiency of supplies of all kinds, and making efficient sanitary arrangements. We deeply appreciate all the assistance which we thus received. It is a source of sorrow beyond expression that so many officers and men lost their lives at the front. I am greatly moved at the honour of being received by Your Majesty on the restoration of peace and the

conclusion of our duties at home and abroad. I am humbly submitting further reports in regard to the conduct of the troops, the management of the horses, the hygienic regulations, the positions of our forces in Manchuria before the conclusion of the armistice, the transport arrangements, and the telegraphic, and postal services. I will also instruct the Commander of each Army to submit a report to Your Majesty concerning the various battles. I humbly submit the above.

“Signed—Marquis Oyama Iwao, Commander-in-Chief of the Japanese Manchurian Army, December 7th, 1905.”

The story of the decline of the Eastern Empire is the story of Japanese achievement, and it is not necessary to read into that achievement more wisdom or cleverness, or astuteness, than belongs to mortal man in order to show its magnitude and grandeur. As the Japanese plan was carried out it was more important and decisive than the achievements by which America inaugurated a new world. Sweeping the enemy from the sea with one stroke; dividing the Eastern Empire in the peninsula with another; breaking its line of defense with another; and so on, knocking out the king-pins of the Russian Eastern Empire with irrevocable fatality and without a step back until the whole fabric was demolished, and setting up a Japanese Empire in its stead, was Napoleonic in its scope and completeness, and it permanently revolutionized a world in which no such desirable revolution had before been hoped for by the West.

CHAPTER LVIII

THE CHINESE IN THE WAR

THE part of the Chinese in the war is that, in the first instance, of the government at Peking; and in the second, the rôle of the Manchurian. The part of the first may be dismissed with what has already been said respecting China's declaration of neutrality and the observance of the same in China proper under the guidance of Great Britain, America and Japan. But the story of the Manchurian is the story of the travail of a population ten times greater than the number of foreign invaders who fought over their homes and trampled their bodies and stamped out in some cases their families and all that was sacred to them.

The rôle of the Manchurian official may be briefly summarized in the career of the Tartar general, the highest officer of the Chinese throne in the Manchurian capital. His own words are a succinct epitome of his official career in Manchuria. He said a few months after the outbreak of war: "I have spent six unhappy years in Manchuria." This was the whole period of Russian occupation. Interpreted it may be understood to mean something as follows: "The corruption of my race and my country and their criminal neglect of their own safety compels me to maintain power and station at any cost and hazard, which I have successfully done for six years, the victim not only of Chinese, but of foreign evils as well." Certain recorded facts, together with even a limited acquaintance with the machinery and methods of the Chinese mandarinat, warrant the indictment that those half-dozen years

are a rich kaleidoscope of equity and justice traduced, threats, cajolery, boot-licking, blackmail, intimidation, theft, persecution, and every form of the iniquities man will practice, impose, and endure to hold office and make a face in the Chinese world!

The Tartar general was not a violent or a dangerous, or a suspicious, or even a questionable mandarin. He was a Chinese mandarin, and no mere foreigner can presume to say more in praise of a mandarin than that he is up to the average, whatever that may mean. The figure-head of the three eastern provinces—Manchuria—and the installed autocrat of "China's second capital," was up to the average. A man about forty-six years of age, he wore upon a physically placid face a gossamer of sorrow. He yearly sent his personal tribute of the costliest furs to the throne at Peking, along with the choicest specimens of wild animals from their most distant haunts, whose parade through the streets of Mukden loaded in cages on native carts in late autumn is one of the sights of the capital. He maintained his rank and office and his prestige by Oriental means—means sanctioned by the most ancient political and social practices honest and corrupt, legitimate and criminal, such as ignoring and even persecuting the worthy and weak and rewarding corruption and force, flattering the imperial incubus at Peking, trading in human heads and confiscating private wealth, pouring out an extravagance of prayers and incantations upon the tombs, the ancient shrines, and the imperial relics within the Manchurian forbidden city by the side of which he lived and conducted office. He performed a toilsome, irksome routine such as only an Oriental dignitary is amenable to. He was here warned and threatened and cajoled by both invaders, and he prevaricated, beat about the bush, and in the end eluded the pursuer, retribution, or the invader, as the case might be; and his minions and subordinates throughout his domain remained free to

the ground over which the approaching conflict was to be carried on, I crossed a small mountain range by a rocky path and entered a valley at the end of which were a couple of passes. A line of communication was laid here, and as I rode up to a hamlet a number of horsemen were seen galloping about, some hurrying up the pass, others arriving from the hills or galloping off to the rear. I called to a native and asked him if there was an army ahead. The fact that I inquired for the "dirty Tartars" and spoke to him in his own tongue caused him to regard me as a Japanese. He followed me to where some neighbors were congregated and in spite of my sharply rebuking him, and before I could divert him, successfully foisted me upon them as a Japanese, and had the entire crowd in an ecstasy of excitement for the dénouement in which alone they were interested.

"Don't you see the 'dirty Tartars' coming there?" one of them asked.

As two Cossacks rode into the hamlet there was more concern, but by this time they had begun to suspect that I was not a Japanese. They were ready to serve me, or the "siao-tatzüs," quite like the honest broker to whom first come is first served. This experience confirmed my observation of the indifference and impartiality with which foreigners were regarded in Manchuria. There were exceptions to prove this rule. In the vicinity of Hsin-min-t'un there was a notorious "hung-hu-tzü" leader named Feng Lien-ko, who appeared to have an anti-Russian conviction. After the arrival of the Japanese at Liao-yang, he gave the Russians some trouble by driving off herds of their cattle and marketing them to the Japanese.

The rôle of the Manchurian was a curious one. In some respects his part is mysterious, and in all respects peculiar. His relations with the antagonist may have been understood by the Japanese, but they were certainly not understood by

the Russians. Notwithstanding this he was able to draw large pay as a spy for very questionable services. On one occasion the writer overheard one of them giving ostensible information to the intelligence department of an army corps. It seemed perfectly worthless, but the man received ten roubles. The staff officer, however, turned around and said: "I cannot believe what this man is saying or that he has been in the Japanese lines, because his geography is wrong, but he has earned his money by lying!"

That he was suspected is borne out by the abundant testimony of the Russian execution ground and the prison. It cannot be said that he was often apprehended or justly accused and punished, although just before the battle of Mukden there were five hundred Chinese prisoners confined not far from the Mukden railway station, and about fifty were imprisoned in the City of Mukden. It is probable that half of them were guilty of some action inimical to the Russians, though all of them were suspected of military crime as spies.

All the evidence, however, testifies to the magnificent qualities of the Manchurian. Subjected to a crime regarded as the greatest indignity to humanity since slavery, the Manchurian remained peaceful and continued, if anything, a more determined industry. It may be said that he fed the Russian army, and to a certain extent, the Japanese army. In intention his neutrality was about perfect, for he did not do for one army more than he did for the other, and by training he was unfitted for military employment.

A serious charge of engaging in warfare cannot be made out against him, since those who enlisted with either army were of the lowest and most despised class, and were comparatively so few in number and so worthless as to have left no record of their services. The safest thing that may be said of the Manchurians in the war is that they followed the line of least resistance with an eye to the main chance. They

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managed this programme admirably, profiting by the presence of the strangers alike, whether they be Russian or Japanese, soldier or sutler, correspondent or other camp-follower.

To appreciate fully the achievement of the Manchurian in the war, one need only for a moment imagine a western country in a similar situation, with two armies such as the Russian and the Japanese contending in its vitals. Chaos alone would describe the result. But in Manchuria the Chinese pursued their daily avocations between the lines of trenches on the battlefield; while in the city, as at Liao-yang near the South Wall, the itinerant vendor hawked meat balls where the shrapnel was breaking.

We realize the reasons for this—the state of society, and the absence of a knowledge of current events coming from a lack of communications, and resulting in ignorance of the importance of human events and their magnitude. But can there be found in any place in the world another people capable of enduring with such fortitude over a long period the erratic depredations of men they know to be human beings like themselves? If they are human, outside nations are in all probability cooking up for themselves a pot of terrible castigation, and a hot cauldron of toil and trouble.

But as if by intelligent design they proceeded from the beginning to make the most of a situation which it was not possible, at least for them, to better. With an intuition that had the appearance of magnificent daring they seemed to say of the antagonists, “they are mine oyster,” and with perfect effrontery proceeded to exploit them. The outside world, when the opening guns of the war were heard from Port Arthur, anticipated a reign of terror in Manchuria. That would have been completely unnatural to the Chinese; such a thing was foreign to their character. They had already taken the measure of the Russian, and had been for several years playing with him the game of exploiting the Russian

rouble, at which they had truly astonished the Russian by their success. They continued to make the rouble worth less and less, and to gather it in, in large quantities. They engaged in competition with the Russian merchants and sutlers, following the army and finding employment in manufacturing and vending bread and clothing, which they often brought long distances, showing themselves even superior to the Russians in enduring hardships.

Some of their vagaries were so astonishing to the Russians that they could only laugh. Such was the case when Chinese carters employed by them on the flanks, finding themselves temporarily out of work, slipped around the ends of the line and took service with the Japanese. Two Russian soldiers on one occasion approached the Japanese lines and hid in a small patch of kao-liang near where some Japanese were digging a trench. A Chinese came to cut the kao-liang, and shortly discovered the Russians. He did not say a word, but proceeded with his work of cutting the kao-liang with which he deliberately and adroitly covered them slowly up. In all probability he was, according to his own judgment, following the line of least resistance. He had avoided difficulties. He had cut his kao-liang and retired, and it was up to the Japanese to discover the spies.

The Chinese was so clever in the art of traffic that the Russian, who is a good-natured fellow and the victim of his own extravagance, sought when he became exasperated to coerce the Chinese. When the merchants and investors speculated in Russian money, and in native products used by the army, the Russian authorities brought pressure to bear upon the native guilds and the native officials. In the latter part of September, when it turned cold, the Russians began to require clothing, which they could not easily get from Russia. To overcome this difficulty they engaged native tailors to make clothing from cotton sheetings, to be had in Chinese

shops. The Chinese eagerly raised the price of these garments, and as the price increased the number of makers increased. When a great many garments had been manufactured with the expectation of their being bought by the army, which in fact could not do without them, the army suddenly stopped buying, in order to lower the price. As the garments were made with a white lining, which with the Chinese is the color of mourning, the Russian tactics succeeded perfectly, as the garments were almost worthless to the Chinese.

As a matter of fact, retaliation was not difficult, because after all the Chinese were at the mercy of the soldiers, and they had no protection among themselves except their conservatism and their heaven-born endowment of fortitude—their ability to endure. On this side of the scroll is written the pathetic history of the Manchurian in the war.

At the beginning of winter Chinese refugees from the wide area occupied by the Russian Grand Army had flocked into Mukden where they found asylum in the foreign missions and in native alms-houses under the control of the Tartar general. The Russian army facilitated their exodus from the position after ordering them out of their homes. It would not be just to mention this without at the same time explaining that the commander-in-chief instituted a department of claims, through which damages were to be paid to the Chinese for their property. It was the policy of the Russian army to be just to the natives, and in all probability a sincere attempt in this direction was made by the authorities. Until the end of the war, special Russian officials of rank made it their sole business to hear the complaints of the Chinese, while the duty of their office was to see that justice was done to them. But there is no compensation for a home destroyed, since home is the most real possession of man, and nothing takes its place. Nor is there any visible reckoning with the antagonists by China

for monstrous inhumanities of which it is possible to give but a faint conception.

In the last days of autumn it was one of the sights of the army base to see a line of weary natives who had marched perhaps fifty miles, filing slowly through the suburbs and gates to the crowded city where they sometimes continued during several days to wander about the streets which they had never before visited, seeking shelter. And throughout the winter they were to be seen lined up before the doors of the Tartar general's soup kitchens receiving gruel made of kao-liang, a form of vegetable food containing the very minimum of nutriment.

It was common to see in the street an old woman with one, perhaps two grandchildren struggling along in the traffic with the day's allowance of gruel in an empty Standard Oil Company's kerosene tin. It required the stomach of a horse to digest this food, and even a horse cannot live upon it for any considerable length of time; after a few months his feet begin to swell, and if his food is not changed he will die. But there is no doubt that many frail women and children survived that winter with little else than this kao-liang gruel. They complained that it was impossible to "get over the days" upon this food alone, and it is truly pathetic that a Chinese will endure such hardships and pass it off with such a remark.

The Tartar general, through the native officials, constructed dugouts on a large scale within the city, where these refugees were herded, for the most part without fires and in many cases far less comfortable than they were in the homes from which they fled or from which they had been expelled. A large number of the first refugees to reach Mukden found shelter in the English and Irish missions, where they were much better provided for in every way than by their own people. General Kouropatkin set aside a contribution of ten thousand roubles toward providing for these refugees while

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in Mukden, but owing to the invincible evil of speculation among native officials, the Russians express grave doubt as to how much of this sum actually reached the unfortunates for whom it was intended.

But the army did not offer to contribute any grain. All the grain of the region it took for itself, and the Tartar general was under the necessity of begging permission and protection from General Kouropatkin in bringing grain from the Sungari Valley. Anticipating the movement of the army to the north, when all its grain stores and all the inflammable forage would be burnt, the Tartar general sought to bring in and store within the walls of the city as large an amount of grain as possible, since it would be impossible to bring it through the Russian and Japanese lines when Mukden passed over into the hands of the Japanese.

It cannot be denied that the Russian army commandeered a large part of the grain and forage of the country and destroyed what it could not use when it was compelled to fall back before the Japanese. It happened that great suffering resulted to thousands of innocent Chinese from the war waged over them, and their situation was hardly less enviable than that of either of the combatants. Three weeks after the battle of Liao-yang, seven thousand refugees reached Mukden, and thousands of others continued to flow into the city during the four months following. The ability of these refugees to make the most of the situation manifested itself in several ways. They went into the service of the Russians in one way or another, or became peddlers. Some of them, equipped with a small store of tobacco and cigarettes, together with a few Chinese sweets, made their way back to their native villages, where they peddled their wares among the soldiers and brought back news of their desolated homesteads. Some sold newspapers, and the sight of a Chinese in the street crying the Harbin or the *Army Viestnik* provoked the soldiers

to gibe at them. A soldier would ask in Russian, "Is it interesting?" and, "Very interesting" would be the retort in the same tongue, though the Chinese could not read a word of the subject matter.

The distress of the people on being deprived of their homes and their goods far exceeded all the distress from loss of trade with the outside world. There were perhaps forty thousand refugees in Mukden on the eve of the great battle, with others arriving or being frozen along the roads in the attempt to arrive. And for six hundred square miles adjoining the Russian line of defense all the grain and feed was commandeered at a nominal price, or, found hidden by the farmer, confiscated. The farmer's scanty bedding, though he hid it by day, stealthily drawing it forth late at night and secreting it before dawn, nevertheless gradually disappeared into the Russian—and perhaps Japanese—camp! His house was first gutted, and then dismantled for the wood it contained, and was obliterated and metamorphosed into a dugout upon which grew a rank crop of weeds when summer came. His village disappeared with all its trees and the trees also of his family burying ground. He left his bullet-pierced carcass upon the stubble to rot along with the families of his neighbors! A missionary of long experience when asked how long the Chinese would stand this, replied, "Forever," with sound and extensive knowledge to back his statement. He said he felt very proud of the people for the fortitude with which they had endured almost incredible inhumanity and travail. Verily, the Chinese have this great quality, even more conspicuous perhaps than the Jew.

The Chinese understand the art of defense in peace. It may be said of them that they are thoroughly competent to hold their own with any race, except for the time being, in war, which as an art has been utterly neglected, because as an art and an occupation it has been utterly despised. The

man of force—brute force—in China is essentially an outlaw. There is but one punishment for him, and that punishment is death, whether the guilty one is a murderer or a mere robber. And there seems to be no essential distinction in the mind of the Chinese between a robber or murderer and a soldier.

The Manchurian as a “hung-hu-tzü,” or bandit, has figured so formidably and erroneously in the minds of the people of the West that the observations of a correspondent familiar with the people and the language, and who traveled the whole region occupied by the Russian army during the progress of the war—generally entirely alone—will not, he hopes, be regarded as unimportant.

The history of the “hung-hu-tzü” has been written by the mere traveler. The oldest foreign residents in Manchuria agree that it is a land of few criminals and fewer outlaws. In twenty years the British residents traveling extensively through the land say that in only one instance were they the victims of the so-called “hung-hu-tzüs.” In this instance a horse was taken, but returned within a day or two with an apology. The Russians from the first made much of the “hung-hu-tzü,” no doubt largely because he was the fruitful material out of which was fabricated political arguments for the continued occupation of Manchuria and because he furnished the excuse for military exploits to gain decorations and military distinction. The most bitter recrimination among Russians exists on this account and some of the most implacable enemies of the Eastern Empire count the justification of their opposition from the inception of this ignoble device in the scheme of exploiting Manchuria.

In all its bearings the rôle of the “hung-hu-tzü” is seen to have been an important one. Modesty in Manchuria has never been more flattered. The mongrel Manchurian robber, with his rusty blunderbuss, has hung countless medals on the heaving bosoms of the Russians and inscribed his name in



(1)



(2)

(1) A Buriat Cossack—spy. (2) A Buriat Cossack, dressed in the garb of a Mongol priest and on duty in the borders of Mongolia as a spy

the annals of nations. In the annals of the Eastern Empire his scrawl is writ large. This is remarkable, considering that in all the history of foreign relations with the Manchurians few foreigners, aside from Russians, have ever come in contact with even one of these gentry. The conclusion is that the Russians as armed marauders and soldiers, practicing the despised art of war, met in some instances the vengeance of outraged natives, who in many cases murdered Russian soldiers and officers.

The Russians doubtless told each other gruesome stories of the deeds of "hung-hu-tzüs," and no doubt these tales were partly true, because even if murders were not committed by bandits, the Chinese themselves so despise soldiers and hold the creed and craft in such low estimation, that undoubtedly in certain cases reputable natives might be inspired to kill to protect their families. Many officers knowing nothing of the Chinese believed the most horrible stories. I myself, being a civilian, met with the most distinguished hospitality, and, though often warned by the military, never met with the least incivility or unpleasantness.

In the last days of the war the commander-in-chief reported to the Czar: "There were several murders by Chinese of our soldiers who had strayed, or were detached from, their companies. One morning there was found murdered an officer of Cossacks, lying outside of a house. According to the Chinese, during the attack of the Japanese at the beginning of July along the Imperial Road near the Liao-Miao, there sprung up in consequence a movement of Chinese vagabonds and marauders on account of the Japanese coming to the place. In consequence of this attack there was excitement and activity among these marauders. When the Japanese went away they made attacks upon the villages. They continued their operations among the villages in our lines with the object of spying and taking prisoners. According to the

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on account of either their criminal or naturally peaceable natures, ran away with their horses and rifles, or practiced extortion upon their own people in the regions in which they roamed.

On June 22, 1905, the bulk of this "Hung-hu-tzü Regiment," which it had taken a year to organize, marched through Kung-chu-ling with their own commander. They were vicious looking devils—at their head long waving banners or flags. Some of them were boys of only eight or ten years of age. Russian report made them out to be one thousand men, but perhaps two or three hundred embraced all. They were all jail birds, and receiving forty roubles per month! And it would have been a blessing conferred on the Russians, as well as on the Chinese, if the Japanese could have hanged or beheaded the entire lot.

The French missionaries scattered through the country were kept busy in the communities where they lived bringing charges against these gentry, especially those acting as interpreters to the Russian troops, who carried on blackmail as a business, and whenever they met with opposition from their victims made a point of accusing them of being Japanese spies, and often getting them executed. Thus did the Russians turn the jail birds upon the people. The Russian soldiers joined the criminal Chinese in these operations, and went to great lengths in plundering rich families. Evidence was presented to the Russian authorities incriminating Russian soldiers and their "hung-hu-tzüs" for robberies and blackmail against native families south of Kirin, aggregating forty-five thousand roubles.

It became very difficult under the circumstances for the native authorities to punish a class of criminals whose crimes and responsibilities they thoroughly understood. The Russians practiced an outrage against native society in shielding them, though in some instances they submitted to the argu-

ments of native evidence. At the close of the war the Russians permitted the Tartar general at Kirin to execute more than sixteen Chinese in the employ of Russians; six of them were t'ung shis, or interpreters, and one was a Chinese soldier with the rank of officer. The event, however, immediately precipitated wholesale desertion of the enlisted Chinese, and the Tartar general when peace was declared had to begin a military campaign against them. Several hundred men armed by the Russians and at ordinary times nothing more than common criminals, were thus made into bandits by the Russians and turned loose upon the country already abused to the last extremity by the two armies.

The military operations, in so far as the Manchurian and the foreign soldier is concerned, is a story of misunderstanding and misapprehension. Foreign military entering China are handicapped in every way, and even where they come with a desire to do justice, this may be said to be their only equipment, because up to this time no foreign military has ever possessed a knowledge of the Chinese character or of the customs sufficient to make anything more than a farce and travesty of justice toward the native. The following is a characteristic story: In the rear building of a court back of the Sha-ho position lived a Russian officer. In the front building, which faced the street, was a Chinese shop. The Russian officer charged the manager of the shop with selling liquor to his soldiers, and therefore arrested him and began an investigation. He failed to find any liquor on the premises. While continuing the investigation the shop was closed up and guarded, and at the same time completely looted of all its contents, worth about two hundred roubles. The Chinese was discharged, but as he was unable to do business, he was made the subject of another investigation, which ended in his being committed to prison, where he lay indefinitely. The act implied that he was suspected of being a spy, and in all

of the inquiry of Confucius' disciple regarding the hereafter, which it was fruitless to discuss.

The Manchurians had reached the point of knowing that there was such a thing as custom among Western nations, and in all probability this to them was one of the attributes which entitled them to a certain amount of respect. That prisoners of war were not killed and that there were no tortures, were facts which the Chinese could not understand, but which nevertheless bore weight with them because they were humanities. The humane influences of Western civilization had not been entirely eclipsed by foreign savageries in Manchuria, though they were opposed by British officials, evidently for political reasons. But British subjects, with the assistance of the Chinese and Americans, established a working Red Cross for the relief of Manchurians, which was about the only influence militating against the atrocities emanating from a Christian nation. Thirty-five thousand Chinese refugees were succored by the Christian Red Cross at Niu-ch'uang. The native officials in Manchuria, and Yuan Shih-k'ai, Viceroy of Chih-li, co-operated with the foreign missionaries, and all together they furnished proof of the survival of human kindness to the Manchurians. In Kirin the Russian authorities succeeded in preventing the operation of the native Red Cross, but where it was most needed it was effective, and the Chinese have been able to distinguish between the depraved and the humane forces in the world. What picture the operations of foreigners in their country has made upon their minds is another question. That they felt the crimes and sorrows of their unenviable state and appreciated the desirability of providing escape from further wars, was demonstrated from time to time by the grief of their scholars, one of whom, at Mukden, wrote a long and able petition to the heads of each of the great governments of Great Britain, Germany, France, and Russia, in which he gave expression

to the dumb sensations of the people. In his petition to Russia he addressed the local governor of Mukden, then General Kouropatkin, and then His Majesty the Czar, calling their attention to the utterances of Confucius and other sages on the wrong brought about in all times by war; showing the travail of his people, and pointing out the rewards of the peacemaker and the grandeur of the bloodless victory. He prayed these great powers to end the war. Each petition was addressed to "His Silver Eminence, the Great Head of Russia," or Great Britain, as the case might be; but not to the "Gold Eminence, etc.," which was essentially reserved for the Son of Heaven, the Ruler of the Middle Kingdom—China, to whom all externaldom, in the national conception at least, is subordinate, tributary, and about which it all revolves, sometimes a little stubbornly and rebelliously, but always subject.

But if the Manchurian displayed slight geographical knowledge and large ignorance of nations, he showed himself a powerful asset of humanity.

It is perhaps inane to array before China what in other countries would be very knotty political problems with which two such powers as Russia and Japan would have to reckon and with which, in China's case, Russia would have seriously to deal. It need only be said that the antagonists used Manchuria as though it were their own—or worse! They said in substance to the highly developed, the inoffensive and peaceable inhabitant: "What if I do take your substance and murder your family, I offer to pay you, don't I?" "I'm not mean about it—so what are you kicking about?"

Each said that he was fighting Korea's and China's battles, and those who care anything for the solution of China's difficulties and the modification of the crime and chaos in the Orient that existed and still exists to a degree, are bound to admit that the war carried the solution farther along and

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made clear a situation that otherwise would have become more and more dangerous and complicated. It turned out that the attitude and conduct of the Chinese people contributed to the achievement of this great end, which is the creation of a new world on the west side of the Pacific. The attitude of the Chinese in Manchuria toward war is not only interesting, but it is one of the marvelous facts of the war and of the age.

CHAPTER LIX

ELIMINATION OF KOREA

JAPAN had now eliminated Russia for at least an indefinite number of years from the problem of the integrity of East Asia. East Asia was now a defensive entity, and in addition to the example of successful warfare with external enemies the East gave further proof of its strength by the elimination of one of its two sources of disease and the regeneration of the other. Japan now proceeded to completely eliminate Korea as a political unit, and for this purpose Marquis Ito was dispatched by the Japanese Emperor to impose a compact upon the Korean Emperor that should be the foundation for a new state within the new Japanese Empire.

This achievement marks the passing of Korea from the family of nations and deserves more than a mere reference. The writer was present and was living in a house adjoining the Korean Emperor's palace in Seoul at the time of Ito's negotiations, and gives the aspect and incidents of the event as they appeared to a witness.

Marquis Ito arrived in Seoul on November 9th, amidst Japanese demonstrations of welcome. On the tenth the Emperor of Korea received him in audience, and the nature of his credentials became known. In these credentials the Emperor of Japan addressed the Emperor of Korea in a paternal fashion; it had been after twenty months of fighting on a vast scale that peace had been restored he said, and he was sending his trusted minister, Marquis Hirabumi Ito, to inform the Emperor of that fact. He was sorry to say

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that the weakness of the Emperor of Korea's own country had contributed to bringing on war and the time had now come to make some agreement for the security and independence of both nations.

This is the substance of credentials of somewhat greater length which announced the fate of the Korean nation. The Emperor of Korea immediately took alarm at these formidable proposals, referred the whole matter to his ministers, and retired to the back of his palace—it was said to the three small Korean rooms behind the main foreign house in which he generally lives. What followed constitutes the last important *opéra bouffé* episode in Korea's foreign relations; the last flirtation with history.

In order to get any clew to Korean conduct during the rise of the Russian Eastern Empire we must get back to the Chou Dynasty in China about the twelfth century B.C. Marquis Ito, after he had finished these negotiations, himself suggested this aid to understanding the actions of the Korean government, in a speech at Shimoneseki in which he paid a just tribute to Korean attainment, but by mere exposure of the fact disclosed the causes of the inefficiency of Korean civilization. He said: "The Koreans are not to be classed for an instant with the negroes of Africa, the Indians of America, or the Malays of the south. They are civilized people who have learned much of what China had to teach in the days of the Chou Dynasty, when the immortal Confucius was born!"

Confucius was one of the very greatest men who ever lived, but he himself disclaimed having added anything to the knowledge of his time—the Chou Dynasty—1122-255 B.C.—which, according to him, was a time of complete degeneracy and corruption! We deal therefore in what is related here of what took place in November, 1905, with, as it were, a potentate of the Chou Dynasty, one of the most

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corrupt periods in Asia, in dispute with one of the foremost statesmen of the twentieth century, representing a state of the first class fully abreast of the times.

Before recounting the incidents of Marquis Ito's mission, some details of the striking lethargy and ineptitude with which the Emperor of Korea approached the situation may be mentioned. Though sometimes pronounced a well-informed man, if an incompetent monarch, a variety of evidence shows that he kept no tab on events nor had he understood those recent happenings that were so vital to him.

In the first place the passing of Russian influence from his capital—an ill influence dear to him—and the ignominious flight of its representative without the decent privilege of taking the essentials of wardrobe, in the light of sequence ought to have thoroughly aroused the Emperor and impressed him indelibly with the unequivocal meaning of the war. There was the object lesson, which he who ran might read. He could not look over his threshold without seeing the decline of all the foreign political missions in his capital and their preparations to move away so that it was perfectly clear and inevitable what his lot was to be. In February, 1904, he had signed a protocol with Japan which, besides granting Japan military convenience throughout the Empire, had written away his independent foreign relations and opened the way for Japanese administrative supervision. In September, 1904, he had signed, or rather his cabinet had signed, another protocol of four articles, which established one Japanese financial adviser and one foreign political adviser, designated by Japan for the Empire, and made a restatement of Japanese control of foreign relations, but he did not yet seem to grasp the situation. There was but one thing left, and that was Japanese operation of the principal machinery of the government throughout. The *opera bouffé* began with an appeal to America, based on a passage of remarkable words in the

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American-Korean treaty of 1882, one of the first made by Korea with a Western power. This treaty says in substance that if any other powers deal unjustly or oppressively with either government the other will exert its good offices, on being informed of the case, to bring about an amicable arrangement. In an audience with the Emperor the last American minister to Korea, Mr. Edwin V. Morgan, clearly pointed out to him and to his ministers present the possibilities of this clause, and later in the summer—1905—an American senator, conversant with the treaty, confirmed it. There was flagrant injustice and oppression, and the throne was at that time distressed and alarmed because of the injustice done to thousands of individual Koreans by the appropriations without compensation of their land by the Japanese for military purposes, and other injustices such as the evils of the times presented. And although this was no practical or promising way of removing present distress and righting the wrong done, yet it afforded a conspicuous opportunity for asserting imperial rights and dignity. But the Emperor of Korea in nowise showed initiative or force in the matter. He was incapable, as the incident showed, of an intelligent appreciation of events, as he had always showed his inability to participate in the practical management of the state which was now forced upon Japan. But, on the other hand, possessed of a vague and gloomy fear, he was aroused weeks before the arrival of Marquis Ito to consult his soothsayers and sorcerers, and characteristically commenced to intrigue. The picture is like that of an old woman fighting back the sea. A foreigner in Korea was sent to China, where his influence was nil. A notorious native, Yi-yong-ik, who throughout many years from a large store of gains by blackmail, usury and highway robbery, as well perhaps as by ordinary profit, legal and illegal, had made donations to the Emperor and had been greatly relied upon by him, set out—strangely enough,

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for a native knave who had never before been out of his own land—for France!

At this time Mr. Megato, the Japanese financial adviser, provided for by the protocol of September, 1904, was on the spot, and so also was Mr. Stephens, the foreigner provided by the same instrument, and appointed by the Japanese government to act as political adviser, and it was said that another agent, carrying instruction and authority from the Emperor and intrusted with moneys, proceeded to America to set sympathy in motion that might lead finally to intervention. He arrived on the ground to which he was billeted about the time the Emperor's ministers, on the early morning of November 18th signed and attached the imperial seals to the following final Japanese demands, or conditions, presented by Marquis Ito, viz.:

The appointment of a Japanese administrator to govern the country under the Emperor.

The appointment of Japanese administrators at all treaty ports.

The transfer of Korean diplomatic affairs to Tokyo.

No arrangements to be entered into with other powers without the consent of Japan.

Korean sovereignty was now by this instrument annulled and the last obstacle to Japanese authority removed. Marquis Ito did not blink the case, but said that the substance of Korean national independence was thus forfeited—the name alone remaining.

The whole, vague, indefinite thing, therefore, feared by the Emperor was done and finished without the operation of any futile schemes. The Emperor and his cabinet had in them the traditional distrust of the Japanese. To this legacy of distrust and suspicion from the past they added the suspicion that comes from ignorance. This condition of affairs resulted in a situation at Seoul such as had not occurred in

the East since the days of early foreign relations. In their negotiations with this perverse and wayward, though scarcely obstreperous government, the Japanese were called upon to perform acts strange to Western diplomacy.

Very early, and in order to prevent any violence to property, Japanese soldiers had been for some time scattered along the railway where, especially along the Seoul-Wi-ju line, they had been billeted upon the people in the towns and villages. There were not more than four or five thousand Japanese troops in Seoul and vicinity, but throughout the entire country there were perhaps thirty thousand in all—a sufficient number to quell all rioting. This was a desirable precaution, as the Koreans know how to riot in a mild way, and some one actually threw a stone through a window in the railway coach in which Marquis Ito was traveling up from Fusan to Seoul. Precautions therefore existed upon Marquis Ito's arrival in Seoul for the maintenance of order, and the greatest vigilance by both the Japanese military and the Japanese police commenced.

Between November 10, 1905, when Marquis Ito presented his credentials, and November 15th, a discussion of the approaching protocol was carried on with the Korean cabinet who were being corralled in the Japanese Legation for safety from the mob of secret agents, and at the same time a second meeting was being devised to take place between Marquis Ito and the Emperor, who was resisting in seclusion, feigning illness—a common Oriental practice having a distinct and not complimentary interpretation.

The complete failure of the Emperor of Korea to meet the mission frankly frustrated more civilized decorum and precipitated stern conduct befitting the facts and circumstances. The Japanese dignitaries had a right to expect that the Emperor of Korea would receive Marquis Ito in the Imperial audience chamber, and they had evidently expected

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that he would entertain the marquis there and return his visit. But if this was the case as affirmed, they were disappointed. The Emperor did consent to a private audience on the fifteenth. But on this occasion there was besides the Emperor and Marquis Ito only an interpreter present, and thereafter, until the protocol was signed, Marquis Ito remained in the background directing the negotiations through the resident minister, Mr. Hayashi. The Emperor declined further relations with the great envoy, but referred the mission to his ministers, while, as stated above, he himself nursed his sorrows in seclusion, complaining to the American Legation adjoining his premises that a sheep running loose in the grounds there broke his nightly rest. This solitary animal, kept to crop the grass on the lawns, was humorously dubbed "the flock" by its masters and divided with Marquis Ito the distinction of being the bane of the Korean Emperor, though its importance in this respect was soon eclipsed by the nocturnal operations of the Japanese mission.

On the sixteenth, a sitting of the mission and the Korean cabinet took place in the Japanese Legation, and was so violent that the voices of the participants arrested the attention of passers-by in the streets, which were by this time lined with police and military, marching in squads and half companies up and down. By afternoon two of the cabinet ministers, seeing themselves alone in their resistance to the Japanese demands, had denounced the proceedings, and retired to the palace to seclude themselves with the Emperor, and one of them, Mr. Pak Chi Sun, well known as a Korean patriot and lately minister to Peking, where he had been sent by his government on account of his relentless opposition to the court's jobbery with foreigners, after dramatically quitting his colleagues, adjured the Emperor in a most solemn and awful exhortation not under any circumstances to concede the Japanese demands, or he would thereby outrage the spirits

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perhaps whose ideal, if he had any, was to let alone and to be let alone. Korea owed her independence to Japan, but by the political adventure and low diplomatic jobbery which she encouraged, endangering the welfare of both her natural friends forfeited that independence to the power that gave it. She could not appreciate sovereignty, and pursued the same abuse of national functions that had always been carried on in Korea. But by Marquis Ito's mission this cesspool of political chicanery and disease was eradicated.

CHAPTER LX

RISE OF JAPAN

JAPAN in her advancement had but one active political enemy—Russia—and Russia's rulers had clearly stated their opposition to Japanese ambitions, which were held by them to be presumptuous if not preposterous.

The courses of Japanese and Russian diplomacy which, during the period of the Manchurian question, led to the rise of East Asia, are highly interesting up to a point where diplomacy in what is commonly called high politics becomes brutally primitive. Working diplomacy is often a thing of apparently eminent respectability in the garb of the capital and a rotten cadaver when stark and stare. This is not to say that one cloth is better or worse than another, and it would be a bold observer who would venture to choose in some respect between Japanese and Russian diplomacy in the East. The ramifications of Russian and Japanese plots and counter-plots, and the poking for prestige in the political shambles of Seoul and Peking were intricate and are unprofitable to follow here. But it is possible in a general way to point out the talent and influence which each of the contending countries brought to the task and to put on record a contemporaneous view of the deeds done that will furnish a clew to the relation of East and West.

The advantage on the side of Russia and the disadvantages of Japan were so conspicuous and self-evident as to eclipse, at the time, all other facts. Russia had all the advantage of being a powerful state with the momentum which her self-estimate of being—in the words of Pobiedonosteff—"not a state, but a whole world," and a world-wide prestige gave her; she had the advantage of domineering an almost helpless

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surprise which accompanied the success of Japan in the contest was sufficient to galvanize four years of expiring paper reforms into life and set Peking going on a course of life and death activity to meet a new contingency and an unexpected enemy.

Japan had, however, one advantage more potent in the end than concessions and more to be valued than leased territory. Russia alienated the sympathies of even her ally, while Japan had the respect of the conscience of the civilized world pro-Russian and anti-Russian alike.

Attention is at once arrested by the unsuspected and until then discredited diplomatic capacity of the Japanese so opposed to and unlike the Russian. Where Russian diplomacy failed to acquire outside sympathy for Russia's cause, or to obviate war, to prevent violation of neutrality on sea and land and serious breach of international right, or to influence the peace or prop up the general welfare of the nation, Japanese diplomacy foregathered the world's sympathy, the people's loyalty, safeguarded neutrality and extricated a victorious army from the clutch of a fatalistic enemy, bearing the last great burden of the contest and reaching rest and refuge for the nation and establishing credit for itself in the achievements of the empire. The act of letting go such a great and unwieldy antagonist as Russia, once that antagonist had been beaten and not vanquished, is itself an achievement greater than a battle and sufficient evidence to entitle Japanese diplomacy to a place in the first rank of nations. After the close of the war the nations of the earth testified to this fact by raising their legations in Tokyo to the rank of embassies. This is the epilogue to a great Japanese drama which had not lost its connection by the intervention of great military deeds.

Russian diplomacy was at the zenith of a vast reputation on the eve of war, especially in Peking where there had been

nothing like it, and from the beginning of armed conflict it diminished until it was no longer a consideration in the State and Foreign Offices of the world. On the other hand there was scarcely a vestige of Western sympathy with Japan in the conquest of Manchuria in 1895 and in the settlement at Shimoneseiki, which she achieved in negotiation with Li Hung Chang. She had made crass and criminal errors in Korea in her attempt to vitalize that empire, and the outside world generally considered that Japan by being forced to give up her conquered territory in Manchuria through combined pressure of overwhelming powers, suffered a diplomatic defeat which demonstrated her diplomatic weakness, and that henceforth, at least until she had gone much further in the practices of Western governments, she must have strong friends upon whom to rely. But it appears that from the day of forced recession of her conquered Manchurian territories, or rather from the day they were filched to her opponent, Japan, newly convinced of the probity and virility of statesmanship and, in the scheme of things, of the correct and seasonable persuasion of armed force, gave not only an eminent example of military usefulness to the world, but an unsurpassed demonstration of diplomatic force in politics, international law and humanity.

Japanese statesmen evidently fully understood and appreciated the advantage which Japan gained in the world's opinion when Port Arthur and southern Shen-king were lost by her to Russia, her enemy. It required such an event to arouse the attention of outside nations and to concentrate general and, as it happened, enduring ignominy upon the conspiring powers and thus fix with Japan the general sympathy which she retained throughout and after all her glorious achievements at arms, so that to the present day the better world of politics between nations remains undivided—on the famous issue in question—in its sympathies with Japan. After seven years there was no voice to suggest any fear of Japanese diplomacy

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holding its own any more than there was fear expressed of the efficiency of Japanese arms.

Turning to the other side again, throughout all this exciting period of such credit to Japan, there is little to be found in the diplomatic or military practices of Russia in the Far East, that is not ignoble, trifling and base. Russian diplomats and government agents are seen, especially in Manchuria and the East, ignoring and even insulting the outside world and violently alienating whatever good will and sympathy existed for their so-called "historic destiny" and "civilizing mission." Even among many serious Frenchmen, Russian pretensions on the soil of China were a joke.

In justice to Russia it must be considered that the government there was weakened and abused by dissension. Now the party for peaceful industrial conquest, which achieved through Lessar the Manchurian convention of evacuation, directed the government's policy, and now the sword and boots element usurped and dominated it. While contending among themselves, their policy to the outside world was one of dust-throwing. It is doubtful if diplomacy in any country reached so low an ebb as in those three years following 1902 it reached in Russia. Perhaps the most brutal words that ever occurred in the history of foreign relations with China, and the most high-handed deeds, came into being toward the end of the reign of the conspirators of the world drama at Port Arthur. At Washington, when the demands made by Alexeieff on China were published, the Russian minister, seemingly with a sense of outrage of virtue which had seldom been credited to his country in respect of China affairs, made a premature denunciation of the accusation that Russia had presented the demands so charged with acerbity, that it contained a personal reflection upon the American minister in Peking and resulted in a Russian apology. But although this incident occurred at a time when Russian assurances received scant

credence when affecting anything Manchurian, yet when recalled by his government, this minister published a manifesto of self-appreciation containing an impolite and impolitic reflection upon the intelligence of the American people to whose government he had been some years accredited.

Only Russian diplomacy perhaps could ostentatiously insist so long that Korea was the subject of controversy, and so long after it was a game entirely played out. This pretense, like the action of a man on the stage who in search of something "looks everywhere that he knows it is not," was consistent with Russian practice throughout and furnishes with their practices in Peking and Mukden of the Port Arthur hegemony the most dramatic instance of political self-deception ever practiced by any foreign state in the East. Only China's attempts at fooling with Western militarism in connection with politics can be compared with it. Only the tragedy at Tien-tsin and at Peking in 1900 can be put in the same category with the world drama which had its center at Port Arthur from 1898 until 1904.

Corrupt and impotent "statesmen" for many years kept up a surreptitious flirtation with Russian agents and conspirator "diplomats," and until the Russian minister there, escorted by Japanese soldiers to a French war-vessel in the harbor of Chemulpo, made his showy departure, leaving his wardrobe behind as a subtle boast that his absence would be short. They carried away their authority to lose individually to Korean "statesmen" not in excess of a couple of hundred roubles nightly at poker, and this together with the humiliation that marked the withdrawal of the minister and his associates from the capital was the last heard of them in Korea.

The despoiling her of her war gains of 1895-6 by a combination of powers for which achievement Russia is entitled to no particular credit—it was coercion of the weak and a spontaneous consummation nervously and anxiously wished

contrast to the régime in Korea a government alive to the importance of his mission, dignified and judicial.

The story of the interval in China between 1900, when the court opened negotiations with the foreign powers through Li Hung Chang, and the negotiations with Baron Komura—November and December, 1905—is one of the marvels of the times. It shows an administrative achievement of the first importance and a period in her own affairs among the greatest in the history of China.

At the time the Boxer émeute closed and was diplomatically buried, when the Chinese court was re-established in its ancient throne halls in Chih-li, it was everywhere said that the régime that had returned with the Empress Dowager was identical with the reactionary administration that had plunged the government into disaster and driven her from her capital. The same influences were in power as before. The forefront and buffer of the government was the powerful Yung-lu, then believed to have been a Boxer partisan, as he had been generalissimo of the imperial troops, though he is since generally credited with having opposed, at least passively, the Boxer power. In the Grand Council and the Departments of State were old men who had achieved records for themselves, if not of reaction, of at least invincible conservatism and even in some cases of fanatical anti-foreignism. The form of government was almost precisely that instituted after the destruction of feudalism in the third century B.C. No fundamental changes of any sort had taken place from the beginning of the Han Dynasty. All forms, rites, restrictions, privileges and perquisites were considered as hallowed and made sacred by the sanction of immemorial time. To the outside world the outlook was anything but promising. The enterprise of reform appeared equipped with very poor material indeed. Friends of foreigners in the state, or the pro-foreign statesmen were dead. Those friends of reform who had not

lost their lives in the *coup d'état* of 1898 had been decapitated in 1900 when the government was for a time in the hands of such anarchists as Prince Tuan. The anarchists passed off the scene, but Li Hung Chang, who, when asked for his credentials, was able to answer, "I am the government," and who had redirected the energies of the throne, died soon after his work was finished. The strong man, Yung-lu, if he *was* strong, and if he *was* well disposed toward foreigners, soon followed him. They appeared to be forgotten. As late as the summer of 1903 the rule of the re-established government was darkened with deeds most foul. Punishments were as of old; such as might have been employed by some tribes of North American Indians before they were interfered with by Western civilization. At the time mentioned, 1903, a reformer, Shen-chin, was slowly beaten to death with bamboo clubs within speaking distance of the palace wall in Peking by authority of the throne. Similar tortures were visited upon reformers in other parts of the empire. Amazing as it may seem deeds of incredible cruelty were committed. One who has lived in China hesitates to waste breath in mentioning them outside the borders, where they cannot be believed. And on the very eve of the war between Japan and Russia public works were discouraged, improvements were suspended and apparent retrenchment had set in. There were no tangible results of a long series of reform edicts beginning before the court left Sian-fu on its return to take up its old abode in Peking—paper reforms that were first discredited, then ridiculed as a sop to the West, and then forgotten.

For two years, therefore, the dark forces of passion, revenge and death on the one hand, and progress and light on the other, were so involved that the foreign observer saw but dimly the significance of events. Then came the attack on Port Arthur, which resounded with such an echo throughout the world that it seems to have successfully aroused China

ing a formidable self-respecting army of defense. He was in a province that had over three thousand established government schools and private modern schools in actual operation—primary schools, intermediate, and high schools; industrial, law, and agricultural schools; schools of medicine and surgery; and of normal training, up to and including two universities, as well as military and police training schools. And to distinguish the very hour of Komura's reception in Peking the last of two commissions of high state officials set out for Western countries upon a tour of investigation for the selection of the best elements in foreign schemes of government to be used in the establishment of a constitutional representative government in China!

The government had already, under Chao Erh-hsun, one of the ablest men in the empire, a powerful and aggressive reform in operation in Manchuria—the very subject about which Komura had come to negotiate! China was to all appearances aroused, progressive, independent, and determined. Left after the protocol of 1900 in full possession of her administration she had of her own free will, and with what the West regarded as very poor material for the task, throughout the dark years of 1901–2–3, as well as the brighter period of this war, gradually reconstructed the departments of state, remodeled the public administration, and had introduced municipal innovations and civic improvements, and a scheme of reforms continually expanding. The mission to Peking, therefore, was confronted by a much larger problem than that to Seoul. In Korea it was a problem of guardianship; in China, it was a question of squaring accounts and of establishing a working partnership and alliance commensurate with the future. Previous to this China had never negotiated with Japan anything more honorable in her own eyes than a commercial treaty—and trade has always heretofore been held in the lowest esteem in China—or anything more dignified

or important than agreements obliging her to pay indemnities such as the Shimoneseki Treaty of 1896 or the Boxer indemnity protocol of 1900. She had played the part of the vain, proud, ignorant and contemptuous Pharisee. Now, as a nation trying on for the first time the dignity of a modern state, she arose to take a hand in the business of the world, an event which marked, it may prove, the entrance of China into the arena of first-class states, and of world politics.

The writer had occasion to say in print soon after the battle of the Sha-ho that should Japan at last realize by victory over Russia her natural alliance with China, the hard work of actual alliance and of reconstruction in state and interstate politics would devolve upon Japan, the Chinese persisting in their loftiness, contempt, stubbornness and envy. We know that on account of the weakness of the central government in Peking the state is being carried forward by a younger generation, held in check, if not headed, by such men as Yuan Shih-k'ai. And we know that of all capitals in the world, Peking is the last where we may expect to find high political morality or political wisdom. The extent to which in words and actions she approached the ideal at a moment when there should have taken place between herself and Japan a complete reconciliation may bear a fatal relation to the infirmities of her weaker statesmen who fill the highest places. But these do not represent the visible progress of the country. While in these men, for example, it may appear at this stage of reform that China still has a string tied to many of her old institutions, nevertheless by the destruction of her old educational system she in reality burned her ships behind her and—no irreparable revulsion interferring—in tutelage to Japan and having pledged herself to advancement is bound to go on.

The discussion of the questions raised by the war, the questions involved in the Portsmouth Treaty, the welfare of

CHAPTER LXII

ELIMINATION OF THE WEST AND THE POSITION OF AMERICA

THE elimination of the artificial Russian Eastern Empire reduced East Asia to a condition of normal progress, which is the best form of revolution. The great fact of the war is that of the compromise between East and West. The world was enamored of the great progress of things promised by Russia, but the East as a whole continues to work out its own destiny and continues the substantial progress whose foundations were laid half a century ago. As far as the Occidental powers are concerned the possibility of a great increase in size of the Chinese Imperial Army virtually removed the anxiety of China's friends for the integrity of her empire, and the chief menace to Chinese integrity arises from the conditions created in Manchuria. To offset foreign influences there, against which the people at the close of the war had no means of intelligent and effective resistance, the throne of China kept one of its ablest men as viceroy or "Tartar general" in Mukden, and proceeded to foster corporate enterprise and public spirit. In Mongolia and Manchuria it carried on an extension of communications, especially telegraph communications, and began plans for the organization of a Mongolian army, the education of the Mongols, the encouragement of industries and the setting in motion of Mongolian opposition to the border intrigues of Russia. China's position became in every way stronger, and the nations of the world that have for many years been demoralized by her default as a nation may rely with confidence upon her future.

The immediate prospect at the close of the war would have been disheartening for the East had not internal convulsion in Russia of itself enforced the withdrawal of the Russian army and arrested for some time to come the depredations of Russia. The possibility was that an endless scandal respecting the evacuation of Manchuria by the belligerents would ensue covering a period of years and ending in complete demoralization of native power and in permanent military control by Russia and Japan, if not an early resumption of war. But this prospect and that of an era of revenge were soon discredited. The decline of the power and influence of the Russian central government, and the necessity of peace to Japan and her manifest dependence upon it and her resolution to maintain it, indicate that the course of events lies in the avenue of internal development. The disposition of the Russian bureaucracy as of any predatory self-rewarded organism is to perpetuate itself. The Russian bureaucracy in the worst disasters of the war and of the revolution exhibited an undiminished vitality keeping in perpetual motion the energies of repair and self-propagation. Though modified by a successful revolution these energies whose nature and object remain unchanged must continue to be one of the great forces in the course of Eastern progress to trouble the repose of Chinese royalty, the integrity of China, continental reconstruction, the realization by Japan of her great heritage and the quietude of those nations whose enterprises extend to Central and Pacific Asia.

The question of war or peace more than ever depends upon China alone, where before it depended upon China and Korea. Korea has no longer any power of mischief. The most hopeful sign in East Asia since the issues of the war were apparent has been the awakening of China and the manifestation of a new military and administrative capacity. If the power of the throne itself has not been actually strength-

ened, the central government has gained strength and possesses a potential power which is sufficient to revolutionize foreign relations and continues to be wielded by the throne in a fashion to show that its merits as a weapon are understood. In carrying on its programme of reforms, besides its schemes for the enlightenment of the nation, China has built railways, securely established its army, reformed its colonial affairs and especially the administration of its territory on the frontiers of Japan and Russia.

To sum up the achievements of this war will require the combined toil of all the historians of the present and the future, but the immediate effects of these achievements are possible to understand now, and of these the results to the world in general from the rise of the East are by far the most important.

East Asians now understand that no attempt was made to break the East before the development of practical science enabled Western nations, by applying power in all forms, to bring the ends of the earth together. One of the first effects of migration of Occidentals around the world was to disintegrate the East. And one of the phenomena of Western scientific advance was the invasion of railroads from America* and from Russian Europe. The effect of the first was beneficial, that of the latter destructive. It meant that China and Japan were pushed into the sea. They had a sympathetic support from America, but it could not prevail against Europe's shoving of Japan, the oldest and one of the proudest and most highly civilized nations in existence, into the ocean, leaving her without a foot on shore, and annexing Chinese territory.

Now, having learned the simple fact that the secret of our superiority lies in our tools and implements, they have possessed themselves of the same tools and implements, and are

* Perry's expedition.

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rising magnificently from these menaces. The problem of East and West, therefore, is an entirely new one, and Occidentals as men must meet the East Asians strictly on their merits as civilized beings, without the introduction of mechanics or superstition or prejudice or any of the various forms of political jugglery.

As a piece of human folly, greater than the suicidal adventures of the Boer State, or any modern military crime, the conspiracy of the Eastern Empire is now fully understood. It shows the aggravation of the diseases of Western civilization to Orientals, the infirmities of the Western body politic, of Western religion and moral structure. For Russia cannot be wholly outlawed from Western civilization, because Russia is one of the storehouses of human greatness. The adventure, therefore, is as a great light to East Asians, revealing more clearly the character and relative position of the vaunted West. The yellow race sees by this that we have been victors so long as they were unarmed. But armed, they have pricked the bubble West. Given the arms of those great soldiers, the whites, they have taught them their use, the meaning of patriotism and what it signifies to love one's country. The Japanese see that while not more than one in two hundred of themselves were captured, one in every five of their enemies surrendered, and among these were great generals and admirals who were condemned to death by their countrymen.* They see that Russia closely resembles China, and that there is a link between Oriental and Occidental infirmities. Japan saw that Russia was a heterogeneous and conglomerate organism set against itself, while from all visible evidences she, Japan, had completed the conquest of her own political self, possessing a complete confidence of ability to adopt a political empire in the Western sense, with territories abroad, and to administer successfully the vast interests to which her pre-

* Stoessel, Rodjestvensky, and Nebogatoff.

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sumptuous enemy aspired, but could not obtain. Japan saw herself entitled to the emoluments of "imperialism" as enjoyed by the best world empires of the West.

Occidental civilization is fully revealed to East Asians by this war. If East Asians were in doubt regarding the political drift of Western nations their minds are now unclouded, they know that the Christian West is a menace. In the very nature of things it is a menace, and for this reason only the nations of minor aggressive power or minimum harmfulness can be tolerated. But for the present all are eliminated from Far Eastern domestic politics and from the question of the integrity of China, while some are unwelcome in commerce and trade and are ostensibly the cause of a revival of Chinese hostility. The unsuccessful adventures of Russia leave her in the worst possible light. Her overtures in Peking after the war looking to a readjustment of relations were received with coldness and her negotiations were fruitless. She could neither give reparation nor offer menace. She was left without a diplomatic *pied de terre*. China's reply to her was the opening of a strategic railway to Mongolia, and the dispatch of a government commission to examine the Russian boundary and to ascertain the extent of Russian encroachment there. The Russian government press admitted the extremely modest position of Russia in East Asia.

Germany who had been one of the pioneer "yellow perilist" nations and had given moral support to Russian adventures, repudiated its imperial policy for the time and its position was so embarrassing that it was reduced to the expedient of withdrawing its soldiers from the province of Chih-li. It was the German people who refused to support any longer the garrisoning of Peking and its approaches from the sea, and the government itself persuaded the Chinese that its action in removing the German troops arose from friendly

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and benevolent motives. But further than this, Germany, left without a plan of state in China, began retrenchment also at K'ai-chou in the hope of improving its position. The position of France has always been secure on account of mission interests and her influence as a border nation on the south, but her prestige has never suffered more than by her being the unlucky ally of Russia.

Great Britain, although the most vulnerable of European nations in China, on account of the vast concessions controlling natural resources in China which she holds, by the wisdom of her administration, if not by the fact of her alliance with Japan, that prevented the break-up of China, is apparently least affected.

But in the elimination of the West there was no exception. And not least of the results of the war was the rivalry revived between China and Japan. For the Chinese, who are perhaps the most independent people in the world, cannot be conceived as enduring the domination of a neighbor whose exploits she has decided to equal and whose achievements she believes she can surpass.

The greatest evidence of the fact that Western civilization and power menaces the East is the great sense of national danger which for forty years it aroused among Japanese, and which since 1898 it has aroused among Chinese. For parallels in the matter of the fear of nations for their national existence we have to cite the Spartans and other of the ancients. It is not that the Japanese and Chinese are less or more human or more military, or more aggressive, or superior or essentially different in any way whatsoever, but that we appear as a great revolutionary and therefore destructive force. Some of our sciences make them out to be our inferiors, while the whole modern controversy of East and West is a death sentence pronounced against them. At the present time, generally speaking, we both view each other, to

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use the Chinese phrase as "foreign devils." As their military demonstrations which we have provoked are a bugbear to us, our diplomacy and war are to them a form of insidious deviltry. Our prejudices as the lords of creation, like theirs as the chosen of heaven, form the greatest obstacles to good relations, for they prevent a practical solution of purely economic affairs that otherwise could easily be settled, and would be the assurance of permanent peace.

But Americans, as pointed out, must note that the first effects of the rise of Japan was an exhibition of resentment and hostility for real and fancied injuries on the part of China and later a hostile menace for real and fancied grievances by Japan. The fact that America's attitude toward Pacific Asia deserves the most fulsome gratitude, and that America's position in diplomacy and friendship is least vulnerable of that of any of the great nations dealing with Pacific Asia, clearly outlines one great lesson to Americans, namely, that there is a great poverty of knowledge and understanding of East Asians in America and that the situation must be met with advanced ideas.

The state of Western intelligence regarding Asians is fairly illustrated by the condition of public intelligence in America, where the problem of the Asian has been contended over for years without solution and where it must be first worked out. The position of America in the question is the first in importance because it is against America that East Asia has first retaliated after the elimination of Russia, for Western arrogance and discourtesy and all the outside world is watching the manner of America's dealing and the policy which she must adopt permanently.

The main political figure in the West in the struggle for the integrity of China is that of John Hay, but John Hay's work, which in the end was inadequate, is about the only asset left to America in the East. The American people did not

know how to turn it to account or to back it up, and have receded from the position of respect which he achieved for them. Russia, the greatest enemy of the principles for which he contended, and of the reconstructed East Asia with which America is now forced to compromise, regards this with open satisfaction and anticipates a change of American policy, even more satisfactory from being in conformity with the principles of her own. There is a question therefore of abandoning the standard of progress which we have adopted and following the prejudices of the past, or meeting the situation with advanced ideas.

America's position in East Asia has been changed. Events have reduced her in two years to a position of comparative unimportance in Peking. Of all the pro-Japanese, "open-door" and Chinese-integrity nations it is America that stands lowest there. Traditional friendship, sympathy understood and expressed upon every occasion when it could be of any value, gifts of charity, moral aid and repeated services to the cause of the "open-door" and the preservation of Chinese integrity in particular, have not availed against a combination of really mean circumstances, and are little more than a name. Her prestige gained from meritorious acts dissolved, and positive misfortune has overtaken her through Chinese commercial hostility.

Coincident with this came the demoralization of her government service in China, and having declined in power and influence there began a vacillation showing an uncertain policy. The government itself turned "yellow perilists" immediately after peace was established and fomented temporarily an alarm of an anti-foreign outbreak, arriving at last at a position of antagonism and enmity toward China, whom she had long befriended.

These striking events which must be an essential part of contemporary East Asian history that constitutes the most

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remarkable epoch in all time to East Asians, and which we have so inauspiciously begun, show as forcibly as anything else the infirmities of the Chinese. But this is a fact that has long been admitted, so that the main result is to call attention to the infirmities of Americans.

It strikes Americans as bizarre that as a people they have any relation at all to the Chinese, because the Chinese have never heretofore been respected as a nation. China had heretofore declined to be an integral part of the world. This resulted in foreign wars, in all of which she had to sue for peace. In 1900 she suffered the exquisite humiliation of having her Imperial family, dynasty and throne reinstated in her capital at Peking by her world enemies. In the settlement of the Boxer War, China, as a nation, appeared as a mere masquerader, but in 1904, when a foreign war broke out in her own territories, she threw off the mask and made probably the last concession to foreign insolence, and with her declaration of neutrality performed the last burlesque upon national sovereignty. Within two years she was a national and international force and more. She was a military entity. This was sufficient without any other quality such as we regard essential to a modern state, to forcibly revolutionize American relations and the relation of every other power in the world. This swift ascent to competency found America unprepared. The imperfection of her consular and diplomatic machinery, and the imperfect grasp of her government upon Chinese affairs, but especially the incompetency of public opinion, placed her in immediate danger of having to rely upon her military and of imitating a brand of diplomacy mixed with a parade of force which is the reproach of Europe and which she has always discredited and spurned. The government at Washington, for lack of support of intelligent opinion and the weakness of its machinery in China, stood in danger of a national calamity by being tripped into a policy in East Asia

abusive of its ideals and traditions. It can be seen it would be a national calamity to thus squander the unique and magnificent position, which is the envy of all other nations, and to follow a retrogressive innovation in our own foreign relations.

The world at large has reached the end of the speculative, experimental, and adventurous stage, and the stage of spoliation in East Asia, and is confronted with a new era for which it is unprepared. It is conclusive evidence that America is both indifferent and ignorant that the general government possesses a problematical grasp of questions and means relating to China. A chaotic foreign policy in any country is due to the chaos in home opinion.

It is not necessary to trace the remote origin of American ideas, for though this would serve to prove a common identity for the views held throughout the West, it is not necessary to show that we have made our own sciences and judged the outside world accordingly. The problems growing out of the war now pressing for solution have revealed Americans to be in a pronounced way a one-sided people, and a pronounced offshoot of Europe. Their Western side has not grown out. Their ethnological convictions come from the contrast of Europeans with the tribes on the borders of Europe, and they have educated themselves in ethnology on the negro specimens which they brought with them and on the aboriginals whom they found in America. And as they are antipodal to the Asians they are the extremists of all Occidentals.

But aside from this there have been created obstacles to the understanding of East Asians. We still harbor the traditional idea gained through the tourist; the writer of mystics still makes capital out of his potential fairyland; politics itself has been involved in the East with the grotesque and has been misled by the fanciful and absurd. It has always been the literary fashion even in Europe to surround the Asians with mystery. Even now, when all the world is believed to

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ment relations with East Asians. Slow and retrogressively inclined as have been the Chinese heretofore, they, as well as the Japanese, have had many more of their people learning our language and studying our people than we have had studying theirs and them, many more in proportion to the population. While in respect of Japanese students in America, Japan has done us great homage and brought us much trade. Both together these nations constitute a New World, of which Japan especially deserves to be exceedingly proud. America is disposed to meet this situation with old prejudices which result in giving needless offense. Her attitude and annoyances indicate an intolerance of others doing her deeds of revolution in the world after her, and it must be admitted that for the time at least America missed the message of the war and of the outside world.

There is nothing new in the world, and nothing is lost in the world. All problems can be met by men who must deal with each other. But the end of international intercourse, which is a community of interests, is not reached by the preaching of the irreconcilability of races, which is an absurdity. That is the folly which produced this war, and which can always produce war, and in the great present golden age of man is signally unworthy of Americans.

THE END

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APPENDIX

- I Chronology of the Russian Tragedy in Pacific Asia.
- II Ukase for the Creation of Dalny.
- III Demands Made by Alexeieff to Replace the Manchurian Convention.
- IV Japan's Note to Russia Breaking off Diplomatic Relations.
- V Japan's Declaration of War.
- VI Russia's Proclamation of War.
- VII Alexeieff's Proclamation of War Issued to the Manchurians.
- VIII Stoessel's Last Dispatch to Emperor Nicholas Before Surrendering.
- IX Negotiations Relating to the Surrender of Port Arthur.
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- XI Armistice Protocol.
- XII Russo-Japanese Peace Treaty.
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I

CHRONOLOGY OF THE TRAGEDY OF RUSSIA IN PACIFIC ASIA

1689 China imposes the Treaty of Nerchinsk upon Russia, securing her northeast boundary.

Russian Manchurian Advance Begins.

1858 Treaty of Tien-tsin.

1860 Treaty of Aigun.

1894-5 Japan-China War.

1895 Shimoneseki Treaty.

Rise of the Eastern Empire.

1896 Chinese-Eastern Railway concession.

1897 Coalition of Russia, Germany and France against Japan, and restoration of southern Manchuria to China.

1898 Kuang-tung leased to Russia.

1899 Central-Manchurian Railway concession.

Emperor Nicholas creates by ukase the City of Dalny.

1900 Boxer War. Russia takes military possession of all Manchuria.

Russian covenants with the Allies to evacuate Manchuria.

1901 Alexeieff in power at Port Arthur.

1902 Manchurian Convention for the evacuation of Manchuria.

1903 Yalu Lumber Company concession in Korea.

Concession for the use of the port of Yongampo.

Russians re-name Yongampo "Port Nicholas."

1903.

April 13. Alexeieff created "Imperial Lieutenant of the Far East."—Chinese-Eastern and Central Manchuria Railways completed.—Fleet assembled and the nucleus of a Manchurian Army mobilized at Port Arthur.

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July. The "Eastern Empire" usurps the Imperial Russian Legation at Peking, placing Alexeieff's minister in charge.—Alexeieff's minister de Plancon presents seven revolutionary demands to China. China refuses them and calls upon the powers for support.

July 28. Japan forces Russia into negotiations concerning her intentions.

August. Alexeieff retaliates for China's refusal to accept the demands made by the Eastern Empire by a military occupation of Mukden.

October. Alexeieff makes a formidable military demonstration with his Army and Navy at Port Arthur to awe the world and to defy and intimidate Japan.

1904.

January. General Ijichi arrives at Seoul as military attaché. Alexeieff receives two naval transports of troops from Odessa. Alexeieff dispatches troops to the Yalu. Alexeieff enrolls all civilians in the Eastern Empire for service. Horses confiscated. Red Cross volunteers enrolled and drilled.

Jan. 4. Japan submits an "irreducible minimum" of demands to Russia and commences mobilizing her merchant marine; imposes war taxes; mobilizes the First Army.

Jan. 8.—Foreign troops to protect foreign legations in Seoul landed at Chemulpo.—All Japanese begin withdrawing from Manchuria and northern Korea.

Jan. 15. War admitted in Europe to be a "proximate contingency."—Alexeieff calls in the merchant marine of the Eastern Empire.—Alexeieff hurries the fortification of the Kin-chou isthmus.—Cruisers of the Port Arthur fleet begin operations in the Gulf of Chih-li.—Naval picket vessels in all ports of the Empire.—Admiralty at Port Arthur stores coal in the crevices of the hills.

Jan. 21 Korea under Russian inspiration proclaims neutrality.

Jan. 24. Japan lands military supplies at Kin-sen (south of Chemulpo).

Jan. 30. Russian Government orders the whole fleet out of Port Arthur.

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Jan. 31. Third Infantry Brigade leaves Port Arthur for the Yalu.
February.

Feb. 2. Admiralty at Port Arthur stores 1,500 tons of coal on Roze Island, Chemulpo.

Feb. 6. Japan ends diplomatic relations with Russia. Japanese minister leaves St. Petersburg at midnight.

Feb. 7. Japan hands Baron Rosen his credentials.—Japan closes the Korean telegraph, seizes Masampo, capturing a Russian torpedo-boat picketed there.—Cossack squadron under Madridoff operating on the Yalu.

Demolition of the Eastern Empire.

Feb. 8. Japanese torpedo-boats attack the Port Arthur Fleet in the roadstead at Port Arthur. *Czarevitch*, *Retzvisan*, and *Pallada* torpedoed. *Varyag* and *Koryeetz* seek to communicate with Port Arthur.

Feb. 9. Japanese fleet under Togo bombards fleet and fortress of Port Arthur.—Uriu destroys *Varyag* and *Koryeetz*.—Civilians evacuated from Port Arthur and Dalny. Linievitch takes command of the Manchurian Army with headquarters at Liao-yang.

Feb. 10. Japan releases her Declaration of War.

Feb. 11. Vladivostok Squadron begins operations.—The United States declares neutrality.

Feb. 12. Pavloff, Russian Minister, accepts Japanese military escort and leaves Seoul.—China declares neutrality.

Feb. 13. *Yenisei* mine-transport, lost on her own mines in Talien-wan.

Feb. 14. Togo sinks the *Boyarin* and attacks the Port Arthur fleet.

Feb. 16. Togo bombards Port Arthur.—First Japanese Army lands at Chemulpo. Army of Northern Korea lands at Gensan.—Alexeieff leaves Port Arthur for Mukden.—Siberian Reserves from Irkutsk reach Harbin.

Feb. 17. Makaroff supersedes Starck.

Feb. 18. Russia's declaration of War.

Feb. 20. Togo bombards Port Arthur. Colonel Madridoff crosses the Yalu with a squadron of Cossacks and goes to meet Kuroki's

The Tragedy of Russia

- advance guard. Russia begins a course of accusation by publishing the state of negotiations when broken off.
- Feb. 21.* Kouropatkin appointed Commander-in-Chief.
- Feb. 22.* Russia accuses Japan of violating Korean neutrality and international law.
- Feb. 23.* Japanese-Korean Agreement signed at Seoul. Togo occupies naval base in the Elliot Islands.
- Feb. 24-25.* Togo attempts to seal Port Arthur harbor with four merchant hulks.
- Feb. 25.* Alexeieff issues a proclamation of war to the Manchurians.—Siberian troops arrive at Liao-yang.
- Feb. 26.* Togo attacks Port Arthur in force and retires.
- Feb. 28.* Madridoff exchanges shots with Kuroki's advance guard near P'ing-yang.
- March 1.* Kamamura bombards Vladivostok.
- March 4.* Second half of Kuroki's Army lands at Chinampo.
- March 7.* China gives American consuls exequaturs for Mukden and An-tung.
- March 8.* Last bombardment of Vladivostok.—First Japanese prisoners—one officer and four soldiers—paraded in Mukden streets.
- March 9-10.* (Night) Togo bombards Port Arthur from Pigeon Bay.
- March 11.* Makaroff makes a sortie with the Port Arthur fleet, exciting the admiration of the garrison.
- March 12.* Kouropatkin leaves St. Petersburg for the Eastern Empire.—Russia's "plan of war" becomes known.
- March 13.* Alexeieff abolishes the neutrality of Niu-ch'uang (Yin-k'ou).
- March 17.* Third Siberian Brigade starts on its march from the head of Liao-tung Gulf to sweep the coast to the Yalu.
- March 20.* Third Siberian Brigade passes the Feng-shui range of mountains.
- March 21.* Togo bombards Port Arthur and again attempts to seal the harbor with hulks.
- March 22.* Mischenko in command of advance cavalry forces in Korea.

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March 25. Third Siberian Brigade begins intrenching on west bank of the Yalu.

March 26. Mischenko discovers Kuroki's front for forty-five miles parallel to the Yalu intersecting An-ju; engages the Japanese near Kazan and retires to the east bank of the Yalu.

March 27. Kouropatkin arrives in Manchuria. "Plan of War" published.

Destruction of the Line of Defense.

March 30. Makaroff proclaims destruction of all craft in the theater of war that are without or that refuse to show lights by night or flags by day.

March 31. Stoessel proclaims a state of siege in Kuang-tung.

April 3. Mischenko abandons the east bank of the Yalu and the

April 4. Japanese occupy the same.

April 5-10. Kouropatkin visits the line of defense on the west and south to Kuang-tung.

April 12-13. Togo lays mines in Port Arthur roadstead.

April 13. *Petropavlovsk* sunk by same; *Pobaida* damaged by same; *Pallada* damaged.—Makaroff and Verestchagin lost.—Alexeieff leaves Mukden for Port Arthur.

April 15. The *Kasuga* and *Nisshin* surprise Port Arthur garrison by a bombardment from shelter under Liao-ti-shan promontory.—Sixth Brigade re-enforces the Third Brigade on west bank of the Yalu, and this whole force, under Sassulitch, prepares to arrest Kuroki's invasion.

April 22. Russia announces she has 300,000 soldiers in Manchuria.

April 23. Kuroki's scouts across the Yalu.

April 25. Vladivostok Squadron sinks a Japanese merchantman at Gensan.

April 26. Vladivostok Squadron sinks the Japanese transport *Kinshiu Maru*.

April 27. Togo's third attempt to seal Port Arthur harbor.

April 29-30. Sassulitch and Kuroki in hostile contact; outpost fighting.

May 1-2. Battle of the Yalu (Ch'iu-lien-ch'eng).

May 3. Sassulitch retreats past Feng-huang-ch'eng.

The Tragedy of Russia

May 4. Togo's fourth attempt to seal Port Arthur harbor.

Segregation of the Capital.

May 5. Second Japanese Army's transports leave the coast of Korea and arrive off Pi-tzu-wo.

May 6. Second Japanese Army lands at Pi-tzu-wo.

May 7. Oku cuts the Russian telegraphs at Pu-lan-tien.—Alexeieff narrowly escapes by train from Port Arthur.

May 10. Madridoff unsuccessfully attacks Kuroki's communications at An-ju.

May 12. Stoessel destroys the steel pier at Dalny.—Japanese bombard Ta-lien.

May 15. *Hatsuse* and *Yashima* sunk by Russian mines outside Port Arthur.—*Kasuga* rams and sinks the cruiser *Yoshino*.

May 16. Oku advances the Second Army from Pi-tzu-wo toward the Kin-chou Isthmus.

May 19. Third Army of Nodzu landing at Ta-ku-shan.

May 20. *Bogatyr* run on rocks outside Vladivostok, but later refloated.

May 21-26. BATTLE OF NAN-SHAN (Kin-chou Isthmus). Port Arthur cut off.

May 24. Togo bombards Port Arthur.

Loss of Liao-tung.

May 27. Stoessel retires to Nanghalen.—Kouropatkin assembles nearly two army corps at K'ai-chou, under Stackelberg, to send against Oku.

May 29-30. Stoessel burns stores and buildings at Dalny and retires from Nanghalen toward Port Arthur.

May 30. Japanese occupy Dalny.—Nogi's army assembles at Nanghalen.—Oku's advance guard at Li-chia-t'un, nine miles north of Pu-lan-tien.

June 1. Stackelberg starts south from K'ai-chou.

June 7. Nodzu drives out Mischenko and occupies Hsu-yen.—Port Arthur torpedo-boats make a successful sortie.—Keller takes command of the Eastern Detachment.

June 14-15 BATTLE OF WA-FANG-TIEN (Teh-li-ssu).

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- June 15.* Vladivostok Squadron sinks the *Hitachi* and *Izumi* and disables the *Sado*.
- June 16.* Oku returns to Pi-tzu-wo.—Stackelberg retreats to K'ai-chou.—Vladivostok Squadron takes the *Allanton* (merchantman).—Kouropatkin, distrusting his generals, takes personal command of the whole force on the south and southeast.
- June 21.* Nodzu moves west from Hsu-yen.
- June 25.* Oku advances to within eleven kilometers of K'ai-chou.
- June 26.* Stoessel surrenders Hsi-tao-shan and Ken-shan, ten miles outside Point Arthur.—Keller occupies the mountain passes, viz., Feng-shui-ling, San-tou-ling and Mo-du-ling.
- June 27.* Keller abandons same, and
- June 28.* Occupies the pass Si-k'a-ling and the village Ku-chia-p'u-tzu.—Oku occupies K'ai-chou, completing the occupation of the Liao-tung peninsula.—Nodzu occupies the outer passes in the Feng-shui-ling leading to Hai-ch'eng.
- June 29.* Keller's main force on left bank of the Lang, headquarters at Ho-yen.—Floods and rain; armies swamped.
- June 30.* Fortification of Liao-yang, the Army Base, near completion.—Vladivostok Squadron bombards Gensan.
- July 1.* Vladivostok Squadron eludes Kamamura near Tsushima. Seventeenth Corps arrives and is placed in reserve in the An-p'ing road.
- July 3-4.* (Night) Keller unsuccessfully reconnoiters Three Pagoda Pass, retires in defeat and abandons plans for a general attack.
- July 4.* Stoessel surrenders Miao-tzu Fort, four miles from Port Arthur.—Fock makes a sally and drives back Nogi's right.
- July 5-6.* Kouropatkin hurries another division of re-enforcements to Keller.
- July 5-7.* Fock makes another sortie from Port Arthur.
- July 6.* Oyama leaves Tokyo for Manchuria, to command the Japanese armies.—Russia sends the *Petersburg* and *Smolensk* through the Bosphorus and
- July 7-10.* Converts same into men-of-war.
- July 11.* *Petersburg* and *Smolensk* stop the *Menelaus* and *Crewe Hall*.

The Tragedy of Russia

July 13. Nodzu occupies Si-mu-ch'ang.—The *Petersburg* stops the *Malacca* and takes her to Suez.

July 14. Russia announces that the Baltic Fleet will sail for the Far East.

July 15. The *Smolensk* seizes the mails of the *Prinz Heinrich*.

July 16. Russians sink the *Hip-sang*.

Loss of the Eastern Barrier.

July 17. BATTLE OF MO-T'IENT-LING.

July 18. *Hai-yen* sunk in Pigeon Bay.—Germany protests against the seizure of the *Prinz Heinrich's* mails.

July 18-19. BATTLE OF SHIHOYEN; Kouropatkin retires the Seventeenth Corps north of the T'ai-tzu to guard his rear.

July 19. *Petersburg* and *Smolensk* stop the *Scandia* and take her to Suez.

July 20. Vladivostok Squadron passes Tsugara Straits into the Pacific.—Great Britain demands the release of the *Malacca*.

Loss of the South Coast.

July 23-24. BATTLE OF TA-SHIH-CH'IAO.

July 24. Kouropatkin hurriedly visits Yu-shu-ling.—Russia orders the *Petersburg* and *Smolensk* recalled. Kouropatkin evacuates Niu-ch'uang.—Vladivostok Squadron sinks the *Knight Commander*.—The *Petersburg* and *Smolensk* seize the *Formosa* and take her to Suez.

July 26. Russians retire to Hai-ch'eng. Japanese occupy Ta-shih-ch'iao and Niu-ch'uang.—Kouropatkin hurries from the On-p'ing road to Hai-ch'eng.

July 26-30. Stoessel surrenders Wolf Hill and retires to Port Arthur.

July 27. Russia releases the *Malacca*.

July 28. Von Plehve assassinated.

July 30-31-August 1. BATTLE OF YU-SHU-LING and PIEN-LING.

July 31. BATTLE OF YANG-TZU-LING; Keller killed.—Hai-ch'eng evacuated.

August 1. Eastern Detachment forces retire from the Lang.

Aug. 5. Nogi takes two small positions from Stoessel and

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- Aug. 7.* Lands troops in Louisa Bay.
- Aug. 10.* Witgeft and Oktomsky make a sortie with the Port Arthur Fleet; Witgeft killed; Togo defeats and disperses the whole fleet.
- Aug. 11.* *Czarevitch* reaches Tsing-tao.
- Aug. 12.* Japan takes the *Reshitelni* from Chi-fu harbor. Emperor Nicholas announces to the Grand Army of Manchuria the birth of a son and appoints him Colonel-in-Chief of the Twelfth East Siberian Regiment.—Many Russian officers now abandon hope of Port Arthur holding out.
- Aug. 13.* Rodjestvensky takes command of the Baltic Fleet.—Vladivostok Squadron defeated by Kamamura; *Rurik* sunk.
- Aug. 14.* Russia protests to China against the seizure of the *Reshitelni*. China demands the restoration of the *Reshitelni*.—*Askold* and *Grosovoi* reach the Yangtse and prepare to intern at Shanghai.
- Aug. 15.* Stoessel repulses Nogi at Uglovala Mountain, near Louisa Bay.
- Aug. 16.* Nogi calls upon Stoessel to surrender Port Arthur.
- Aug. 17.* Stoessel refuses to surrender Port Arthur.
- Aug. 18.* Japan refuses to restore the *Reshitelni* to China and protests against the prolonged stay of the *Askold* and *Grosovoi* at Shanghai.
- Aug. 19–25.* GRAND BATTLE OF PORT ARTHUR; First general assault.
- Aug. 20.* Japan defends her action in seizing the *Reshitelni*.—*Novik* run ashore on Saghalen.—Stoessel loses and retakes the Er-lung trenches.
- Aug. 21.* Stoessel loses East Ki-kuan Fort.
- Aug. 22.* Stoessel loses East and West Pan-lung Forts.—Kuroki's army begins an advance.
- Aug. 23.* Kuroki with his left closes against Kouropatkin's center.
- Aug. 24.* Emperor Nicholas orders the *Askold* and *Grosovoi* disarmed.
- Aug. 24–Sept. 3.* BATTLE OF LIAO-YANG.—Kuroki attacks Kouropatkin's left center.
- Aug. 25–26.* Two days' artillery duel before Kao-feng-shih.

The Tragedy of Russia

1905.

January 1. Stoessel proposes to Nogi to surrender Port Arthur.—Nogi accepts Stoessel's proposal.—Four Russian destroyers escape to Chi-fu.—Rodjestvensky arrives at Ile Sainte Marie, off Madagascar.

Jan. 2. Agreement for the capitulation of Port Arthur signed.

Jan. 3. Stoessel surrenders Port Arthur and delivers *Itzushan* as a guarantee of the agreement.—Folkersahm reaches Madagascar and joins Rodjestvensky.

Jan. 5. Stoessel meets Nogi.

Jan. 6. Stoessel's garrison marches out of Port Arthur.—Kouropatkin proclaims a definition of the western limits of the zone of operations to justify Mischenko's use of the region west of the Liao in his forthcoming raid.

Jan. 7-16. MISCHENKO'S RAID TO NIU-CH'UANG (Yin-k'ou).

Jan. 8. Botrovsky reaches Suda Bay.

Jan. 13. Mischenko attacks the railway station at Niu-ch'uang.—Council of war at Kouropatkin's headquarters to determine a general engagement depending upon Mischenko's success, to counteract the effect of the loss of Port Arthur.—Baltic Fleet at Diego Saurez. Botrovsky leaves Suez.—Russia protests to the powers against Japanese infractions of Chinese neutrality.

Jan. 15. Kouropatkin annuls the plan of a general engagement on account of the failure of Mischenko's raid to disturb the Japanese defense.

Jan. 18. Botrovsky reaches Jibuti.

Jan. 22. Riots and bloodshed in St. Petersburg.

Jan. 25-29. BATTLE OF SAN-CHIA-P'U (Hei-kou-t'ar).

February 7. Kamamura's Squadron seizes the *Eastry*.

Feb. 15. Nebogatoff with the Third Baltic Squadron leaves Libau.

Feb. 23-March 10. BATTLE OF MUKDEN.

March 26. North Sea Commission holds Russia financially responsible for damage inflicted on the Hull fisher fleet by the Baltic Fleet.

March 1. Kouropatkin loses his outpost positions at Hsin-min-t'un and on the Liao.

March 5. Kouropatkin prepares to break Nogi's line on the west.

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March 6. Kouropatkin signs an ordinance for retreat to the Hun.

March 7-8. (Night) Retreat to the Hun River.

March 9. Kuroki breaks through Kouropatkin's line at Chiu-chan.

—Kouropatkin with his Staff flees from Mukden northward.

March 10. FLIGHT OF THE GRAND ARMY FROM MUKDEN.

Tieh-ling.

March 11. Arrival of the disorganized Army at Tieh-ling.

March 15. Tieh-ling stores burnt and Tieh-ling evacuated.

March 16. K'ai-yuan station stores burnt and station and K'ai-yuan abandoned.

March 17. Linievitch supersedes Kouropatkin. — Chang-tu-fu abandoned.

March 18. Kouropatkin surrenders command to Linievitch.

March 20. Kouropatkin appointed commander of the First Army.

March 21. Grand Army of Manchuria occupies a new position on the railway intersecting Si-p'ing-kai.

March 24. Nebogattoff reaches Port Said.—Mischenko reaches the Liao and the Mongolian border.

April 1. Rennencamp established at Hai-lung-ch'eng.

April 2-3-4. Skirmishes on the flanks for advantages on the new position.

April 8. Rodjestvensky passes Singapore.

April 12. Rennencamp's outposts in the rear of the Japanese right driven in.

April 12-14. Rodjestvensky reaches Kamranh Bay.

April 22. Rodjestvensky leaves Kamranh Bay.

April 24. Rodjestvensky returns to Kamranh Bay.

April 26. Rodjestvensky leaves Kamranh Bay.

April 27. Nebogattoff passes Penang.

May 1. Rodjestvensky at Port Dayet.

May 2. Rodjestvensky at Honkohe Bay.

May 5. Torpedo-boats of the Vladivostok Squadron burn a Japanese vessel off Hokaido.—Nebogattoff passes Singapore.

May 9. Rodjestvensky leaves Honkohe Bay.—Nebogattoff passes Cape St. James and joins Rodjestvensky.

May 12. Mischenko raids Nogi's rear successfully.

The Tragedy of Russia

- August 1.* Oyama for the last time reconnoiters the Russian front.
- Aug. 4.* Roosevelt receives Witte informally at Oyster Bay.—Roosevelt receives unofficial envoys from Korea, who ask protection for Korea.
- Aug. 5.* Roosevelt formally receives peace envoys of both nations and they proceed to Portsmouth.
- Aug. 8.* Peace envoys received by the American authorities at Portsmouth.
- Aug. 9.* Peace envoys meet and discuss credentials.
- Aug. 10.* Peace envoys exchange credentials.—Komura presents principles essential to a peace treaty.—Japan sends a naval squadron to the Siberian coast north of Saghalen.
- Aug. 14.* First three articles of the Peace Treaty of Portsmouth agreed to.
- Aug. 18.* Peace Conference adjourns until August 22d.
- Aug. 19.* Emperor Nicholas issues a manifesto decreeing the establishment of a representative popular assembly.
- September 5.* Final protocol of the Peace Treaty signed.—Kouropatkin finally reviews the Fourth Corps at Ho-er-shu.
- Sept. 6.* Linievitch publishes to the Grand Army the Emperor's acceptance of the peace terms.
- Sept. 9.* Oyama's messenger with proposals for an armistice arrives at the Russian outposts on the railway.
- Sept. 11.* Linievitch accepts Oyama's proposals for an armistice.
- Sept. 13.* Fukushima and Oranovsky sign an armistice at Sha-ho-tzu.—Ratification of Peace Treaty.
- Sept. 27.* Linievitch finally reviews the First Army, and following this the Second and Third Armies.—Kouropatkin bids farewell to the military agents of the powers who accompanied the armies during his control.
- October 23.* Emperor's peace manifesto read in the cathedral at Vladivostok.
- Oct. 24.* Naval and Red Cross squadron carrying General Danielo leaves Vladivostok for Nagasaki, to evacuate the Russian prisoners in Japan.
- Oct. 31–November 1.*—Danieloff and the Naval and Red Cross squadron reach Nagasaki.

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Nov. 9. Marquis Ito arrives in Seoul with letters from Mutsuhito, Emperor of Japan, to the Emperor of Korea.

Nov. 10. Ito presents his credentials to the Emperor of Korea and opens negotiations for a new agreement between Korea and Japan.

Nov. 12. Revolutionary riot at Vladivostok.—Baron Komura arrives in Peking to negotiate an agreement between Japan and China regarding conditions resulting from the war.

Nov. 12-13. Revolutionaries loot and burn 230 houses in Vladivostok.—Riot in Harbin; Mischenko attacks mutineers.—Army headquarters at Harbin burned, Russo-Chinese Bank threatened with destruction by dynamite.

Nov. 16. Cossacks are turned loose upon the Vladivostok revolutionaries.

Nov. 17. Several newspapers in Manchuria and Siberia turn revolutionist.—Cossacks restore quiet at Vladivostok.

Nov. 18. Japan-Korea agreement signed at Seoul.—Government telegraph, postal and railway employees strike and tie up the Siberian and the Chinese-Eastern railways from Harbin to the Urals. Rennecamp placed in command at Irkutsk to put down revolution in the west.

December 22. China-Japan agreement signed at Peking.

1906.

January 23. Revolutionary outbreak at Vladivostok; 1600 stands of arms taken by the revolutionaries. General Kausbek disperses the revolutionaries from before his house with machine guns.

Jan. 24. Mutiny in a battery at Vladivostok. General Silvanoff mortally wounded; Colonel Surmenieff, Commandment of Vladivostok, and eight members of his escort killed.

Jan. 31. (about) Mischenko arrives with a brigade of Cossacks and restores order at Vladivostok.

March. Rennecamp in a military court at Chita tries several hundred strikers, mutineers and revolutionists, including officers of the rank of general, and ends revolutionary outbreaks in Pacific Russia.

II

UKASE OF EMPEROR NICHOLAS II. (JULY 30th, 1899)
FOR THE CREATION OF DALNY

To the Minister of Finance:

Our Empire, which comprises immense territories in Europe and in Asia, has been summoned by Divine Providence to contribute toward the friendly intercourse of the people of the Occident with those of the Orient. In attaining this historical object, we have had the friendly co-operation of the Emperor of China, who has ceded to us the use of the port of Ta-lien-wan and of Port Arthur, and has opened to us through his possessions an outlet for the great line of railway from Siberia to the Yellow Sea. Thanks to this wise decision of the Government of His Majesty the Bogdo Khan, the extreme limits of the two continents of the Old World will soon be united by a continuous line of rails, which will secure to all nations the incalculable advantages of easy communication, and will bring new regions into the general development of trade.

In our constant solicitude for this undertaking of such general usefulness, we have carefully considered what a position of importance the starting point of this line, Ta-lien-wan, will occupy when the road has been constructed. As we declared at the time of its occupation, that this port should be open to the commercial fleets of all nations, we have now decided to begin the erection near to it of a city, which we shall call "Dalny."

At the same time, in view of the commercial development of the future city, we confer upon it for the whole term during which that territory has been leased to Russia by China, under the agreement dated 15th-27th of March, 1898, the rights of free trade which belong to free ports, upon the following conditions:

I. The right to import and export merchandise of every description free of customs duties is established in the city, in the port, and in the adjacent territory up to a fixed boundary line, which may be changed by the Minister of Finance.

II. The right of free trade thus established shall not affect the

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tolls for carriage or for anchorage or such other taxes of various kinds which usually obtain in seaports.

III. Quarantine regulations for the exclusion of contagious diseases shall be applied in full force to such ships entering the port.

IV. Merchandise imported into Russia and coming from the territory to which the right of free trade is thus extended shall be examined and shall pay such duties upon entering the limits of the Empire as are provided for by the general laws which govern the importation of foreign goods.

Invoking the blessing of God upon this future undertaking, so truly peaceful, I take upon myself the care of building the new city and its port.

III

DEMANDS OF ALEXEIEFF TO REPLACE THE MAN- CHURIAN CONVENTION

Mr. de Plancon to Prince Ch'ing:

Plancon, Councillor of State, chargé d'affaires of the great Russian Empire, to Ch'ing, prince of the first rank, Prime Minister of the Ta Ch'ing Empire, and to the dignitaries of the ministry of foreign affairs, a communication:

By command of the Imperial Government I have the honor to make to you, honored prince and ministers, the following communication:

Russia and China have for more than two hundred years had with each other relations that have been always distinguished by their very friendly character, and this very naturally. Two neighboring people having a common frontier more than 5000 versts in length and many common affairs and interests may easily come to an understanding about everything. The interference of strangers in these mutual relations only spoils them and impedes the settlement of affairs. It is for this reason that Russia, highly prizing friendly relations with China, considers it her duty to guard them from alien interference.

This applies particularly to Manchuria. Russia has sacrificed thousands of lives and millions of treasure for the pacification of this country and for the restoration in it of lawful Chinese authority quite

The Tragedy of Russia

apart from the common benefit of all nations. Other powers have not expended on the pacification of Manchuria a single rouble or a single soldier. It would seem, therefore, full just that Russia should have the right to safeguard her interests, bought at so high a price, in that country without evoking the jealousy of other powers. All foreigners have profited by the tranquility established in the country and by the roads opened up in it, and with this they ought, in justice, to be satisfied, remembering that only a few years ago access into Manchuria was entirely closed to them.

Many states, after the expenditure of treasure and military force in the pacification of some country or island, habitually unite it to their own dominions by right of conquest. Russia does not wish to profit by that right, and precisely as in 1881 she returned Ili to China and last year the southwestern portion of the Mukden Province, so now she is ready to fulfill her engagements and to return to China not only the remaining portion of the Mukden Province and Kirin, but also the port of Niu-ch'uang, provided she receives full assurance that after the departure of the troops the lawful interests of Russia in these adjacent territories will be disturbed neither by China nor by other states.

In order that she may be thus assured the Chinese Government must give to Russia the following pledges:

1. That the restored territories, in particular Niu-ch'uang and localities on the Liao Ho, shall not be transferred to another power, whether by way of cession, lease, concession or in any other form. An attempt at such a transfer Russia would regard as a threat, and for the protection of her interests would have recourse to the most decisive measures.

2. That the organization at present existing in Mongolia shall not be disturbed, seeing that such disturbance will inevitably produce commotions amongst the people and that an unquiet state of affairs along our frontier will entail very serious and undesirable complications.

3. That the Chinese Government will not take a decision with regard to the opening to foreign trade of any new places in Manchuria and of the admission to them of consuls, without previous communication with the imperial administration.

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4. That if China should have recourse to inviting foreigners for the management of any branch of her administration, the authority of such foreigners shall not extend to the affairs of North China, where Russian interests predominate. In such an event these affairs shall be allotted to entirely separate departments and their direction shall be entrusted to Russians; thus, for instance, if a foreign adviser is engaged for mining matters, his advice will not extend to the mining affairs of Mongolia and Manchuria, for which there will in such case be appointed a Russian adviser.

5. Russia will retain in her own control the existing telegraph line between Port Arthur, Ying-k'ou, and Mukden for the whole term of the existence of the Peking-Ying-k'ou line, of which the above-mentioned line serves as an indispensable prolongation.

6. After the transfer of Niu-ch'uang to the Chinese administration, the Russo-Chinese Bank will continue, as at present, to fulfill the functions of the customs bank at the port named.

Finally, 7, it is understood that all rights acquired in Manchuria by Russian subjects or establishments during the occupation shall remain in full force after the departure of the troops.

Further, Russia is charged with the protection of the health and lives of the numerous inhabitants of the places traversed by the railway. Opening free access for the movement of travelers and of merchandise, the railway may with equal ease facilitate the penetration into the north of infectious diseases, if there is not established at its starting point, that is, at Ying-k'ou, a sound sanitary organization and a strict watch for the appearance of epidemic diseases. Last year the greed of a captain and the carelessness of the customs commissioner and doctor, caused the carrying into Manchuria and Siberia of an epidemic cholera, from which there died many thousand people, both Russians and Chinese.

In transferring the administration of Niu-ch'uang to China, the Russian Government asks that the model sanitary organization established there by the Russian administration shall be preserved and that the local authorities shall always be prepared for the struggle with epidemics. To this end it is indispensable that the commissioner of customs and the customs doctor should be Russian subjects, subordinate to the Chinese customs administration. This subordina-

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tion fully secures the proper discharge of their direct obligations and the maintenance of Chinese customs interests; but, as Russians, they will have an interest in the work of protecting the Russian dominions from the introduction of epidemics, which cannot be expected from foreigners of another nationality.

For the management of sanitary affairs there will be established a permanent commission, the president of which will be the tao-t'ai and the members of it all the consuls stationed at Ying-k'ou, the before-mentioned commissioner of customs, the customs doctor, a medical bacteriological expert, and the representative of the Chinese Eastern Railway.

For the settlement of the details of the organization and the functions of the commission, the tao-t'ai will consult with the Russian consul, who has great experience in these matters.

The means for the sanitary work and for the struggle with epidemics shall be found by the tao-t'ai. This will present no difficulty if the existing assessment of the local merchants is retained, permission for which shall be given to the tao-t'ai from Peking.

Such, honored prince and ministers, are the conditions in presence of which the Russian Government will be convinced that its political interests, and also the interests of the health and lives of a large population, will be safeguarded in a fitting manner.

As soon as your highness and your excellencies reply with an official note, in which in the name of His Majesty the Bogdo Khan (Emperor of China) is expressed assent to the requests of Russia that have been set forth, the Russian troops will be withdrawn from the Mukden province and from Kirin, and the civil administration of Niu-ch'uang will be transferred to the governor of the town, the Chinese tao-t'ai.

In the event of there being any doubts as to the interpretation of the present note, the Russian text of it shall be considered authoritative.

G. PLANCON,

Chargé d'Affaires, State Councilor.

[Seal of the Imperial Russian Legation at Peking.]

N. B.—The seal is the same as that used for the visé of passports by the Russian legation.

No. 35. April 5, 1903. (The date, new style, would be April 18th.)

IV

JAPAN'S NOTE TO RUSSIA BREAKING OFF DIPLO-
MATIC NEGOTIATIONS

JAPANESE LEGATION,
St. Petersburg, February 6, 1904.

The undersigned, envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, has the honor in pursuance of instructions from his Government, to address to his excellency the minister for foreign affairs of His Majesty the Emperor of all the Russias the following communication:

The Government of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan, regard the independence and territorial integrity of the Empire of Korea as essential to their own repose and safety, and they are consequently unable to view with indifference any action tending to render the position of Korea insecure. The successive rejections by the Imperial Russian Government, by means of inadmissible amendments, of Japan's proposals respecting Korea, the adoption of which the Imperial Government regarded as indispensable to assure the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire and to safeguard Japan's preponderating interests in the peninsula, coupled with the successive refusals of the Imperial Russian Government to enter into engagements to respect China's territorial integrity in Manchuria, which is seriously menaced by their continued occupation of the province, notwithstanding their treaty engagements with China and their repeated assurances to other powers possessing interests in those regions, have made it necessary for the Imperial Government seriously to consider what measures of self-defense they are called upon to take. In the presence of delays which remain largely unexplained and of naval and military activities which it is difficult to reconcile with entirely pacific aims, the Imperial Government have exercised in the pending negotiations a degree of forbearance which they believe is abundant proof of their loyal desire to remove from their relations with the Imperial Russian Government every cause for future misunderstanding, but finding in their

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to them, they will incur the same punishment as the bandits themselves.

VI. I, the Viceroy, fully expect that you the people will sympathize with the Russian troops. Should the Chinese officials and people regard with hatred the Russian forces, the Russian Government will certainly exterminate such people without the slightest mercy and will not fail to take suitable measures for the protection of her national interests.

Russian Date 1904, 18 February.

VIII

STOESSEL'S LAST DISPATCH TO EMPEROR NICHOLAS BEFORE SURRENDERING

JAN. 1ST, 1905.

Yesterday morning the Japanese fired mines, resulting in tremendous explosion, under Fort No. 3 & immediately thereafter opened an infernal bombardment along the whole line. A portion of the slender garrison of this fort perished beneath its ruins, the remnant succeeded in making their way out.

After a two hours' bombardment the Japanese assaulted the Chinese wall extending from No. 3 Fort to Eagle's Nest Fort. Two assaults were repulsed, our field artillery doing much damage to the Japanese. It being impossible to maintain our hold of the Chinese wall, I ordered our troops last night to retire upon the hills behind the wall, leaving our right flank on High Hill. The greater part of the eastern front is in the hands of the Japanese. We shall not be able to hold our new positions long, and when they fall we shall have to capitulate.

But everything is in the hands of God. We have suffered great losses. Two regimental commanders, Gandourine and Semenoff, are wounded, the hero Gandourine very grievously. The commander of No. 3 Fort, Captain Seredoff, perished in the explosion.

Great Sovereign! Forgive! We have done all that was humanly possible. Judge us, but be merciful. Eleven months of ceaseless

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fighting have exhausted our strength. A quarter only of the defenders, and one-half of these invalids, occupy 27 versts of fortifications without support and without intervals for even the briefest repose. The men are reduced to shadows.

IX

NEGOTIATIONS RELATING TO THE SURRENDER OF PORT ARTHUR

General Nogi to the Mikado, January 2nd, 1905:

At five in the afternoon Jan. 1st the enemy's bearer of a flag of truce came into the first line of our position south of Shuishiying and handed a letter to our officers. The same reached me at 9 o'clock at night. The letter is as follows:

General Stoessel to General Nogi:

Judging by the general condition of the whole line of hostile positions held by you I find further resistance at Port Arthur useless, and for the purpose of preventing needless sacrifice of lives I propose to hold negotiations with reference to capitulation. Should you consent to the same, you will please appoint Commissioners for discussing the order and conditions regarding capitulation, and also appoint a place for such Commissioners to meet the same appointed by me.

I take this opportunity to convey to Your Excellency assurances of my respect.

STOESSEL.

General Nogi to General Stoessel:

I have the honor to reply to your proposal to hold negotiations regarding the conditions and order of capitulation. For this purpose I have appointed as Commissioner Major General Ijichi, Chief of Staff of our army. He will be accompanied by some staff officers and civil officials. They will meet your Commissioners Jan. 2nd, noon, at Shuishiying. The Commissioners of both parties will be empowered to sign a convention for the capitulation without wait-

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be allowed one servant, and such servant will be specially released on signing the parole.

Article 8.—Non-commissioned officers and privates of both army and navy and volunteers shall wear their uniforms, and, taking portable tents and necessary private property, and commanded by their respective officers, shall assemble at such places as may be indicated by the Japanese Army. The Japanese Commissioners will indicate the necessary details therefor.

Article 9.—The sanitary corps and the accounts belonging to the Russian Army and Navy shall be retained by the Japanese while their services are deemed necessary for the caring of sick and wounded prisoners. During such time such corps shall be required to render service under the direction of the sanitary corps and be accountable to the Japanese Army.

Article 10.—The treatment to be accorded to the residents, the transfer of books and documents relating to municipal administration and finance, also detailed files necessary for the enforcement of this compact shall be embodied in a supplementary compact.

Article 11.—One copy each of this compact shall be prepared for the Japanese and Russian Armies, and it shall have immediate effect upon signature thereof.

XI

ARMISTICE PROTOCOL SIGNED AT PORTSMOUTH BY M. WITTE AND BARON ROSEN, AND BARON KOMURA AND M. TAKAHIRA

1. A certain distance (zone of demarcation) shall be fixed between the fronts of the armies of the two powers in Manchuria as well as in the region of the Tumen.
2. The naval forces of one of the belligerents shall not bombard the territory belonging to or occupied by the other.
3. Maritime captures will not be suspended by the armistice.
4. During the term of the armistice new reinforcements shall not be dispatched to the theater of war. Those which are already *en route* shall not be despatched to the north of

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Mukden on the part of Japan or to the south of Harbin on the part of Russia.

5. The commanders of the armies and fleets of the two powers shall determine in common accord the conditions of the armistice in conformity with the provisions above enumerated.
6. The two governments shall give orders to their commanders immediately after the signature of the treaty of peace in order to put this protocol in execution.

Substance of Armistice Convention Signed by Fukushima and Oranovsky.

In accordance with paragraph 5 the commanders of the belligerent armies drew up an Armistice Convention which incorporated the conditions provided for above, provided for the immediate resumption of native traffic and the operation of native communications, and contained the following provisions for the evacuation of Manchuria:

1. By the 31st of December, 1905, the Japanese troops are to withdraw from their advanced positions within the lines of Fa-ku-men, Chin-chia-t'un, Chang-tu-fu, Wei-yuan-pao-men and Fu-shun. The Russians by the same date are to withdraw within the lines of I-t'ung-chou, Yu-ho-ling, Wei-tzu-kao, Pa-mien-ch'eng and Shan-ch'eng-tzu.
2. By the 1st of June, 1906, the Japanese will withdraw from Fa-ku-men, Tieh-ling, Fu-shun and the regions immediately south of them; and the Russians will withdraw from Shan-ch'eng-tzu, Kung-chu-ling, I-t'ung-chou and the regions immediately north of them.

Proceeding in the above order, the two armies will withdraw so as not to leave more than 250,000 men each in Manchuria after the 15th of April, 1906, and not more than 75,000 men each after the 15th of October, 1906; and the high contracting parties agree that by the 15th of April, 1907, each shall have withdrawn the whole of its forces. But it is provided that, as laid down in the Portsmouth Treaty, 15 men per kilometer may be retained as railway guards.

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On the 15th of May, 1906, a committee of three shall be sent out by both sides and the transfer of the railway up to Kuan-ch'eng-tzü shall commence. By June 1st, 1906, the line south of Kung-chu-ling station shall be handed over, and by the 1st of August the section northward of that place shall be placed in Japanese possession.

XII

RUSSO-JAPANESE PEACE TREATY

Text as given out officially by the plenipotentiaries of the two powers at Portsmouth.

The Emperor of Japan on one part and the Emperor of All the Russias on the other part, animated by a desire to restore the blessings of peace to their countries, have resolved to conclude a treaty of peace and have for this purpose named their plenipotentiaries, that is to say, for his Majesty the Emperor of Japan, Baron Komura Jutaro Jusami, Grand Cordon of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun, his minister of foreign affairs, and his Excellency Takahira Kogoro, Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure, his minister to the United States, and, for his Majesty the Emperor of All the Russias, his Excellency Serge Witte, his secretary of state and president of the Committee of Ministers of the Empire of Russia, and his Excellency Baron Roman Rosen, Master of the Imperial Court of Russia, his Majesty's ambassador to the United States, who, after having exchanged their full powers, which were found to be in good and due form, have concluded the following articles:

ARTICLE ONE.—There shall henceforth be peace and amity between their majesties the Emperor of Japan and the Emperor of All the Russias and between their respective States and subjects.

ARTICLE TWO.—The Imperial Russian Government, acknowledging that Japan possesses in Korea paramount political military and economical interests, engages neither to obstruct nor interfere with measures for guidance, protection, and control which the imperial Government of Japan may find necessary to take in Korea. It is understood that Russian subjects in Korea shall be treated in

exactly the same manner as the subjects and citizens of other foreign Powers, that is to say they shall be placed on the same footing as the subjects and citizens of the most favored nation. It is also agreed, in order to avoid causes of misunderstanding, that the two high contracting parties will abstain on the Russian-Korean frontier from taking any military measure which may menace the security of Russian or Korean territory.

ARTICLE THREE.—Japan and Russia mutually engage,

First.—To evacuate completely and simultaneously Manchuria, except the territory affected by the lease of the Liao-tung Peninsula, in conformity with the provisions of the additional Article One annexed to this treaty, and,

Second.—To restore entirely and completely to the exclusive administration of China all the portions of Manchuria now in occupation or under the control of the Japanese or Russian troops, with the exception of the territory above mentioned.

The Imperial Government of Russia declare that they have not in Manchuria any territorial advantages or preferential, or exclusive concessions in the impairment of Chinese sovereignty, or inconsistent with the principle of equal opportunity.

ARTICLE FOUR.—Japan and Russia reciprocally engage not to obstruct any general measures common to all countries which China may take for the development of the commerce or industry of Manchuria.

ARTICLE FIVE.—The Imperial Russian Government transfer and assign to the Imperial Government of Japan, with the consent of the Government of China, the lease of Port Arthur, Ta-lien, and the adjacent territory and territorial waters, and all rights, privileges and concessions and franchises connected with or forming part of such lease, and they also transfer and assign to Japan all public works and properties in the territory affected by the above mentioned lease. The two high contracting parties mutually engage to obtain the consent of the Chinese Government mentioned in the above stipulation. The Imperial Government of Japan on their part undertake that the proprietary rights of Russian subjects in the territory above referred to shall be perfectly respected.

ARTICLE SIX.—The Imperial Russian Government engage to

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transfer and assign to Japan without compensation and with the consent of the Chinese Government the railway between Kuan-ch'eng-tzü and Port Arthur and all its branches, together with all the rights, privileges and properties, appertaining to it in that region, as well as all the coal mines in that region belonging to or worked for the benefit of the railway. The two high contracting parties mutually engage to obtain the consent of the Government of China mentioned in the foregoing stipulation.

ARTICLE SEVEN.—Japan and Russia engage to retain and exploit their respective railway lines in Manchuria exclusively for commercial and industrial purposes and in nowise for strategic purposes. It is understood that this restriction does not relate to the railway in the territory affected by the lease of the Liao-tung Peninsula.

ARTICLE EIGHT.—The Imperial Governments of Japan and Russia, with the view to promote and facilitate intercourse and traffic, will, as soon as possible, conclude a separate convention for the regulation of their connecting railway services in Manchuria.

ARTICLE NINE.—The Imperial Russian Government cedes to Japan in perpetuity and full sovereignty the southern portion of the Island of Saghalen, and all the islands adjacent thereto, and the public works and properties thereon. The fiftieth degree of north latitude is adopted as the northern boundary of the ceded territory. The exact alignment of such territory shall be determined in accordance with the provisions of the additional article eleven annexed to this treaty. Japan and Russia mutually agree not to construct in their respective possessions on the Island of Saghalen, or the adjacent islands, any fortifications or other similar military works. They also respectively engage not to take any military measures which may impede the free navigation of the Strait of La Perouse and the Strait of Tartary.

ARTICLE TEN.—It is reserved to Russian subjects, inhabitants of the territory ceded to Japan, to sell their real property, and retire to their country, but if they prefer to remain in the ceded territory they will be maintained and protected in the full exercise of their industries and rights of property, on condition of submitting to the Japanese laws and jurisdiction. Japan shall have full liberty to withdraw the right of residence in, or to deport from such territory

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any inhabitants who labor under political or administrative disability. She engages, however, that the proprietary rights of such inhabitants shall be fully respected.

ARTICLE ELEVEN.—Russia engages to arrange with Japan for granting to Japanese subjects rights of fishery along the coasts of the Russian possessions in the Japan, Okhotsk, and Behring Seas. It is agreed that the foregoing engagement shall not affect rights already belonging to Russian or foreign subjects in those regions.

ARTICLE TWELVE.—The treaty of commerce and navigation between Japan and Russia having been annulled by the war, the Imperial Governments of Japan and Russia engage to adopt as a basis for their commercial relations pending the conclusion of a new treaty of Commerce and Navigation, the system of reciprocal treatment on the footing of the most favored nation, in which are included import and export duties, customs formalities, transit, and tonnage dues, and the admission and treatment of agents, subjects, and vessels of one country in the territories of the other.

ARTICLE THIRTEEN.—So soon as possible after the exchange of ratifications of this Treaty all prisoners of war shall be reciprocally restored. The Imperial Governments of Japan and Russia shall each appoint a special commissioner to take charge of the prisoners. All prisoners in the hands of one Government shall be delivered to and received by the commissioner of the other Government or by his duly authorized representative in such convenient numbers and such convenient ports of the delivering state as such delivering state shall notify in advance to the commissioner of the receiving State. The Governments of Japan and Russia shall present each other as soon as possible after the delivery of the prisoners is completed with a statement of the direct expenditures respectively incurred by them for the care and maintenance of the prisoners from the date of capture or surrender and up to the time of death or delivery. Russia engages to repay to Japan so soon as possible after the exchange of statements as above provided the difference between the actual amount so expended by Japan and the actual amount similarly disbursed by Russia.

ARTICLE FOURTEEN.—The present treaty shall be ratified by their Majesties the Emperor of Japan and the Emperor of All the

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Russias. Such ratification shall be with as little delay as possible and in any case no later than fifty days from the date of the signature of the treaty, to be announced to the Imperial Governments of Japan and Russia respectively through the French minister at Tokyo and the ambassador of the United States at St. Petersburg and from the date of the later of such announcements this treaty shall in all its parts come into full force. The formal exchange of ratifications shall take place at Washington so soon as possible.

ARTICLE FIFTEEN.—The present treaty shall be signed in duplicate in both the English and French languages. The texts are in absolute conformity, but in case of a discrepancy in the interpretation the French text shall prevail.

In conformity with the provisions of Articles Three and Nine of the treaty of peace between Japan and Russia of this date the undersigned plenipotentiaries have concluded the following additional articles:

Sub-Article to Article Three.—Japan and Russia mutually engage to commence the withdrawal of their military forces from the Territory of Manchuria simultaneously and immediately after the treaty of peace comes into operation and within a period of eighteen months after that date the armies of the two countries shall be completely withdrawn from Manchuria except from the leased territory of the Liao-tung Peninsula. The forces of the two countries occupying the front positions shall first be withdrawn.

The high contracting parties reserve to themselves the right to maintain guards to protect their respective railway lines in Manchuria. The number of such guards shall not exceed fifteen per kilometer and within that maximum number the commanders of the Japanese and Russian armies shall by common accord fix the number of such guards to be employed as small as possible while having in view the actual requirements.

The commanders of the Japanese and Russian forces in Manchuria shall agree upon the details of the evacuation in conformity with the above principles and shall take by common accord the measures necessary to carry out the evacuation so soon as possible and in any case no later than the period of eighteen months.

Sub-Article to Article Nine.—So soon as possible after the present

treaty comes into force, a commission of delimitation composed of an equal number of members is to be appointed respectively by the two high contracting parties which shall on the spot mark in a permanent manner the exact boundary between the Japanese and Russian possessions on the Island of Saghalen. The commission shall be bound so far as topographical considerations permit to follow the fiftieth parallel of north latitude as the boundary line, and, in case any deflection from that line at any points are found to be necessary, compensation will be made by correlative deflections at other points. It shall also be the duty of said commission to prepare a list and a description of the adjacent islands included in the cession, and finally the commission shall prepare and sign maps showing the boundaries of the ceded territory. The work of the commission shall be subject to the approval of the high contracting parties.

The foregoing additional articles are to be considered ratified with the ratification of the treaty of peace to which they are annexed.

Portsmouth, the Fifth Day of the Ninth Month of the Thirty-eighth year of Meiji, corresponding to the Twenty-third of August, 1905. (September 5, 1905.)

In witness whereof the respective plenipotentiaries have signed and affixed seals to the present treaty of peace.

Done at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, this Fifth Day of the Ninth Month of the Thirty-eighth Year of the Meiji, corresponding to the twenty-third day of August, One Thousand Nine Hundred and Five.

XIII

M. WITTE'S MESSAGE TO EMPEROR NICHOLAS REGARDING THE CONCLUSION OF PEACE

" I have the honor to report to your Majesty that Japan has agreed to your demands concerning the conditions of peace, and that, consequently, peace will be established, thanks to your wise and firm decision, and in strict conformity with the instructions of your Majesty. Russia will remain in the Far East the great Power which she hitherto has been and will be forever. We have applied

to the execution of your orders all our intelligence and our Russian hearts. We beg your Majesty mercifully to forgive that we have been unable to do more."

XIV

SECOND ANGLO-JAPANESE ALLIANCE AGREEMENT

Text as given out officially by Great Britain.

The Governments of Great Britain and Japan, being desirous of replacing the agreement concluded between them on Jan. 30, 1902, by fresh stipulations, have agreed upon the following articles, which have for their object:

A. The consolidation and maintenance of general peace in the regions of Eastern Asia and India.

B. The preservation of the common interests of all the powers in China by insuring the independence and integrity of the Chinese Empire and the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations in China.

C. The maintenance of the territorial rights of the high contracting parties in the regions of Eastern Asia and of India and the defense of their special interests in the said regions.

ARTICLE I.—It is agreed that whenever in the opinion of either Great Britain or Japan any of the rights and interests referred to in the preamble to this agreement are in jeopardy, the two Governments will communicate with one another fully and frankly, and will consider in common the measures which should be taken to safeguard those menaced rights or interests.

ARTICLE II.—Should either of the high contracting parties be involved in war in defence of its territorial rights or special interests, the other party will at once come to the assistance of its ally, and both parties will conduct a war in common and make peace in mutual agreement with any power or powers involved in such war.

ARTICLE III.—Japan, possessing paramount political, military, and economic interests in Korea, Great Britain recognizes Japan's right to take such measures for the guidance, control and protection of Korea as she may deem proper and necessary to safeguard and

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advance those interests, providing the measures so taken are not contrary to the principle of equal opportunities for the commerce and industry of all nations.

ARTICLE IV.—Great Britain having a special interest in all that concerns the security of the Indian frontier, Japan recognizes her right to take such measures in the proximity of that frontier as she may find necessary for safeguarding her Indian possessions.

ARTICLE V.—The high contracting parties agree that neither will without consulting the other enter into a separate arrangement with another power to the prejudice of the objects described in the preamble.

ARTICLE VI.—As regards the present war between Japan and Russia, Great Britain will continue to maintain strict neutrality unless some other power or powers join in hostilities against Japan in which case Great Britain will come to the assistance of Japan, will conduct war in common, and will make peace in mutual agreement with Japan.

ARTICLE VII.—The conditions under which armed assistance shall be afforded by either power to the other in the circumstances mentioned in the present agreement and the means by which such assistance shall be made available will be arranged by the naval and military authorities of the high contracting parties, who will from time to time consult one another fully and freely on all questions of mutual interest.

ARTICLE VIII.—The present agreement shall be subject to the provisions of Article VI and come into effect immediately after the date of signature and remain in force for ten years from that date. In case neither of the parties shall have been notified twelve months before the expiration of the said ten years of an intention of terminating it, it shall remain binding until the expiration of one year from the day on which either of the parties shall have renounced it, but if, when the date for the expiration arrives, either ally is actually engaged in war, the alliance shall *ipso facto* continue until peace shall be concluded.

Signed August 12, 1905, by Lord Lansdowne, on behalf of Great Britain, and by Baron Hayashi, on behalf of Japan.

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not yet been withdrawn, any villages are disturbed or damaged by native bandits, the Chinese local authorities may also dispatch a suitable military force for the purpose of capturing or dispersing those bandits. Such troops, however, shall not proceed within twenty Chinese li from the boundary of the territory where Japanese troops are stationed.

ART. IV.—The Imperial Government of Japan engage that Chinese public and private property in Manchuria, which they have occupied or expropriated on account of military necessity, shall be restored at the time the Japanese troops are withdrawn from Manchuria, and that such property as is no longer required for military purposes shall be restored even before such withdrawal.

ART. V.—The Imperial Chinese Government engage to take all necessary measures to protect fully and completely the grounds in Manchuria in which the tombs and monuments of the Japanese officers and soldiers who were killed in war are located.

ART. VI.—The Imperial Chinese Government agree that Japan has the right to maintain and work the military railway line constructed between Antung and Mukden and to improve the said line so as to make it fit for the conveyance of commercial and industrial goods of all nations. The term for which such right is conceded is fifteen years from the date of the completion of the improvements above provided for. The work of such improvements is to be completed within two years, exclusive of a period of twelve months during which it will have to be delayed owing to the necessity of using the existing line for the withdrawal of troops. The term of the concession above mentioned is therefore to expire in the 48th year of Kuang Hsü. At the expiration of that term, the said railway shall be sold to China at a price to be determined by appraisement of all its properties by a foreign expert who will be selected by both parties. The conveyance by the railway of the troops and munitions of war of the Chinese Government prior to such sale shall be dealt with in accordance with the regulations of the Eastern Chinese Railway. Regarding the manner in which the improvements of the railway are to be effected, it is agreed that the person undertaking the work on behalf of Japan shall consult with the Commissioner dispatched for the purpose by China. The Chinese Government will also appoint

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a Commissioner to look after the business relating to the railway as is provided in the Agreement relating to the Eastern Chinese Railway. It is further agreed that detailed regulations shall be concluded regarding the tariffs for the carriage by the railway of the public and private goods of China.

ART. VII.—The Governments of Japan and China, with a view to promote and facilitate intercourse and traffic, will conclude, as soon as possible, a separate convention for the regulation of connecting services between the railway lines in South Manchuria and all the other railway lines in China.

ART. VIII.—The Imperial Chinese Government engage that all materials required for the railways in South Manchuria shall be exempt from all duties, taxes and likin.

ART. IX.—The methods of laying out the Japanese Settlement at Yingkou in the Province of Shinking, which has already been opened to trade, and at Antung and Mukden in the same Province, which are still unopen, although stipulated to be opened, shall be separately arranged and determined by officials of Japan and China.

ART. X.—The Imperial Chinese Government agree that a joint-stock company of forestry composed of Japanese and Chinese capitalists shall be organized for the exploitation of the forests in the regions on the right bank of the River Yalu and that a detailed agreement shall be concluded in which the area and term of the concession as well as the organization of the company and all regulations concerning the joint work of exploitation shall be provided for. The Japanese and Chinese shareholders shall share equally in the profits of the undertaking.

ART. XI.—The Governments of Japan and China engage that in all that relates to frontier trade between Manchuria and Korea most favored nation treatment shall be reciprocally extended.

ART. XII.—The Governments of Japan and China engage that in all matters dealt with in the Treaty signed this day or in the present Agreement the most favorable treatment shall be reciprocally extended.

The present Agreement shall take effect from the date of signature. When the Treaty signed this day is ratified, this Agreement shall also be considered as approved.

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In witness whereof, the Undersigned, duly authorized by their respective Governments, have signed the present Agreement in duplicate in the Japanese and Chinese languages and have thereto affixed their seals.

Done at Peking, this 22d day of the 12th month of the 38th year of *Meiji*, corresponding to the 26th day of the 11th moon of the 31st year of Kuang Hsü.

(Signed) Baron KOMURA JUTARO, [L. s.]
Jusammi, Grand Cordon of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun, Minister for Foreign Affairs and Special Ambassador of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

(Signed) UCHIDA YASUYA, [L. s.]
Jushii, Second Class of the Imperial Order of the Rising Sun, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of Japan.

(Signed) Prince CHING, [L. s.]
Presiding Minister for Foreign Affairs, Councillor of State and Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of China.

(Signed) CHU HUNG-CHI, [L. s.]
Minister for Foreign Affairs, Councillor of State and Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of China.

(Signed) YUAN SHIH-KAI, [L. s.]
Viceroy of the Province of Chih-li, Junior Guardian of the Heir-Apparent, Minister Superintendent of Trade for the Northern Ports and Plenipotentiary of His Majesty the Emperor of China.

IBAHIO





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